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OR
THE PATRICIAN AT SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"GENTLEMAN JACK"
ETC.

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CAVENDISH;

OR,

THE PATRICIAN AT SEA.

BY

W. JOHNSON NEALE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

"GENTLEMAN JACK," "WILL WATCH," "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN,"
ETC.

"IN CAVENDO TUTUS."

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CAVENDISH;

OR,

THE PATRICIAN AT SEA.

CHAPTER I.

However, let the fool who is offended at it be satisfied, that all men of this world are fools as well as liars. Some more, some less, and I myself am perhaps a greater fool than the rest, though I have greater frankness in owning it. And, moreover, my book being but a heap of follies, I hope every fool will find his own character in it, unless he is blinded by self-love.—SCARRON.

I HAVE always been that prominent, pertinent thing “a boy of much promise,” and, if the world will but grant me a sufficient delay, I have serious thoughts of expanding into a complete genius.

In looking back upon my more infantine hours, I find I was never flogged at school (on an average) more than twice a-week; but, as was my consolation at that time, it was always for some piece of scampishness, such as strewing the master's hay into a bed to read on, running in debt with the pastry-cook, breaking the next neighbour's windows, heading my schoolfellows in giving fight to “the blackguards,” bolstering at night the next bed-room, foraging in the mistress's pantry, or drinking the master's cider; but in all these exploits I find I only followed, at a remote distance, in the steps of several eminent men, such as Gray, Brummel, Buonaparte, Massena, and Blucher.

I shall notice one of these exploits, as it shows some precocity of knowledge in hydrostatics.

The master thought that a weak infusion of malt and hop was a very proper beverage for his pupils, in preference to which they were at liberty to drink water. The first I considered bitter, the last insipid; and, as the head of the house possessed some two hogsheads of cider care-

fully stored away near his stabling, I considered that this would be the middle course so much recommended ; and therefore professed a great love of stabling to the groom, though the sensitiveness of my olfactory nerves prevents my having any taste that way. Having introduced a long straw into the cask, I proceeded to exhaust the air within the tube, and, as a natural consequence, the vacuum was refilled by the adjacent fluid.

Wishing to perfect myself in this experiment, I frequently repeated it ; so that when his reverence proceeded to bottle his pomonal juice, one moiety of it had departed.

“ Master Cavendish,” said he, sternly fixing his eye on me at dinner, as I sat next him, “ half my cider is gone ; can you account for that ? ”

“ Why, yes, sir,” I replied, without hesitation : “ the summer has been exceedingly hot, and it may have evaporated according to the principles laid down by Dr. Black in his lectures on heat and mixture.”

“ Oh ! you are a studious boy—very ; ” and, having patted me on the shoulder, and complimented me on my progress in natural philosophy, he birched me next morning.

“ Ah, poor man ! I see he does not appreciate my talents properly,” was my soliloquy, after saying my prayers twice (the first time, I wandered into a calculation of how much pocket money I was fined) on Saturday night. I have never been flogged for my lessons : and though old —— does style me a dark lantern, my classical master will give a good account of me at any rate. One thing only was incorrect in this ;—my writing—if that be a lesson—brought me a jobation at least once a-week. I never was a calligrapher : “ but then,” said Vanity, “ that has nothing to do with the mind, it is merely mechanical.” At any rate, thrashings received from masters and ushers, and retailed to some of my school-fellows, form the only data by which I can recall any thing, and the reflection on the first and last of these chastisements gives to my chivalric propensities the greatest pleasure. The first was for taking a challenge from the head boy in the school to the chief of the blackguards (as the town’s boys, and, indeed, all who did not belong to “ the young gentlemen of Oxford House,” were styled), defying him to single combat. The black-

guard was nearly killed and myself scarified—this was for glory. My last *scrape* was for saluting the lips of the master's niece, *con amore*, when presiding over the department of the laundry—this was for love. Love and glory, indeed, have always been my watchwords:—though it is rather unfortunate that their paths should “lead but to the grave!”

I had now traversed through the hexameters and pentameters of Ovid, the Georgics and Bucolics of Virgil, and felt myself quite at home with Crispin Sallust, Julius Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, and Ovid. Being able at pleasure to retain the head of my class, I measured my height against the school-room door, and wondered wherefore my widowed father sent not for his heir and only child.

I wondered for a week—reasoned for ten minutes—he never sent, and so I ran away.

On arriving at my parent's domicile in Portman-square, the major-domo paid for the post-chaise, and I entered, finding my father at dinner with three of his majesty's ministers, whom he had invited to discuss his appointment as ———

“Why, bless me, boy, how tall you are grown!” said he, kissing my forehead.

“Very true, papa,” I replied, “and hungry also. Here, James, lift that chair for me, will you? and place it near the table.”

“Why, yes, he has grown very much,” said the Secretary for the Home Department, who sat opposite, and who had often seen me before.

“Yes,” I returned; “is it not a shame to keep such a lad as myself any longer at school?”

“Why, how old are you?” inquired my father.

“Don't you know, papa?”

“Not I.”

“Positively not?”

“No.”

“Why, I am not quite fifteen yet,” said I, leading him to believe I was more than three years in advance of my real age; *de facto*, somewhat more than eleven; “I would give you my birth-day, only I have forgotten it.”

“Not so much as that, surely, Manvers?” said my fa-

ther, who could hardly receive so gross an assertion at once. It may appear strange to the reader that my father was not aware of my exact age : but the fact is this ; although the natal day of the first-born is duly registered with oxen roasted whole, *et cætera*, yet, having had an elder brother, who died in his infancy, and my appearance on the stage being originally in the part of a *Detrimental*, he knew nothing about it : I therefore replied, “ You may be sure of it,” shaking my head.

“ Time flies quickly.” My father sighed, then added, “ How is it that I am honoured with your presence to-day ? ”

“ Why, I wished to see how you were, and so I came up to town.”

“ And what did Dr. ——— say ? ”

“ Nothing.”

“ How was that ? ”

“ I never asked him.”

“ You cannot mean that you have left school without his knowledge ? ”

I nibbled my fore-finger.

“ Now, don’t bite your nails, man. Nothing I detest more than an ungentlemanly hand. I must send you back again.”

“ Oh, no ! Excuse me ! I should get flogged.”

“ Well, that is what you deserve.”

“ But consider, my dear father, the disgrace of being publicly whipped before all the school : I should never get over it.”—I who was flogged regularly twice a-week at the most moderate calculation !

“ Umph ! umph ! I can have no wish to disgrace you : we will talk that over to-morrow. Now go up stairs into my study ; the servants shall bring you your dinner there, because we are talking secrets.”

“ Secrets, are you ? ” said I, going up to the Secretary, and laying my hand on his ; “ I recollect you very well.”

“ I don’t doubt it,” said he.

“ Yes, you are the man papa used to laugh at, and call Scarigaree.”

“ Leave the room,” thundered my father.

“ Go, you little brat,” said the Secretary.

“ Yes, yes, I remember it—Scarigaree, Scarigaree ! ”

This reasoning was conclusive. My parent turned away, half muttering, "I am better pleased—great promise, great promise. I knew his mother had a spice of the devil in her, but I never thought her son would be of such decided talent. Sweet temper, too, he has.—Ah, that comes from me!"

My head tutor arrived—was a young M. A. of Oxford—had managed to run through a patrimony of eight thousand pounds in somewhat more than four years, and was now—very needy—accomplished and genteel—fit for an heiress, or—a halter.

For three years I grew in grace, such grace as fashion begets from folly, and at fifteen I had already, through the introduction of my worthy tutor, become, in every sense of the word, one of the illuminati; for, as the allowance from my father was profuse, the reverend gentleman frequently honoured me, by borrowing a ten or fifteen rated piece of paper, which he forgot to return—of course. It is impossible to pronounce at what distinctions I might not have arrived had it not happened, that being one night at an hotel, of rather dubious repute, with my clerical instructor, and some other ten choice spirits, of more mature years than myself, our hilarity was broken in upon by the *entrée* of my most respectable father. The crisis was for me most inopportune. The blood of the grape had been plentifully shed, and my nerves having, in some degree, forgotten their wonted firmness, my reverend friend was holding up my head, while I sang a bacchanalian ditty. Bowing to my tutor, my father begged, when the festivities of the night were over, that he would bring me home in a hack to Portman Square.

"You may rely—you may safely confide in my care of him, my Lord," hiccupped the Oxonian. My father bit his lips and retired. "There," exclaimed the tutor to his next neighbour, "that's the father of my young friend—a gentleman—a d——d gentlemanly fellow."

At noon next day my reverend and trustworthy companion took his last cheque and adieu; while I looked after him as he departed, saying,

Go, beauty, go, for thou'rt an upright man,
And get another pupil—if you can.

This is not the exact quotation, but that is trifling.

"Well, sir, what do you think of yourself?" inquired my father, his coolness departing with the presence of a stranger.

"Why, truly," I replied, looking into the nearest pier-glass, "that is a question my modesty almost forbids my answering; but the women say I'm a very promising little fellow."

"You're a d——d scamp, sir!" said he, beginning to shake a little.

"Ah," I returned, nodding my head, and half speaking to myself, "an angry man always says more than he thinks." Then aloud, "How can that be, my Lord? your son a scamp! the future Marquis of ——! Well, now, that's very odd, when Lady —— told me but yesterday, that, in both mind and person, I was the very counterpart of yourself."

But even this compliment failed to appease him.

"Hold your tongue, sir! that good-for-nothing rascal has—has—you're a perfect rake—a—a——"

"Devilish good fellow," said I, thinking to supply him with the phrase he wanted.

"By heaven! I'll see whether you shall jest at my displeasure in this way. From this hour I cut off your supplies. You shall never have another draft. My banker shall have orders not to give you a sous. I'll not pay another bill or debt after the date of to-day. Your tailor shall furnish you with no more than a sufficiency of clothes. I fling up your ticket for the Opera. You shall keep no horses again for a twelvemonth, and then see whether the women will call you a promising little fellow."

"Oh, to be sure they will; for if you cut off all the supplies I can do nothing but promise: so, what with love and tick, I can get on very well, thank you."

"Don't thank me, don't thank me—tick! If you run in debt I pay not a fraction."

"Ah, but then I've money of my own, you know, my dear father."

"You are still a minor, young man; but I'll—I'll——"

"Now, what will you do? pray let us have it."

"Why, I—I'll keep you under."

“Like you do your temper, I suppose ; but what think you if I should not submit to it ?”

“Submit, sir ? you shall submit to any thing and every thing I please, while you remain under my roof !”

“Indeed, my lord ! And when I am not under your roof what course would you advise me to pursue ?”

“Why, go to the devil your own way,” said he, his vocabulary exhausted by rage.

“Very paternal indeed !”

“But I see how it is. I have over-indulged and petted you, till you think of becoming my master ; and while I am busy on affairs of state, you rake about town. A stop shall be put to this, fear it not. You go down to Cambridge next week, with a pretty small allowance, take my word for it. You may find mathematics rather more dry reading than Rousseau’s *Heloise*.”

Passion is a bad thing, very bad—I also think, contagious ; but, certes, at this juncture my coolness vanished. “Rousseau’s *Heloise* !” I exclaimed ; “recollect, it was yourself who put that book into my hands at fourteen, as a means of becoming acquainted with ‘men and manners.’ Behold ! am I not an apt scholar ? You alluded to my poor mother—I never had the joy of knowing her ; but was packed off to school, that I might not be in the way, at four years old. I have wanted all the care she might have taken of my morals. As to your ‘affairs of state,’ Heaven knows what those may be ! Send me to Cambridge ! I like that, when you are obliged to me for your best speeches, especially the classical quotations ! Send me to Cambridge !—good !—the House may want your Greek. But for your over-fondness I might have been in the Guards. No, forsooth, you must make me a politician, and stick me up in the House ; but you will ask my consent before you do that. I wish you good morning. The air is cold ; a ride in the park will aid greatly in the recovery of both our tempers.”

I left the room, with the intention of proceeding upstairs to dress ; but seeing my hat on the table in the hall, and being of an absent turn, I put it on my head, and walked towards the street-door. Here I heard my father calling, which of course, like a modern dutiful son, only

hastened my departure, and in ten minutes I stood before a set of hackney coaches. A jarvey, taking it for granted that I was in want of his services, brought his vehicle to the pavement. I naturally entered.

"Where do you wish to be going, sir?" inquired the man.

"Going—going?" I repeated, trying to arrange my ideas, "to run away from myself, to be sure." The fellow stared. "Let me see, what do I want?"

"Bad luck to me, sir, but I think it's your senses!"

"Oh, very good!—then drive me to Burlington Arcade," said I, recollecting an engagement.

"How unpleasant this constant recurrence of sparring and jarring is!" thought I; "so ludicrous, too, for my father to imagine his temper is good; it is certainly a great drawback on life, embittering half its pleasures."

Is there any pleasure unmixed with pain? But where—in short, existence is a——

"Five-shilling fare, if you please, sir," said the driver, opening the door, and dispelling my meditations.

"Nay, we may esteem it well if some of us come off for that," I half muttered to myself, giving the man his money.

"Somethink to drink, your honour?"

"Drink my honour! no, you scoundrel, you shan't drink my honour, though you have drowned your own, you have imposed on me sufficiently already."

"Composed upon ye, you varmint! and what d'ye mane by that? Wasn't it yourself said you were well off for five shillings?"

"Tut, tut, man, that was life I was philosophising on."

"Od-rot your fillossofizing! that doesn't open your purse at all, though it makes you wear red shoes."

I looked towards my feet at this remark, and beheld them encased in a pair of red morocco slippers. This was awful in the extreme: going back was out of the question; so, putting some additional silver into the man's hands, he drove to my father's boot-maker, where having placed my feet in just as much dog-skin as public customs require, I repaired to the appointed spot in the Arcade, namely, the pastrycook's, and found I was half an hour in advance; to kill which thirty minutes was now my tedious task.

CHAPTER II.

'Tis odd that fate should turn upon a feather,
 And so it turns (at least in my opinion) ;
 'Tis odd our health should suffer from the weather,
 And little birds should mount upon a pinion,
 And we not soar, but tread upon calves' leather,
 While bows the world beneath our wide dominion ;
 All this is odd, but less so than the fact,
 We seldom know the part we soonest act.

HAD I turned to the left instead of to the right, on leaving the pastrycook's shop, my destiny through life would, in all probability have been entirely changed ; but as I did turn to the right, if reader you will follow me, you will see whether I was led—*imprimis*, into Piccadilly, where the first object which met my sight was a stage coach on the point of departing, inscribed in large gold letters, "Portsmouth."

"What sort of a place may that be, I wonder?"

"What a very pretty woman that is!" I heard some passer-by exclaim ; and so she was. Habited in a travelling dress, and followed by a stout, fat man, she paused, opposite to the coach ; the door was opened, and he handed her in. No one else was inside, and after arranging some luggage, the bulky man was pushed in also, the coach cracked, and down he sat.

"Have I any thing to do at Portsmouth?" was my self-inquiry. "Nothing," was the answer. "But you may soon make something to do there. What have I to do in town?" "Nothing." "Good ; then it is as well to do nothing in Portsmouth as it is to do nothing in town." "Granted." "Whereas, by going to Portsmouth, I shall be able to talk on the road to this pretty face ; and, by leaving town, I shall not meet my father's angry one at dinner ; *ergo*, all the gain is on the side of my departure ;" and, stepping in, I sat down as coolly as if my place had been taken for a fortnight. Seeing this, the man of obesity crossed over to the side of the lady, with his back to

the horses, leaving the opposite seat wholly to me. The coach drove off; and, having pulled out my purse to ascertain if I could pay for the fare, and finding some eight pounds, I felt satisfied on that score, and turned to the lady of my journey. Just at this instant I bethought me of my appointment; very true—that is an old friend, this is a new one—*carpe diem*.

The lady, on a more minute inspection, had even more beauty than I imagined, and imagination goes a very long way. After gazing at her very tenderly for some minutes, and having only succeeded in catching her eye thrice, I continued to feast my glance upon the crimson colour that went and came, like roseate waves beneath a setting sun. But man is never satisfied; indeed the last feeling I ever expect to know, is content. What it was I wanted, I am sure I know not, unless it were to bask in the starlight of her large blue eye—alas! a colour too redolently beaming with “the purple light of love.”

With this intention, I proceeded very gently to press upon her foot. She took no notice of it whatever. I pressed a little harder; it elicited no reply, not even a look. I thought such apathy in one so young, rather singular, and therefore pressed upon both feet. I know not whether in the fervour of my admiration, I had leant too heavily on the feet beneath mine, but suddenly one was removed, and dashed against my shins with tremendous fury.

“What the devil do you want?” roared out the fat man, who had been napping in the corner; “you’ve been treading on my corns for the last half hour.”

“I beg pardon, sir, I had no idea of that; but I was dreaming at the instant that my fortunes had transformed me into a scissor-grinder, and that, labouring at my vocation, I was industriously turning the wheel, while it seems I was trespassing on your lower members.”

“Oh! the next time you dream, I hope it’ll be something less in my way. Emily, my dear,” addressing the female, who appeared rather frightened, for she guessed the truth, “go over to the other side, I want to go to sleep.”

“By far the best thing, sir, during a long journey,” said I.

“Umph ! I s’pose if I lift my legs up here, they won’t be trod upon ;” when, screwing himself together, with his knees in his mouth, the fat gentleman snored aloud.

After a very interesting *tête-à-tête*, I also feigned a state of somnolency, and approximating my head by slow degrees, allowed the motion of the carriage to jerk it gently first on her shoulder, then on her knee, in which last position the kindness of her heart allowed it to remain, and the drowsiness of my feelings lulled me to sleep.

Thus, “lapped in Elysium,” I need not say my visions were of something more soft and delightful than being metamorphosed into a “needy knife-grinder.”

At length the coach stopped for the last time ; and, though hardly able to reach the hotel through cold and cramp, I managed to secure a fire-place for my devotions. From this, in half an hour, I issued forth to inquire for my fair pillow ; but she had departed in a post-chaise, no one knew whither.

There is a remedy for every evil. “Waiter, let me have a hot supper, in your best style, and speedy,” and I entered the coffee-room, to look at the newspapers. All was “confusion worse confounded.” At the further end of the apartment were assembled some nine or ten striplings, interspersed here and there with a more manly countenance, distinguished by the naval uniform. Before them a board was spread with every luxury that men or money could demand ; all feelings, save mirth, seemed banished ; toasts were drank, jokes were cracked, and wine-glasses demolished.

I ate my meal, certainly, with a hungry zest, but could not help now and then casting a glance of envy at the good-fellowship which prevailed. The president, who appeared to be somewhere about nineteen, and was a principal leader in the merriment of the party, having caught my eye once or twice, and seen that I had fully discussed the edibles before me, and now was about to light my havannah, at last took pity on me, and exclaimed with great good-nature, “Holloa there ! bo, bring your bottle and glass here, and we’ll drink it all together !”

“Willingly,” I replied, doing as I was requested, without cavilling at the unceremonious invitation.

I had hardly taken my seat when the door opened, and in stalked a pompous, stupid-looking man, followed by a delicate young lad. He gazed round the room, advanced a step, then faltered, advanced another step, and stood, but not "at ease." All the party immediately remained silent, and fixed their attention on him. This redoubled his confusion, and after some hemming and hesitation, he made for my friend the president, cleared his voice, and bowed as profoundly as a stiff neck and bad carriage would permit. My friend, who was inspired by his devotion to Bacchus, looked up into the man's face most ludicrously, saying, "You don't mean to pick a fellow's pocket, do you, that you stand there scraping like a Frenchman?" and as he finished this sentence he mechanically felt that his purse was safe, and secured against its threatened invasion, with a button.

"I really—I positively beg pardon for intruding on you, gentlemen," said the stranger, not knowing how to take what had been said to him; "but as this young friend of mine is about to join his Majesty's ship *****, would you inform me whether he ought to repair on board in uniform?"

"Sit down here, my old buck, and I'll tell you all about it," said the president, giving the man a slap on the back, while his face relapsed into its usual expression of good-humour.

Opening his eyes with astonishment, and shuddering with horror, the poor man scarcely knew what to do; but, considering nothing else was left for him, he consented to take the seat offered.

"Waiter, ahoy, there! bring this old stager a glass, will you?" roared out the president. The stranger looked unutterable rage; but no one noticed it. The glass came, was filled, and tasted.

"Let me see, as Polyphemus said when they doused his top-light, what was it you asked? Go on board in uniform? To be sure he must; long-tailed coat, toasting-fork scraper, white kerseymere tights, and hessians;—that's full tog, my boy."

"Indeed!" drawled out the stranger, elevating his eyebrows, and not comprehending anything the other had said. "Will you be so good as to tell my young friend what

these things mean ? I am not acquainted with the details of the naval uniform, but possibly he may understand."

"Ay, ay, bo!" said the president, and looking across the table, towards the youngster, he sang out, "I say, you sir!" but the person addressed was talking very busily, and did not hear him; he therefore repeated, "Holloa there, you sir!" Still he was unheeded; when, momentarily losing his patience, he struck his elbow into the side of the stranger, who sat next to him, with "I say, what the deuce is the young *beggar's* name?"

The expression of the stranger's face at this finished piece of good-fellowship was amusing in the extreme; bodily pain was evident from his compressed lips, while his eyes opened to their fullest extent, and the corners of his mouth, drawn back, seemed to say with the Courtenays, "What have I done—how have I fallen?" What words these feelings might have given rise to, I cannot pretend to affirm, for at this critical moment a voice from the "pitcher country" was heard saying, "You president, ahoy, there! Lord Francis, give me your—your—your leave to propose a toast."

"Sir, I shall be most happy to hear it," replied Lord Francis, suddenly putting on the most polite and dignified bearing.

The midshipman, who was going to give the toast, then filled his glass; the others did the same, when, with a few of the usual flourishes, he gave them "the health and success of ——— the liberal candidate for ———, and may every ——— of a boroughmonger, who values his own interest before that of the nation, be rolled in the dirt of his own kennels!"

"Amen!" responded each of the individuals, emptying their glasses, the stranger and his young friend excepted; the former of whom immediately set down his wine, untasted, on hearing the toast, while the latter closely followed his example.

"Do you not drink the toast, sir?" inquired the president, Lord Francis, rather angrily.

"No, my Lord," replied the stranger, very haughtily; "I differ from the sentiment it carries most widely."

"Oh, you do! and pray what may be your sentiments?"

"Since you ask so courteously, I suppose I am bound to

give you *even my thoughts*. In my view of the case, the borough you allude to is the rightful property of Lord —, and surely—may he not do what he likes with his own?"

"Do what he likes with his own?" retorted Lord Francis, warming; "no, and be d—d to him! I suppose you think it's every man for himself and God for us all; but where, may I ask, is the country to go?—To France, I suppose?"

"Positively," replied the stranger, knitting his brows, "I am not aware—who—I may have the—honour—of—addressing;—but—I—at—any rate—shall—dissent—from being catechised—in—a manner so—unusual, and—by mere—youths like —; a thing I—certainly—will—never submit to."

Here, in order to make up for his total want of fluency, he was proceeding to put himself into a towering passion. This greatly amused Lord Francis, who, laughing, said, "Now don't, don't, don't proceed to demolish me utterly, or I shall set my big brother, Jack, to thrash you."

"Lord Francis's 'big brother Jack?'" mumbled the stranger to himself, trying to connect the last sentence (which in the navy is a sort of by-phrase, frequently found in the mouths of boys fresh from school, and was, or is now, retained in ridicule,) which he had taken literally with the speaker's name. Then suddenly addressing a mate who sat on the other side of him, he inquired, "Lord Francis Who, is this?"

"Lord Francis Hustle," was the reply.

"Hustle!" exclaimed the stranger, in a voice quivering with rage, that rang through the coffee-room. "I thought he must be a Hustle! Frederick, follow me;" and springing from his seat, he departed in haste, followed by his young friend; while, as he retreated, I caught the words, "Fool! I laid myself open to be insulted."

The party, whom the reader may have seen to be a few sheets in the wind, roared out after them, "Go it, ye cripples! down with the boroughmongers! true blue for ever!"

"Who is he? who is he?" inquired every one at the same moment. The bell was impatiently rung; the waiter

instantaneously appeared. "Who was that gentleman that left the coffee-room a few minutes since?"

"Oh, bless you, gentlemen!" said the waiter with an air of vast importance, "that was His Grace the *Duke of Newark*!"

A hearty laugh here followed at the expense of his grace. Some wished they had hit him a little harder; others, that they had tossed him out of the window; more, that they had bundled him under the table; and every one wished him at the devil; while Hustle said to himself in a reflective tone, "The Duke of Newark, eh! that was odd! I had no intention of insulting the fellow, either; but then again I have only to shoot him to-morrow evening, and he will be perfectly satisfied. I say, my boys, let us be off to the theatre—it's past neap-tide there" (half play).

A universal assent was given; and with no more injury than what resulted from running against every post that was and many that were not, in our way, we arrived at the temple of Melpomene.

CHAPTER III.

Row, dow, dow!
 Who's for a row?
 Take me whilst I'm in the humour;
 That's just now.

SEA SONG.

ON entering the theatre we found it unusually full, and, for Portsmouth, overflowing; but drunken midshipmen get seats, if only as bribes to be quiet, and down we sat; myself, and several besides, in the centre box, the others in "parts adjacent thereunto."

Mr. Mathews, in one of his "Evenings at Home," was, as was inevitable wherever he played, the attraction of the night. He had lately returned from America, and was very wittily caricaturing our brethren over the water. Amongst the other foibles thus sported with, were those of an Ame-

rican naval officer, in whose conversation was the following characteristic sentence.

"Ah, I guess as how you allude to that affair at 'the Rock,' where our officers gave your officers' such a pretty considerable jobation."

"Hold hard there, you Yankee rascal! mind your stops," roared forth an inebriated oldster, who had been present at the affair alluded to, and had, moreover, been wounded on the lakes, for which, and many other reasons, he indulged in all that prejudice which is, alas! too common in our navy, thanks to Captain Hall. The Americans have freedom and genius; what more does the captain want in a young state? A little polish* *he* can spare them.

"Order! silence! order!" resounded from every part of the building.

"Confound your order! haven't I served myself? was I not present? —order me! —why?"

"Never mind, old fellow, it's all my eye," said some of his messmates, pulling him down by the skirts of the coat, as is the wont with an over-crammed member of parliament.

"All my eye!" guggled the oldster, "not able to comprehend what was said to him. "Oh then —— his eye, I say."

"Any thing you like old fellow, only pray sit down, and be quiet."

"So I will; but the cloth, you know——"

The inimitable Mathews continued: "Yes, yes, I recollect it, I belonged to the Macedonian at that time; our Macedonian, you know, that *was your* Macedonian."

"You bermugian-built braggadocio, take that," cried the exasperated mate, seizing an orange from the hand of a gentleman who sat before him (a sharp little personage, the chaplain of the——), and flinging it with such a sober aim at the victim of his passion, that it just contrived to hit the violoncello player in his orb of vision.

"That's 'all my eye' for you now," said he, chuckling to himself.

"Turn him out; turn the reefer out!" was the cry.

"Where's the fellow that has *it my eye hout*?" squealed the

* Query, blarney?

infuriated fiddler, striding over the backs of several people, bow in hand.

“What do you mean, sir, by taking such a liberty?” inquired the pompous chaplain, who missed his orange.

“I’ll let you know,” said the oldster, seizing him by what appeared to be the hair of his head, but which was in reality nothing more or less than the reverend gentleman’s wig.

“Hurra!” shrieked out the midshipman, as he pulled it off; “it’s like you black-coated psalm-singing fellows, to sail under false colours; now scud under bare poles! A rat there! a rat!” and he jerked towards the stage, in chase of the orange, the unfortunate peruke, which, with still worse luck, alighted on a gaslight, so that in two minutes the disagreeable odour resulting from burnt animal matter, a few cinders, and the skeleton of the silk net-work, composed the total remains of his “hyacinthine curls divine,” thus indicating that they had undergone a decided chemical change.

On feeling this outrage, the clergyman, who was at all times sufficiently irascible, ventured, in his rage, to lift his hand against the aggressor; but, alas! like many of his kin, though deeply versed in classic lore, he had not digested the wise Grecian maxim, “know thyself;” for, without making any more ado, the midshipman seized him with one hand round the throat, and with the other grasping his inexpressibles, tossed him, bare-pate foremost, into the pit.

By this time we were assailed on all sides; the violoncello player was leading the boarders into the boxes, the dock-yard mates were sliding down from the gallery, and both gentlemen and blackguards were forcing a passage into our quarters. Sticks and heads were breaking; women, apples, oranges, and nutshells flying! while, as the numbers against us seemed each moment to augment, I suggested to one of the most sober that we had better retreat. Accordingly, having made a desperate sally in order to startle those less accustomed to *rowing* than ourselves, we took advantage of their panic, and gained the street; but not an inch more ground was to be obtained without hard fighting, which went on in every direction. We were soon joined by a second party of blues, who seemed to have sprung from the shades to assist their brethren, and victory for a moment leant towards our side, when a fresh body of police came up, headed

on one side by the wigless parson, who was eloquently and vehemently declaiming against officers who could thus expose the crown, to which they owed so much respect; and on the other, by the eyeless but ireful fiddler, who was aspiring the *a* and the silent *h*, and exchanging the *v*'s for the *w*'s in the vulgate.

"For my part, I prefer to fight another day," said I, seeing one midshipman after another taken into custody; resorting to my heels and the dark lanes, I overtook a remnant of our party, Hustle at their head, driving before them a dock-yard *mâtée*, whom they had taken prisoner. Between this class of people and the mids of His Majesty's navy there has existed a deadly feud from time immemorial.

The prisoner was blindfolded, and had his hands tied behind him. It was a calm, clear, moonlight. After walking for a quarter of an hour, we halted.

"Prisoner," said Hustle, mocking the grave official tone of a president of court-martial, "you have this night had the immortal honour of fighting against His Majesty's officers. Fortune has decreed for your party; but, to all human eyes, has decided against yourself; be then undeceived. It is not to him who survives the victory that the laurel wreath is more especially given; no, it is to the hero by whose death that victory is achieved; such, then, is your case."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, gentlemen!—my wife and family——"

"Silence! such thoughts as these are only for plebeian mortals, and not for one whom fate designs to immolate at the shrine of honour. Prisoner, you are standing on Portsmouth ramparts and the brink of eternity. The fosse is before you, the scented lime-tree behind—the silver moon above. We would grant you a parting glance at this fair scene, but your imagination will paint it even fairer than reality. Prisoner, the descent of the fosse is twenty feet, and the moon is lighting up the bed of stones that will shortly form your grave."

"Now, for mercy's sake, gentlemen—my aged mother and three orphan nephews——"

"Silence!—a grateful government provides for them. To one who has performed such feats of military valour, a

less ancient, a less military death and burial, could not with justice have been given :—

Life is a shadow that departeth ; a dream of error,
The fruitless labour of imagined existence.

At each of the five last words the wretched man, who had been taken up by the hands and feet, received a swing, first from one side, then from another, and as the fifth was pronounced, the body descended. A convulsive expansion of the arms, that burst their bonds—a vain, vain effort to spring back, was seen, and a hideous yell broke forth as the man fell with—what, gentle reader?—why, a loud splash into the sea—not from the bastions, a height of twenty feet, but from the quay, a descent of four.

As the depth of water was barely five feet, it was amusing to see the effects of surprise on our victim. The nights had long since set in to be frosty, consequently the cold took away his breath ; and, being blindfolded, he was running out to sea in search of the shore, while pure fright seemed to deprive him of the recollection that his hands were at liberty, until a loud laugh from the shore, and the cry of “ pull the bandage from your eyes,” brought him to his senses.

“ God bless you, gentlemen, for your *kindness* ! I was beginning to think I was killed in reality, sure.”

My “ *gentlemen*,” having had their “ lark,” were content to help the plebeian out of the water, who made the best of his way home, and our party dispersed ; Hustle and myself to take up our quarters at the George ; the others, some at the Blue *Posteses*, and some at the *Blue Pill-ars*.*

CHAPTER IV.

The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize ;
And they, the few, who have it ere they earn it,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him, who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.

ROGERS' ITALY.

ROGERS ! amidst all the beauties which thy works contain, I scarcely think there is a greater or more valuable truth than

* Both houses of resort for naval cavaliers.

the one contained in the lines above quoted. But to our tale. On meeting Hustle next morning at breakfast, his first inquiries were as to what had passed between him and his Grace of Newark. I then repeated, as near as I could, what had taken place; and he, wishing to do the thing as handsomely as might be, desired I would take his compliments to the duke, and say, that he had not intended to offer a personal insult; but any satisfaction that a gentleman might grant to, or expect from, another, he should be most happy to afford.

His grace, however, did not wish to be shot *a-head** even for an odd borough, and therefore replied that he had ascertained Lord Francis could not have been in possession of his name; besides, it was a conversation which occurred *after dinner*, and those he always made a point of forgetting before breakfast. A very convenient rule, I thought, for men who give promises; and, having made a courteous exchange of bows, my first negotiation as second ended.

I need not tell the reader that Hustle and myself were soon great friends. Generous, clever, and reckless, he was a most amusing companion, and it was not till the third day after my arrival, when I found my money running short, and my bill growing long, that I bestowed a thought on him who claimed the honour of calling me his son. I should, perhaps, have before this explained to the reader that the party over which Hustle was presiding on the evening of my arrival at "The George," was composed of some of the junior officers belonging to the Undoubted frigate, formerly commanded by the brave and heroic Captain U—h—r, who was honoured with a snuff-box from the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, and who had sufficient veneration and kindred feeling for that immortal name, not to surrender it up to the base demand of a baser ministry.

To proceed: the Undoubted having that day been paid off, these officers had met over a parting dinner, and Hustle was only now remaining a week in Portsmouth, previous to starting for town. On the third morning, whilst at breakfast, I happened to take up the newspaper, and read the following paragraph:—"We understand the Niobe (that

* See the police reports during the last election.

fine forty-six gun frigate) is to be immediately commissioned by the Hon. Robert Cassilis Sawyer. This distinguished officer lately commanded the Ochlin Glamourg, and it is supposed great interest will be made to sail with him."

"Hustle, do you know this don?" said I, repeating the passage.

"Know him!—yes, to be sure I do. My brother sailed with him in the Ochlin Glamourg, and is about to join the Niobe. Our families are very well acquainted. A very good ship I have no doubt she'll be, for a fellow that minds what he's about, and gets out of the way in a storm. Were not you saying something yesterday about entering the service? If so, I hardly imagine you could get a ship more the thing than the Niobe."

"The very way my thoughts were tending," I replied.

"I shall consider it; meanwhile, if you have finished your breakfast, let us ride."

We rode, and talked the matter over. I bestowed some serious reflections on the subject, and after arriving at the determination that it was as well to be a second Nelson as a second anybody else, and that I might get rid of my "longing after fame," as easily at sea as on dry land, which would moreover allay my thirst of enterprise, &c. &c., I sat down and wrote the following epistle to my worthy progenitor :

"MY DEAR FATHER,

Sunday, Nov. 28.

"I fear lest the hurry in which I left town (purely accidental) may have dispossessed you of a few extra winks of repose; but the fact is, I was doubly absent, *et in mente et in corpore*; and, happening to meet an unusually attractive female countenance in Piccadilly, those extremely sensitive feelings for the fair sex which I inherit from yourself, left me no choice but to follow her with less freedom of will than the needle does the magnet.

"Without the slightest commiseration for my helpless predicament, she entered a coach starting for Portsmouth, and I was whirled away to this unnoted corner of the globe; while she, like Dalilah of holy writ, lulled me to sleep on her knee. Glimpses of heaven, however, are soon

gone. I lost sight of her while burning my boots at the George.

“I have been contriving to kill time somewhat pleasantly—for a variety—with young Francis Hustle; you know Hustle? (no, I believe not, bye-the-bye,)—the Bitford family. As a proof in what a state of somnambulism I left Portman Square, I actually walked out in a pair of red slippers! That is trifling—but this is not, namely, with only eight sovereigns in my scrip. You will see, therefore, that I have been obliged to allow the hotel-keeper to put his pen to paper on my account—a bad thing, I grant, but a man may do worse: the whole of which tends to show that your answer had better enclose a draft at sight—say fifty.

“Talking of drafts and bills, *et horrida cetera*, a slight recollection comes over me that something unpleasant passed between us at our last interview. Now, my dear father, you must be aware that two people never live in one house without quarrelling,—if they happen to be related. Apropos, Seymour said to me the other day, ‘L—and C—are always squabbling in the most unnatural manner, I scarcely know what to liken them to.’ ‘Tut, man,’ I returned, ‘liken them too? why, they’re like two brothers, to be sure.’ This suggests to me the propriety of finishing my education with a ramble. I have therefore resolved to don a naval uniform, and set forth in search of love and glory.—I see at once this meets with your approbation, as there always was a chivalric feeling in our family. You will therefore be pleased, as soon as may be, to find out somebody that knows the Honourable Captain R. C. Sawyer. He is going to commission the Niobe, the ship I have fixed on; and, faith! every day will not afford me a chance of running my career in such immortal company. I feel half enamoured of her already; but be sure and tell your friend to let the honourable captain know that I am a young man of the highest morals, gifted understanding, and a capital fellow withal, otherwise I could not now have the pleasure of subscribing myself your most loving son,

“MANVERS CAVENDISH.

“*To Lord Charles Cavendish.*”

P. S. Should the weather be very enervating, you need not trouble yourself to write any thing more than the frank ; but do not forget the draft : my direction is simply at the George, Portsmouth. I wish to be in town on Wednesday, and they tell me it is no longer the thing to leave your debts, like your morning shadow when travelling east,—behind you. Adieu !”

As soon as fate and His Majesty’s mail permitted, a letter was put into my hand. My first impulse was to ascertain that it conveyed a certain slip of water-marked paper, when to my astonishment, I saw the figures, £100. “He must be either cracked,” thought I, “or devilish glad to get rid of me.” I looked again at it ; its date was that of the day subsequent to the one on which I left town. More mystery still !—good draft, however ! no forgery—and folded it up very carefully in my note-case. Having seen that no kind friend was at hand to pick my pocket, I placed the whole in the latter, and read :—

“SIR,

“*Thursday, November 25.*

“Your rebellious conduct is beyond every thing I ever saw—read—dreamt—heard of. I wish no human being to starve, or be hung for stealing hot rolls. I therefore send you a hundred pounds to provide for your necessities, and my commands that I may never more be troubled with a word concerning you. Make the most you can of this sum, as it is the last you will ever receive from

“CHARLES CAVENDISH.

“P.S.—*Friday, 26th.* Oh, you good-for-nothing dog ! If I only knew where you were, I’d send you this directly.

“*Saturday, 27th.* I have just been going to send James to the Morgue, but he came back to say there was no Morgue. What ! no Morgue in London ? Bless my soul !—make a minute of that to the Sec. State Home Dept.

“*Monday, 29th.* So, sir, you have at last condescended to let me know where you are—to inform me of the ‘pure accident’ which determined your leaving London—to talk

to me of pretty women, and other follies! Why, sir, I suppose if the arch fiend himself was to turn out a pretty woman, you'd be in a hurry to visit his dominions. Boy, you are a giddy fool, to say the least of your proceedings, and very inconsistent. You will see that I did intend to trouble myself no further about you; but at that time I did not contemplate your becoming a midshipman. Heirs are only to be obtained, you know, by marriage—results dearly purchased by the process. My temperament is not con-nubial—that is decisive. So Lord F. Hustle has inoculated you with the small-pox?—trash!—What am I writing?—I mean to say, the marine mania. I hardly know which is the worst of the two, and all boys seem liable to both—something new in physics. I thought some time since you had been *vaccinated*. It is now plain that you are becoming quite a *calf*. But every age will wear away, though the last may prove more foolish than the first. Your remark, however, is very true; people related *do* quarrel; there is little doubt on the subject—indeed, this was the only point on which your mother and myself ever agreed.

“The sooner you arrive in town the better. I can meet with nothing but letters and notes bearing your address on them, written in such vile, scratchy small hands, I can never make out whether they are yours or mine. The next that arrives I burn. Two fellows, having the external appearance of highwaymen, called for you yesterday; parish officers I think they named themselves. I concluded you had found your way into Newgate.

“News is stale, and scandal dull. Loud complaints, I hear, are openly made in Doctors' Commons against the rigidity of morals last season; but a rumour having lately got afloat that the king has taken a new mistress, the lawyers talk of precedents, and anxiously expect some relaxation. Others, again, do not hesitate to affirm that this report originated with themselves, in order to cause a fall. So wags the world—an odd assemblage at any moment; but in all believe me ever your affectionate father. Farewell.

“The draft, I see, is for a hundred. I merely send it to prove what I was going to do. But remember, you are only to squander fifty. Now I have omitted to tell yo

that a very good channel for Captain Sawyer is open to me. I am told that you can do very well with some couple of hundreds a-year at sea. If I could only affect as great a saving in the state, as this will make in my private finances, I might form a cabinet directly.

“C. C.

“*Portman Square.*”

CHAPTER V.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.

* * * * *

Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
Stops with the shore upon the watery plain.

* * * * *

He sinks into thy depth with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkennell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto IV

READER, I am fond of an active imagination ; you will, therefore, suppose, that Hustle and myself have arrived in town, and here be pleased to shake him, Hustle, by the hand. He is an excellent fellow—but—his carriage is waiting, and he therefore most politely makes you a bow, and says, “Good morning.” You will also be pleased to suppose that, the necessary forms having been gone through, I am now appointed a youngster on board his Majesty’s ship Niobe ; and that, having a letter from the captain to his first-lieutenant, I am once more lying on a sofa in the George, writing you this account, having taken leave of my very respectable parent, with the agreement that before the ship leaves England I am to return to town, on a few weeks’ leave of absence.

Having encased myself in the blue and brass of his Majesty’s navy, I went forth a new creature. Some boys, who were playing in the gutter, styled me a sorry reefer ; and a footman, who seemed that instant to have arrived from town behind his master’s carriage, exclaimed, “La ! bless me ! whose nice livery is that ?”

"Man," I replied, "this livery is the king's; when you become his servant, you may wear it,—till then, farewell."

I hired a boat, and was not further molested, until arriving alongside the Niobe's hulk, when, in ascending the ship's side, I only took one man-rope in my hand, and consequently oscillated to and fro in a most uncomfortable pendulous manner, while, as if to console me, I heard a Vulcanian voice above, exclaiming, "There ye hang, like a quarter of hung beef, as green as e'er a griffin that ever came from Barbary! Whoy daunt ye lay hold o' t'other man-rope?"

"Pray, sir, is the first-lieutenant on board?" I inquired, on being lucky enough to reach the deck, instead of the water, at the same time flinging overboard a new pair of gloves, which the ascent had spoiled.

"Noah, he arn't," gruffly answered a little man who reigned supreme, with a vegetable leg, and mineral eye, and whose manner betrayed some pique, I suppose, at my want of respect. But what respect could I pay to an animal who appeared before me, all *pomp, poverty, and pitch*?

"When will he return then?" I asked. "I have a note to deliver to him from Captain Sawyer."

The mention of that authoritative name produced a very investigating glance and a little more civility.

"He 'turns at eight bells, with the party to dinner from the yard."

"What a lucky dog I am!" thought I. "This is some grand day with them, some large dinner party—to the port-admiral, I suppose. I had better wait then?"

"P'raps you had! Where's your note?"

I produced it, when he extended the shattered remains of a hand, so besmeared with tar, and other nautical condiments, that I could not forbear observing, with a smile, as I gave it, "Pray take care, sir, that it does not dirty your hands."

Instantly directing his fire upon me, he growled forth, "You'm better fed than taught, I thinks;" and squeezing the note so as to open it, he thrust in the stump of a fore-finger, and cracked the seal.

This I could not approve of, and was about to remonstrate, when, handing it back to me with a grin of malicious exul-

tation, he exclaimed, "So, youngster, you're come to join, eh?—hope you may be in my watch; I'll work ye."

"Party coming from the yard, sir," interrupted the sentinel, taking off the little inquisitor's attention, who bellowed out at the imminent risk of bursting a blood-vessel, "Side, boys! side boys!" whereupon, scampering up before the cane of a sour, soldierly man, came two little imps of darkness, unshod, unwashed, with tartan caps, and glided over the side to *do honour* to the party from the yard. To one unable to enter his father's house without being bowed to by porters, powdered footmen, and butlers, not to mention the major-domo of the establishment, one half of which never appeared in sight, fancy what a bathos was the present.

Somewhat surprised at such a maritime mode of etiquette, I turned my eyes very eagerly to see of whom the party might consist, when lo! instead of the admiral, commissioners, and a staff of post-captains, there ascended a dirty set of ragamuffins of all descriptions, bedaubed in the true naval style.

No one, however, took any notice of me. Those whose dress bespoke them officers filed past me down below, just giving a stare in the manner a cockney would look at a prize ox on his road to dinner. Seeing how affairs went on, I advanced to a diminutive, strange-looking man, whose back was turned towards me, as greasy in appearance as the worst, while his head was bedecked with a broad-brimmed, South American straw hat.

Touching him on the shoulder, I said, not in the best of humours at the neglect I had experienced, "Common sailor, can you tell when I am likely to see the first-lieutenant?"

"Confound your soul, you common thief, you see him now!" replied the little man, turning round with electrica. velocity.

"Uh! youngster," said my first acquaintance, who was the carpenter, "have you put your fut in it?"

"What a set of ruffians these are!" I whispered to myself; then addressing the incensed first-lieutenant, "I have to beg your pardon, sir, for my inadvertent mistake—his note is from Captain Sawyer."

After reading it in silence, he gave orders that I should be conducted down into the gun-room, where abode the "young gentlemen" of his Majesty's ship *Niobe*. There were, however, only some three or four people in it, of whom I did not think very highly—master's-mates, assistant-surgeons, and what not, who seemed each very much inclined to play the bully. Their quarters consisted of a separate division of the deck astern by boards, by them called bulk-heads, originally white-washed, and now dirt-tinted, which a clerk, who seemed a better sort of personage than the rest, denominated a *fawn colour*. Every thing was in embryo and neglect, while the effluvia which pervaded brought on a complete fit of nausea.

"I cannot see the glory of Lord Nelson here; but still there may be some to come," was my self-parlance. At this moment a negro touched me on the elbow, and in broken English informed me it was my illustrious lot to dine in the ward-room. Obedience is the watchword on board a ship, and the phrase "I cannot" has been banished the nautical vocabulary. But much as I had been told of the imperious turn of naval folks, I was somewhat surprised to hear the first-lieutenant roar out, "Make it noon, and pipe to dinner." "Make it noon! why, the next thing, if you run short of daylight, will be to imitate Joshua, and command the sun to stand still!"

At five o'clock I found my feet beneath the king's mahogany in the ward-room. Having sipped and sent away a villanous decoction of leeks, something was put upon my plate, which they courteously styled beef-steak and onions. I was about to inquire if in his Majesty's victualling office they tanned the hides, carcasses and all, when the surgeon had the impudence to tell me they had "a capital cook."—"Indeed, sir!" and I commenced sawing the animal matter upon my plate in silence.

The officers now took it into their heads to make me their butt; till losing my temper at the utter inflexibility of their viands and their wit, I put down my fork in despair, and with a look of experimental curiosity examined the blade of my knife. "What's *the matter*?" demanded two or three.

"*Beef* they call it," I replied; "and I wish to see if it

has not turned the edge." Here an exchange was made of very significant glances at me and my plate.

"Steward! mind you tell Mungo, when he dresses the dinner to-morrow, not to put so much galley pepper on his meat;" and as the master said this, he removed the fragments of a piece of coal from between his teeth, and laid them on the edge of his plate, adding, as he looked at me, "a man shouldn't be dirty nice."

However, like other meals, our dinner passed, and I think had Kitchener been there, he would have recalled his recorded wish, something about a throat a mile long:—see his work on stuffing birds and *beasts*. Thanking Heaven for my deliverance, I hastily scalded my palate with some coffee, and departed, leaving behind me Michael Queer, the first-lieutenant, a rather eccentric man, but very good officer; the master, to whom belongs a large meed of praise, the purser, surgeon, and marine officer, all passing well in their way; but with the last three we shall have nothing to do. Wherefore, then, should I trouble thee with reading their names, or myself with writing them? Not at all. While of the chaplain and schoolmaster, it suffices to declare him a man of unassuming merit, and an ornament to the rank he held. As to the marine officer, it was supposed as a matter of course, that he slept five and twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and I therefore knew nothing about him.

On returning to the deck I found a master's-mate of the name of Coldman. I hated him, first for his physiognomy, which always enables me instinctively to *feel* what a man's character is; and next for his constant endeavours to palm upon my credulity sundry absurd stories, calculated to make me appear in the light of a fool. Men, I find, will least forgive offences which wound their self-pride, their politics, or purses.

While I was walking the deck, I saw what I conceived to be a flash of lightning, followed by a loud report, proving it to be the discharge of a piece of ordnance. "Quick, quick," shouted Coldman; run down and tell the first-lieutenant that the admiral has tumbled down the hatchway and broken his neck."

"I will, I will," was my reply; and, under the idea that

it was a case of very great emergency, I bundled into the ward-room, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Queer, the admiral's tumbled down *his neck* and broken the hatchway."

"Poor old fellow!" growled the master; "then tell him to put his horns in soak, for the devil's coming to saw them off to-morrow morning."

"Why, youngster," said Michael Queer, "they'll cram you till you burst. The rule with us is, believe nothing you hear, and but half you see." With this sage advice, the first luff motioned me to the door, while my precocious ideas did anything but relish the courteous lesson; and for two straws I would have turned round and openly rebelled against him! But then again, I considered the straws would be of little service when obtained, and so I pursued the "noiseless tenor of my way" towards the quarter-deck, where, having soon contrived to quarrel violently with Coldman, in which he was, of course, solely in the wrong, I sought my way once more to the gun-room, wishing the navy with the devil, and the devil at Jamaica—that being the most local idea which I have of his Majesty's dominions.

On the main-deck I found the clerk. "What sort of bed-rooms have you on board?" I inquired.

"Oh, famous large bed-rooms."

"Indeed!"

"O yes, with a dressing-room and baths attached."

"Mr. Scribble!" roared out the first-lieutenant.

"Sir," answered the clerk, and away he went before I could obtain any information where my apartments were to be found.

Descending on the lower deck, I stumbled against the second-master. "Would you have the goodness," said I, "to conduct me to my bed-room?"

"Oh, bed-room is it you want?" he replied. "I suppose you would like to see your dressing-closet also?"

"If you please."

"I wish you may get it!" Here, pointing to a moiety by a longitudinal section of a canvass bag, which he called a hammock, "this is your bed, and this," meaning the lower deck, "is your dressing-closet."

"Yes," said the clerk, joining, "and if you want a

cold bath to-morrow morning, all you have to do is to jump overboard."

Never in the whole course of my existence had I met with such a set of uncivilised boors ; but help myself I could not. Having had occasion to get something out of my chest before going to bed, I entered the gun-room for this purpose. The oldsters were all gathered round a table, drinking rum and water, by the miserable light of two purser's dips. At the lower end was seated a little boy, apparently twelve years old, nibbling in the shade, by stealth, a little biscuit. But the eye of the old mate who presided, though now glimmering with the cunning twinkle of intoxication, was too deeply versed in such matters to let his diminutive form escape. "Holloa, there, youngster ! what, one bell after eight, and not gone to bed yet ?"

"I'm going, I'm going," said the little fellow, nibbling as fast as he could.

"Come, then, bundle up your traps and be off."

Five minutes more passed and the boy had not gone.

"What !" said the mate, "are you going to stay there all night ? Start off, or look sharp for a colting."

The boy rose. "I think its very hard to be obliged to go to bed at half-past eight ; surely I do you no harm by staying."

"You little rascal, do you give any lip ?" and jumping off his seat, and faltering from inebriety, the oldster pulled from his pocket a piece of rope two feet long, as thick as my little finger, terminating in a conjoined set of pyramidal knots, nearly the size of a walnut. This I afterwards learnt was called a colt. "I'll teach you, my boy, how you give any answer next time I speak to you," said he, seizing the little fellow by the collar before he had time to escape, and striking him over the shoulders with considerable force. The poor child yelled most pitiably, as might naturally be expected ; but that only seemed to increase the rage of his brutal oppressor. His victim was a pretty, innocent-looking little fellow, with light hair, and blue eyes. I was interested for him ; and advancing, in a perfect rage at the tyranny I had witnessed, I put my arm between him and the mate, asking if he were not ashamed to strike such an infant.

"Is that all, then? I'll hit a bigger if you like;" and he struck me a blow on the arm with the colt, that I remember yet. As my boxing was always particularly good, and I flattered myself my spirit not much inferior, my only reply was to deal him a blow between the orbits, which, in conjunction with the spirit he had taken, laid him on the floor.

Had the queen of a bee-hive been attacked, less commotion would have taken place in her defence than this unheard-of thing:

A youngster knock an oldster down!
A sweep as well might seize the crown.

Up rose they, one and all, the mate excepted, and I thought myself in for a drubbing; however, I fought for friendless innocence, and what were numbers to me? Seizing the first brass candlestick that I could lay my hands on, I darted the concrete essence of mutton, flame and all, into the eye of the assistant-surgeon, who seemed to lead the attack. "Whew, dom the mon! my ee's na an extinguisher," said he, while

Doused his glim in sable night,
He turned—and, foaming, fled the fight.

This desertion staggered my assailants, while my resentment vanished at such a touch of the ludicrous, I burst into a loud laugh, not forgetting to brandish my candlestick as fiercely as Scott's Sir Kenneth did his battle-axe, when encountering Saladin.

"Oh, you scoundrel!" said the old mate, shaking his fist at me from the ground, and inciting the others to dare my brass. Whether they would have rallied I know not, for the door opened, and in stalked Michael Queer, with the master-at-arms. They had been going the rounds, and now came to inquire, "what's the row?"

"Gentlemen, what's the meaning of all this noise?" He looked at me, I looked at him, and lowered my candlestick, thinking that in his presence my person would be safe.

"Well, no answer? Master-at-arms, put the lights out."

"We were only skylarking, sir," said the clerk, wishing to save the remaining candle.

“ Oh, then next time I'll thank you to keep your larks for the shore.”

He turned away ; I relinquished my weapon of defence, and did the same. The poor little boy, the cause of the fray, followed close at my heels, and, in return for my espousing his quarrel, showed me the manner in which I might gain that enviable place on board a ship, the inside of my hammock ; for afloat, landsmen, let me tell you, it is no easy matter.

In the course of the night my hammock was cut down, myself mercilessly hauled round the deck, and if at dawn Aurora blushed, as poets say she does, I am sure it was at the situation in which she found me lying, on the rude deck, with no superabundance of coverlids, &c. Even this was deemed too great a luxury, and I was forced to quit such a poor apology for a bed at seven o'clock, exclaiming with all my heart, in the words of Johnson in *Don Juan*,—

Lord help the scholar whom his fortune sends here !

A breakfast, consisting of some cocoa, (the only good thing I had seen on board,) and a little biscuit and salt butter, being despatched, the party for the yard, (that is, the men who are employed rigging the ship at the dock-yard,) embarked, myself amongst them, and steered for his Majesty's ship *Niobe*, now alongside one of the wharfs, the which ship I was of course very anxious to behold, as I was now (important era !) one of her *officers* !

It was an English morning, and the dun clouds flitted fast and thick before a northward and easterly breeze, which being favourable, we soon arrived at our destination. The *Niobe* was far from being a new ship, but was a strongly-built vessel, with as much room as generally falls to the lot of a forty-six gun frigate.

I had been on board an hour, wandering and wondering, when Michael ordered me into the foretop to learn *something*. Having crawled to that elevation, some kind friends, with patches on their collars, lashed me to the rigging, spreading the eagle, as they called it, from which uncomfortable situation I was not released until after paying a mulct of half a sovereign to the captain of the top.

At half past eleven it became necessary to return on board

the hulk to dinner, which meal, in nautical life, always affords its solace immediately after the noontide ray.

Despite the wind having considerably increased, and the waves being more violent in proportion, we prepared to embark. Michael himself, with the greater part of the crew, took the large boat, leaving the smaller one to follow, with the second master, the marines, a few seamen, and myself. We pushed off from the landing-place, and our danger from the boat being overladen was enhanced by the inexperience of the oarsmen, and by the insubordination of the marines, who were determined to stand up; while, as every one had a voice in the matter, the authority of the second-master was little, if at all, heeded.

From the above combination of circumstances, I thought it more than probable we might at last have to reach the ship without our boat; I therefore secured to myself a seat on the weather-bow, which in my opinion was the best starting point in the event of upsetting. After sundry doubts and preparations for the catastrophe, and keeping my attention fixed on those points which could be most easily reached by swimming, we arrived within a few boat's lengths of the ship. "Manvers Cavendish, the fates still spare thee," was the sentence on my lips, when "Port, hard a port!" was hoarsely bawled by some one near me to the helmsman. "Starboard! starboard!" cried the corporal of marines, catching a crab. "Down with it a lee!" roared some one else. "Do you mean to swamp that boat?" demanded Michael Queer, hailing from the forecastle of the hulk. "So I believe, sir," said I, looking at a monstrous wave that came curling towards us with its "frosty head."

I was right; for as the oar still remained entangled, the boat refused to answer the helm, and broaching to, the aforesaid wave rushed into her tiny space, and in another instant her keel was floating uppermost. An old Irish sailor was sitting next me, who had been cracking his jokes on all around, and the first thing I heard amid the din of waters, was his gruff voice chanting a snatch from the humorous ballad of Brian O'Linn; thus—

The bridge tumbled down, and they all fell in,
"Strike out and be d—d!" cried Brian O'Linn

These sailors are, without parallel, joking and swearing

in the very arms of death. For my part, I no sooner beheld the sea breaking into us, than I hastily kicked off my shoes, blessed my stars that I was not hampered with a Wellington, and sprang into the troubled foam to struggle for existence, anxious to get beyond the reach of those who, when drowning, are apt to wish for company, and, rather than venture solely to the shades below, prefer to leave the world in pairs.

To swim in an unruffled bath is one thing—in a heavy sea another; and a few minutes convinced me that my little day of life would soon be past; wave after wave burst over me, nor slight, nor few were my potations of salt water. My intellects were approaching confusion, when I heard a voice behind, saying, “Cheer up, cheer up, my hearty, it’s an ill wind as blows no luck to nobody. If I hadn’t been here I shouldn’t been able to help you. Clap your hands on my shoulder, and shut your potato-trap, and we’ll soon be on board.” In two minutes the captain of the fore-top, to whom I had given half a sovereign for my release, was at my elbow, and following his advice, though leaning on him as gently as possible, we reached the mooring-cables of the hulk.

“Save me, save me, for mercy’s sake!” was wildly shrieked by a human voice evidently at hand, and proceeding from some one who had tumbled over in the foam. Thrice the body floated to the surface, flinging forth its arms at random, and in vain—the last time, so near to us, that my impulse to try and save it was solely prevented by the seaman, who contended that such an effort would only end in my own destruction. It was an awful scene—the dark and scowling wintry sky, the unbridled violence of the sea, where every now and then, as one wave might chance to rise higher than the rest, was displayed a human being, battling with remorseless death, while piercing shrieks still came distinguishable through the blast, and the gloomy, sullen hulks around were crowded with spectators, unable to afford relief to those whose last pangs they were beholding. Talk of drowning as an easy death! Is not imagination the chief pang in all modes of death? Then what can be more horrid than the suspense of one who hangs upon the confines of the shadowy world, “high on the

broken wave?" Should a man, who has been rescued from drowning, commit suicide, it will not be in the water.

Several boats had been manned on the instant that the accident was observed, and they were now making the most of their way to the sufferers. But at this instant another wave broke over the body I have alluded to, and down it went, as I thought, for ever. But no, a counter current had again driven it towards the surface, when coming in contact with my legs, which still remained in the water, it instinctively,—for sense was gone,—clung to them, with a force that defied all attempts to get free, and thus offered to the court of death leg-bail. The additional weight of the body, and the tide setting so strongly against it, were more than I could resist, even though my arms were clasped round the chain-cable.

My former feelings, as compared with this moment, were as nothing; here, at the very instant when I was about to renew the charter of my life, to have it thus forcibly wrenched from me! A nameless space of thought, by those only comprehended who have, like myself, experienced it—seemed to bear me down. A glance, a momentary glance, of all connected with me in life came over my mind.

But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll;
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years;
That pause which ponder'd o'er his fate,
It was eternity to thought.

With a last effort, rousing myself from this torpor, and grasping the seaman, who was busy getting some ropes down from above, I managed to make him comprehend what was the matter, just as the waves were beating over my head, and the drowning marine was tugging at my feet, like a malignant demon; when, worn out with cold, fatigue and horror, the world passed from me, like the vague and nameless changes in our sleep, leaving a state, whose only feeling was nonentity, by mortals surnamed—death.

CHAPTER VI.

All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm and prospects high ;
But time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one in turn some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly, like the snake. BYRON.

“CAVENDISH ! my fine fellow, Cavendish ! come, look about you,” was loudly repeated by several voices, as I became painfully conscious of returning life and sensibility. As soon as my inundated ideas began to collect themselves, I obeyed, and beheld bending over me, with a look expressive of philosophy, the surgeon. He held a large pair of fire-bellows in direct contact with my lips, and had been alternately giving a puff down my throat, and then expelling the same by squeezing my chest as near to my back as intervening substances permitted. This was real kindness. Next to him was the assistant, applying to my nose a huge bottle of hartshorn, which took away my breath : this his colleague, the surgeon, perceiving, introduced the tube of his delicate little instrument into my mouth, with such a blast, that my throat was instantly lined with ashes.

In a moment, ungrateful as it may appear, the assistant-surgeon, bottle and all, went flying in one direction ; while the redoubted medical chief, into whose face the ashes had been returned with interest, threw down his means of artificial inspiration, as he termed it, and in high dudgeon went off—thinking with me, that the more you do for a man the less he thanks you.

Having rid myself of these two nightmares, I was about to inquire for my deliverer, when some one grasped me by the hand—it was himself. “Diddled the doctors, and Davy Jones too ! Brave doings, sir ! But that marine—he held as fast as grim Death to an old nigger. I thought he must have pulled your leg off : fine bit of stuff, too, to bring such a lumping fellow as that out of the water.”

“What, then, is he saved ?” I inquired.

“No sir, not quite as ye may say, seeing as how they

doctor chaps are gone down to torment him with their catamarans. Lor, sir, but it did my heart good to see the slap in the lug you gave 'em: for my part, I never liked the sight of them physic men, ever since I heard about their preventing some blessed outrighteous (outrageous) machine to rob a drunken man of his liquor."

"Indeed! well; notwithstanding your dislike, I fear I must fain have recourse to them: that marine has sprained my leg so severely that I am unable to walk. Help me down below, will you?"

"Why, if so be as that's the case, your honour, there's no help for it. Here, you afterguard, come and help the gentleman below to his hammock;" when, having found something to put me in, I was conveyed below to enjoy the first-fruits of my glorious fit, which consisted in being bed-ridden for a fortnight.

The surgeons having amused themselves in giving me the most excruciating agony for half an hour, in setting my leg, let flow a considerable quantity of my vital current, and departed.

As the "chief of the medical staff" was going up the hatchway, he was accosted by the captain of the top, who had rescued me from the fishes (commonly known by the soubriquet of Jacky Barleycorn, though christened at the fount by the name of John Rye). With a pedantic wave of the hand, the surgeon answered him, "quickly," and ascended to the wardroom, while Rye, not very well pleased at the supercilious answer, walked away, saying something to himself that I could not understand.

No sooner had the men left their beds the next morning than Rye presented himself to know how I was. My mess-mates (with the exception of the boy whose back I had saved) had never been near me; and the contrast afforded no very pleasant prognostic of the men I should have to herd with. Again and again I thanked the seaman for services which he seemed to hold as no value. I managed, however, to get my purse from its concealment, in order to present him with a five-pound note, which I had observed in it the last time it was in my hand. After fumbling for a minute or two I drew forth the purse itself; but not a vestige was to be found of any money. A lock of hair

wrapped in a billet-deux had been opened, thumbed, and folded up again; but the note, "the note, Sir Thomas," had departed for ever.

Seeing my look of astonishment, Rye inquired if I had left any money in it.

"Yes, five pounds."

"Oh, your honour, that was rather green of you. Why, sir, the sharks aboard here would steal the very teeth out of your head, if so be as ye didn't shut your mouth when you snored: but if you mean the money for me, sir, it's small trouble ye need give yourself about that; none of that for Jack Rye—he never saved or took a human life for money. He's no Jew to traffic with the blood that runs in another man's body; but when your honour gets well, if you've a mind to bestow a quart of rum to drink your honour's health, I'm just the chap as knows how to do it; and as an officer, in my humble opinion, shouldn't be above being a sailor, if you'll come up to me when I'm in the top, I'll show'e how to knot a rope, point a laniard, sarve the stays, and raise a mouse on 'em,* ay, as well as e'er a foremast-man in the ship."

"Very well, Rye," I replied, "only give me some opportunity of showing how much I feel indebted to you. What question was that you asked the surgeon yesterday as he left me?"

"Why, you see, sir, I wanted to know how matters went with your honour, seeing as how they were bleeding you like a pig may-be; so I asked 'em—but I might as well ha' let it alone, for who the deuce can make out their cross-bred lingo?"

I cannot say that in my illness I at all approved of male attendants. I have no objection to a little indisposition, provided I can flirt and get well together.

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Had I during my illness been a Roman Catholic, the

* *Sarve the stays, and raise a mouse on 'em*,—minutiæ of the naval profession, at which gallant seamen are particularly apt.

Virgin Mary certainly had benefitted by my vows. The papal religion possesses one advantage over ours, namely—to worship the fair sex is no idolatry. Had our eighth Harry been bitten by the Pope, it might have saved some lovely necks and shoulders. But I was bred a Protestant, if any thing, and instead of vowing masses to be said or sung, I merely vowed to scorn the white lappel, and once more to take up my old quarters, and write my dad's speeches in Portman Square. No one would have thought that I had, when swallowing down salt water, been taking large draughts of glory; I therefore determined only to scorn the aforesaid white lappel, while the ship was fitting out; a contrivance that would save me considerable fag, which would necessarily fall on some one else—but what was that to me?

Another week found me in possession of Admiralty leave for more than a month, much to the chagrin of my enemy, the old mate, whose bias leant very little towards divine forgiveness. “What beings of change we are!” was my exclamation, as an elevation in the road brought to view, for the last time, the sea, at once the master and the slave of sailors, glowing beneath the crimson reflection of a November's setting sun. Not three weeks since, I was all impatient to enrol myself as one of its defenders. In that brief space of time, I myself have narrowly escaped death twice,—first from the fury of the waves, and then from the disease which the suffering occasioned; while no less than five sank in the struggle into an unhallowed grave. There was a feeling in my heart, which, if not fear, was closely allied to it, seeming to urge a retreat from what was yet before me, while thought painfully recurred to the night of my inauguration, and the not much superior moments of the middle and morning watches, a taste of which I had already experienced. Here a fit of heroics succeeded—

Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late!

Psha! shall I flinch from any thing?—the descendant of such a house!—Never. Life would be as flat as badly-corked champagne, without some difficulties to conquer and enemies to rout, making the very cayenne of existence; to pass which happily, the soul must be employed. The most intense way of doing this is, by having something to love,

something to hate ; then strife for me—what signifies the end, if true to yourself ? Come, I see I shall be something yet, and when in the calm twilight of an honourable old age, with a K.C.B., or perhaps even K.G.C.—or should I play the devil himself, even K.G. to place behind my title, and——“ Beg your pardon, sir,” said a fellow-passenger opposite, stamping on my foot. I looked down—there was a villanous wooden stump—Oh, heavens ! Fate cannot mean to hint that my understanding will ever be reduced to aught so material ? Away flew the fond hallucinations of the former moment ; and fearing this might accomplish what all my previous sufferings had left undone, I quickly turned my thoughts into another channel, for—with one leg ! Oh, adverse stars ! waltz, gallopade, mazurka, were lost to me for ever ! How deep a curse at times is an active imagination !

“ Manvers, my dear boy,” said my father, one day, entering the room, shortly after my resuscitation at Portman Square, “ there’s that delightful widow, Lady Lucy Carleton——”

“ Well, what about her ? Surely you’re not going to marry ?”

“ Marry ! don’t talk to me of marriage :—marry ! what ? I, a young widower of fifty-three ? No, Manvers, I leave it to old boys and young fools to play the goose at that rate. Marriage ! bah ! what a sour taste that word leaves in my mouth ! Psha, boy ! don’t talk of it.—Gad, I positively think you have brought on another fit of that tormenting toothache, which St. John L—g cured with such difficulty last summer, by putting a red cabbage leaf down my back—a cold, comfortless remedy ;” and he twisted himself like one who shivers from the ague. “ What was I going to tell you ? Oh, that Lady Lucy is going to Naples in your ship, the Niobe.”

“ Indeed ! I am glad to hear it : that will be a pleasant addition.”

“ Pleasant—yes ; but I have something more to add, which you may not expect. Manvers, what are you dreaming of ? Do you not hear me ? The old rich uncle, Lord Dorchester, has consented to part with his niece, who goes also with her mother.”

"Niece! did you say niece? Are you sure of that?" said I, starting as eagerly now as I had before been listless.

"Yes, I am quite sure of it. But your cheeks, young man, look very red. What may mean this fit of ecstasies? Will you never learn to be a man of the world? I wish you would recollect Horace's *nil admirari*."

"Hang Horace, sir! he never knew the joys of loving. But I hear luncheon waits in the next room; and as I want to get out, I shall go and pledge a glass to the recovery of Lady Lucy's health, for that is the phantom she is going to hunt, is it not? Who shall doubt of spirits when every mortal follows a shadow of his own?"

"Very true, and I am afraid hers will be a fruitless chase, for her husband was so *unfashionably uxorious*, and she, poor woman, so foolishly fond of him, that grief—yes, pure, unsophisticated grief (an exceedingly rare thing, by-the-bye), has brought on a decline. Very melancholy to see women fall into such an error as to prefer the memory of a dead man to the presence of a living one. I am afraid she does not call to mind Burns' idea on the subject,—

A man's a man for a' that.

An unfrequent case I grant. Now, I wonder—" here his forefinger went up to his forehead, an invariable sign of prolixity beyond his usual style, which was too long in its most laconic form to be very agreeable, and I therefore proceeded to despatch the wing of a fowl, and set out to call on the future companions of my voyage.

How much does the fancy in certain situations think it has to say! how mute is the voice when the moment for utterance arrives! Words and thoughts, which in the quickness of their succession before confused you, are now—gone. This is the case whenever the emotions are highly excited, but especially where the heart is interested. A few broken monosyllables, inelegantly uttered, a hurried glance of the eye, a hectic playing on the features, constitute a greater part of our intercourse in the earlier stages of that heyday of happiness—that nectar of life,—

First love—that all

Which Eve hath left her daughters since her fall;

and yet slight, and it may be foolish, as that intercourse

often is, how thrilling, how marked, remembered, is its every word !

Lovers, we are told, will always paint their mistresses fairer than reality, something after the manner of the Irishman, who being shown a portrait, and wishing to pay the fair original a high compliment, exclaimed, "By J—, but the picture's more like than yourself, Ma'am !" This, however, I deny. In the absence of the beloved object, the imagination more than fills up what is wanting ; but what words can image out even so much as exists, much less what is fancied ? Never : there is a nameless expression about a beautiful face, a something *spirituel*, which is no more within the power of rhetoric to describe, than the aroma and freshness of the flower are to be discovered in the perfume distilled from it.

CHAPTER VII.

Love's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh
Ambition, avarice, vengeance, glory, gild
The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,
Where still we flutter on for pence or praise.

* * * * *

Day ne'er will break
On mountain-tops more heavenly fair than her ;
She was so like a vision.

DON JUAN.

READER, I call upon thy fancy, that god-like sense, that helps the setting sun to gild this barren waste, and cheat us into a belief that some happiness is to be found here. Let it paint to thee an embodied seraph in that most interesting epoch of life, when all that is brilliant and affectionate in the girl blends with the gracefulness and ease of the accomplished woman, with a sufficient precocity of talent to render that union premature. Imagine this, and you have before you a faint outline of Letitia Carleton. That outline it is for me to fill up.

In stature somewhat above the general height, she possessed a figure as light and soft as any image in a poet's

dream, and a waist of such fairy dimensions, that I am inclined to believe it possessed some power of attraction as yet unknown in natural philosophy, strangely tempting the fascinated hand to span its circumference; while, lower down, her flowing flounces

furled

Above the prettiest ankle in the world.

Delicately formed was the pretty foot which occasionally peeped out; and the possessor might well be pardoned the vanity which would have indulged herself with a full glance at it.

But happily she was yet too young and too artless to mar her charms by vanity or affectation; and what served considerably to enhance them was, that being a perfect novice in *affaires de cœur*, she was of course untainted by that most common female failing,—coquetry. Yet I hardly know if it be just thus harshly to condemn those fair creatures who “lie with such a grace;” for, after all, what is there that marriage brings to compare with the intense hours which precede it? Why therefore should women, any more than men, be confined to a single enjoyment of such hours? Certainly a man’s heart may be supposed to harbour rather an odd feeling at being jilted; but then again, were there no coquettes, the male flirts would find themselves in rather an awkward situation with the continual change of—affections unalterably placed,—feelings betrayed—elder brother (perhaps in the army! “who sits on briers till he kills his man,”)—marriage—honourable satisfaction,—ringing in his ears, the last of which I take to be an exceeding dull or leaden compliment at most.

But to proceed. Letitia’s face was oval, of a complexion extremely fair; so much so, that it conveyed the idea of some sweet flower drooping to fade. Her nose was strictly Grecian, with a high-arched nostril, through which delicate texture the crimsoned light still found its way: while beneath were two thin and finely-formed lips; the upper, projecting into a little point, seemed the embodied reality of a kiss, while both concealed a set of teeth, minute, but the *beau idéal* of whiteness and regularity. Though the most unmeaning critic (these are generally the most fastidious) would have been puzzled to find fault with any of

her features, beautiful as they were, their effect was overpowered by the heavenly blue eyes, which gave life, light, and animation to all around them. 'Twere very hard to say what was the expression that glowed within ; but the result was to excite an uneasy sort of palpitation in the heart and brain of the beholder. In Letitia's eyes, which were large, and seeming more to float than move, not only the pupil was blue, but the surrounding orb partook of the same celestial tinge, while all around the thickly-fringed lids, the transparent skin discovered the tiny purple veins wandering beneath. A pair of very slight but dark eye-brows, together with an expansive forehead, that a phrenologist might have worshipped, completed Nature's lovely picture, half hidden, yet considerably brightened by the rich and glossy tangles of her auburn hair, rebelling against all efforts to confine them. With all this, as I before remarked, there was that indefinable ease so much the characteristic of her station, which, even at the age of sixteen, foretold that her womanhood would possess much of what was then so indispensable—*tournure*. Reader, could you look on such a being and not agree in saying with me,

Her overpowering beauty made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel?

"Lady Carleton at home?" I inquired, on reaching the door.

"No, sir, she is not down stairs yet," was the dismal reply.

"What an unfortunate dog I am!" was the sentence on my lips, as I reluctantly pulled out my card-case. "Is Miss Carleton within, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, exactly the same," though of course far better in my views ; and, hastily replacing the card-case in my pocket, I followed the footman up stairs.

"What ! Mr. Cavendish, is it you?" said Letitia, rising from her harp at the window. "You have of late become a perfect stranger ;—but I had forgotten your late embarkation in a profession. I certainly must confess my warm admiration of sailors. I would much rather know you were one of them, than see you in the army, of which you thought at one time."

"I am glad to hear you say so; it at once reconciles me to my choice; but I must nevertheless own some slight *penchant* for the coats of scarlet."

"Indeed! Have the expectations which you formed then been disappointed?"

"Why, no, not exactly——"

Here the remembrance of the marine pulling at my leg came across me.

"Positively the truth is this; I have seen so very little, that as yet I can hardly form any judgment. Ask me in two months hence, and you shall know what I think on the subject. But how have you been since our last parting? and how is Lady Carleton? I hope her health is improved. The principal object of my call this morning, secondary of course to seeing your fair self, was to inquire the truth of a report I heard from my father: namely, that you were both going to take a passage in the *Niobe* to Naples. This rumour appeared too delightful to have any foundation; I therefore posted here immediately to be put out of suspense."

"Delightful! suspense!" replied Letitia, unconsciously repeating my words, which were rather more expressive than I had intended, at the same time colouring slightly. "Yes, it is quite true; it pleases me *exceedingly* to see you—you—I mean to say, I am—happy that our society will add to your amusement."

"Amusement! you must be sure it has always been more highly esteemed than that."

There was a slight pause; we had entered upon a sort of debateable land, where neither was willing to advance. A pause I hate, and people who cannot or will not talk, I detest. It is with me, therefore, a rule to break the former, and cut the latter.

"Apropos of amusements,—I fear I have interrupted yours," said I, moving towards the harp at the window. "Indulge me once more with that beautiful song in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which——"

"Oh, I know which you mean; but I have lent the book."

"Unfortunate! here, however, is another, from *Il Pirata*."

"That is a duet."

“ True ; I had forgotten.”

“ Or rather say that you will sing a second.”

“ Sing a second ? I sing ? Did you tell me to sing ? I, who never tried my vocal powers more than once, at a masquerade, in the character of a ballad-monger’s boy !”

“ But I am certain you *do* sing ; your cousin assured me of it.”

“ Did she ? A mere joke ; something to talk of after the weather.”

“ Nay, do sing ; there is no occasion for your being so very bashful ; there is no one to hear you except ourselves.”

“ Very true ; I own my excessive timidity, and as there is no one to hear us except ourselves, I think I may as well comply with your request.”

“ Oh, thank you. What will you sing ?”

“ Why,” I replied, “ as the leaves accidentally opened at the song, nothing I think can be more appropriate at the present juncture than this,—*Caro mano dell’ amore* ;” and I intuitively clasped the model of a hand that was hanging listlessly over its harp-strings, and pressed it to my lips.

I was about to utter something French, and very tender, when a voice from behind interrupted me with, “ Or if your highness would condescend to sing in English, ‘ I’m no desponding lover,’ it would suit the occasion quite as well ; your taste is excellent ; do you always employ your *tête-à-têtes* to such advantage ?”

I looked up, and at this inauspicious moment Lady Carleton stood beside me. Letitia hastily drew her hand from mine, and blushed deeply ; but notwithstanding the expression of displeasure which she put on, I saw (or fancied) an assurance of forgiveness beneath. Though rather surprised at my own boldness, this reassured me—in those days, a genius who piqued himself on doing and saying things with a possession unattained by others. Besides, I was only sixteen. Oh, ye ingenuous youth ! yours is the spring-time of true pleasure, if in any degree ye belong to the cognoscenti ; how much is pardoned and permitted then !

No mothers choose their daughters for your wife.
No brothers cast their bullets for your life.

But to proceed. "No, faith, your ladyship," I replied, "I have experienced the hour when things have hung heavier on hand."

"What, than a kiss "

"Yes."

"I think, myself, its weight seldom oppresses one."

"Very true, Lady Carleton; and as I dislike to be particular in my attentions, allow me to repeat the same salutation on your own fair fingers."

"Ah," said the handsome widow, "I see you are a true son of Lord Charles; you are only a boy, you know, or I should look very serious on such proceedings;" and I received a pat on the cheek, as much as to say you're delightfully impudent.

"So we are to have the pleasure of your ladyship's company as far as Naples? Have you seen Captain Sawyer yet?"

"He calls here this morning."

"Indeed! I have never seen him; describe him to me."

"I never like to give my opinion when people can judge for themselves. I rather admire him; there is a great deal of good-natured candour about him—I might almost say *brusquerie*—which presents such a refreshing contrast to the insipid masses of dull matter continually revolving around us. He is completely the sailor, a clever man, with much information."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so; it at once puts to flight the impressions left on my mind by accidentally overhearing a conversation between the boatswain and gunner, the only inference from which was, that men of his rank seldom cared to know their profession. This, I now see, is no more than a narrow, ignorant prejudice."

"Nothing more, I assure you; but who are these *bosain-gunner* people whom you mention?"

"Why, I certainly ought to beg pardon for mentioning them at all; but in truth they are some of the—in short, some of the canaille that we are troubled with on board a ship; for even there, (as in fact every where,) that horridly universal class presents itself; and on board, though exceedingly useful men, every captain I understand, of any sense,

makes it a rule to treat them just one degree below his dog."

Here "fashion's loud thunder woke the sounding door," as Hayley tells us, and Captain Sawyer was announced. A middle height, well made, with a face in which there was a due admixture of the comic and austere, was his exterior. At first you saw nothing of the character which Lady Carleton had described, but rather the hauteur and reserve of high breeding; beneath this you might perceive much of the spirit of good humour and gaiety; while through all, there occasionally broke forth flashes of a rather energetic temper.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Cavendish to you. I believe he has the honour of belonging to your ship."

"Cavendish! Cavendish! yes, I think there is a name like that. I cannot say I expected to meet one of my officers here. How is it you are not down fitting the ship out?—eh, youngster, how is that?"

"Truly, Captain Sawyer, I made the attempt once; but they tried to drown me,—having had the good fortune to escape, however, I returned to town to recover myself." And placing my hand over my side, at the same time muttering something about inflammation, I took my leave, not caring to re-enter the subject of fitting the ship out, while in his eye I very plainly read the desire of sending me down to Portsmouth.

Time's wheel halts in its revolutions for no one, and each day saw me a visitor at the Carletons. I either rode or walked with them, very often with only Letitia, to some shop or bazaar, or similar depository of articles, which my friends found it necessary to purchase before leaving this our isle of freedom and taxation; taking very good care never to want an engagement with them, or risk a meeting with Captain Sawyer.

"Manvers," said my father to me one day, "I cannot believe that you are well, or else it is that this naval affair is not so pleasant, now that it approaches nearer. Give up this wildgoose chase, and I will send you to make the tour of Italy and Switzerland. Then when you return, you can come in for one of my boroughs. I cannot say I admire

these war and salt-water expeditions ; what is a hero after all ?—a mere laughing-stock, a jest to be held up to the rabble ; or better still, to be shot like Byng, or forgotten like Nelson, *cum cæteris* ! Pooh, pooh ! fling away such aspirations till you have countrymen worth fighting for, men who will refuse to let a commander-in-chief be trampled in the dust, because the ministers or the mob wish it. Athens is not single or unimitated in leaving her best friends to neglect or even to destruction. Mere smoke, Manvers, mere smoke. Take my advice ; sit in parliament, talk nothing but sophistry, get a good sinecure—rail at reform,* that is—say the time's not come—write on patriotism and vote for slavery, both negro and Catholic, and thank your God for making you *a good Christian*. When you have done all this, and approach the prime of life like myself, at fifty or sixty, you may look back on your past principles as the very acme of philosophy. Above all, take care that your coat is neither *red* nor *blue*, but *both*—which being, as Lawrence tells us in his lectures, the true neutral tint, serves very well for the first shade, any other colour being most easily laid on afterwards. This, in political slang, is termed *ratting* ; but depend on it, any one who is foolish enough to let what is called public opinion weigh with him, is a lost man—his pockets are turned—far worse than his coat—inside out, and his peace of conscience (that is, his rest at night) gone for ever. These have always been my principles through life ; you see the happy results working from it. No, no, thank Heaven, I had a part in sending Napoleon to St. Helena !

Who burnt (confound his soul !) the houses twain
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane ;
Who made the quartern loaf and Luddites rise ;
Who filled the butcher's shop with large blue flies ;
Yes, he, who forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke—
The tree of freedom is the British oak.

* The reader will bear in mind that this, and some five or six chapters following, were written before the downfall of the Wellington administration, while yet no glimmering of that light was seen which has since burst forth to illumine a country darkened by the shadow of forthcoming anarchy, confusion and blood. Witness the kind intentions of Mr. Swing, who endeavoured certainly to throw some *light* on the matter. He is now, however, on the decline—I wish I could say on the *drop* !

“Yes, I was one who had a voice in that matter; and I hope you will one day live to send his son there. This is the exposition; there are two sets of people in our flourishing and happy kingdom; first, those useful fools who consent to lose their lives and limbs, previously suffering incredible hardships in defence of our glorious constitution; and then come ourselves, the true reflecting philosophers who form that constitution, revelling in the honey which the labours of others have first gathered and now protect. I see I have convinced you; it could not be otherwise, after such a brilliant *exposé*. Gad, Manvers, I must put this down on paper—do for the House. But stay——” Here a look of extreme sorrow came over his countenance. “I support the other side of the question *there*. No, no,” mournfully shaking his head, “it will only do for the library—and yet—I think—patriotism *must* be a fine feeling; but it certainly *is* not philosophy. Well, I never saw life in this point of view before! An odd thing is this world, at most; but I know I have considered the question in every light, over and over again. I have always seen integrity dying on a straw-litter, rascality on a bed of down; *utrum horum mavis accipe?* I have therefore resolved in my own mind, ever since it attained its reasoning powers—now, thank Heaven, endued with no slight degree of acumen—that the last words of my highly-gifted deceased parent were perfectly correct; it is a motto which, while you make it the rule of your life, you may boast as having descended from father to son,—*

Self-interest, my son, is true philosophy.

Those were his words, a perfect moral axiom. Now, then, as I am about to pass the Admiralty, on my way to Downing-street, I can drive in, and get your name erased from the Niobe’s books.”

Saying this, he moved towards the door. “Not on any account, thank you,” I replied; “mottos coming down in

* The reader must know that the hero’s original cognomen was not Cavendish, it having been changed; so that the name and the character are not very consistent. The Devonshire family have earned and obtained with their countrymen, the fame of being as noble in sentiment as in birth.

such a manner, are not according to my ideas on the subject; I say, rather let every man judge of life according to his own feelings. Besides, you forget that my unexpanded mind is not as yet sufficiently powerful to cope with the depth and broadness of my grandfather's. Should my opinions undergo any change on arriving at Naples, it will not then be too late to leave the service, and I shall be so far advanced on my tour. I am sensible, nevertheless, of your kind intentions, but my resolution on that subject is fixed, and, with all my follies, I may lay claim to some determination."

"Incredible! monstrous! that a son of mine (at least I have every reason to believe so) should take the weak side, and therefore the wrong side, of the question; should rather be the slave than the tyrant. I enter my protest against it. This mode of feeling never came from me—hereditary madness—Brompton Villa.—Since you are so strong-headed, you must have your own will—never return alive, I see it plainly; instead of your name figuring in a glorious majority against reform, slavery, or the Catholic question; that name, which I vainly tell you has descended from I know not how many generations, will be consigned to oblivion in a gazette, which fools call glory. Is this the recompense of my unflinching principles, to be cursed with an obstinate son? Well, indeed, may I

Wonder why the devil I got heirs!

Here is a letter from Captain Sawyer, desiring you to join immediately;" saying which, he pulled it from his pocket as warily as a bailiff might be supposed to do a writ. "And here," he continued, taking up a newspaper, "is a paragraph which says we have determined on war with Algiers, and that the Niobe is to take out the declaration; therefore, in all probability, sir, you will leave your bones the other side of Gibraltar. Go, by all means, let your teeth be lapped in human gore, and your claim established to our national characteristic of bull-dogs."

"Exactly, sir, I will. Meanwhile, I wish you a good morning;" saying which, I left the room. The letter was worthy of a Spartan; it ran thus:—

“SIR,
 “We sail the day after to-morrow. You had better join to-day.

“I am, Sir,
 “*London.*” “R. C. SAWYER.”

With this characteristic epistle in my pocket, I proceeded once more to Lady Carleton's.

CHAPTER VIII.

And in the mix'd and motley congregation
 Were nobles, gentles, ruffians, and what not,
 People most meet for any situation,
 Who slept in hammocks, or who slung a cot.

ON arriving at the house of Lady Carleton, I found that she also had received a letter written an hour after mine, in which the Niobe's sailing was postponed four days; of course the moment of my joining received the same delay, for, strange to say, much of my zeal had perished when the boat upset.

“When do you think of going down to Portsmouth?” I inquired.

“The ship sails on Sunday. Friday, therefore, must be the latest that we shall remain in town.”

“Of all things,” I remarked, “nothing is more disagreeable than riding in a stage-coach on dusty-roads.”

“Dusty roads! Surely you forget this month is December: the roads——”

“True, I had forgotten; but in my ideas, travelling and dust are always assimilated.”

“Granting they are, what has a stage-coach to do with it? You have no intention of going in that way, have you?”

“Either so, or take my father's carriage and horses as far as the first stage, send the horses back, and post the remainder. My father himself is not going, and as I dislike

travelling alone, perhaps the first plan, though very disagreeable, may be the least so of the two."

"But there is no occasion for either."

"How so?"

"Because there will be a vacant seat, indeed two, in our carriage; so that if——"

"Thank you, but shall I not incommode?"

"Oh, not at all; we shall be very glad to have you. I think with you, conversation beguiles the road of many a mile; reading, unless you have some very entertaining book, one of Scott's novels for instance, soon becomes tedious."

"Yes, I prefer society myself;" and I looked at Letitia, who seemed far from displeased at the arrangement.

Having thus accomplished my end and aim, all was as it should be, except that impertinent busy-body—memory, asking, "Do you recollect Captain Sawyer's letter?"

"Really, sir, I do wish you would be mute; I have every recollection of the captain's letter; but then,—he happens not to be a pretty woman."

"Have you any thing in view, fair ladies, to kill time this morning?"

"Nothing in particular; you seem very kindly to have taken that trouble off our hands, and ably you perform the task. What have you to propose?"

"Sontag, Malibran Garcia, Stockhausen, with a few others of minor note, give a morning concert to-day at the Argyle—will you go? Stockhausen has very lately come over. Three such good singers are seldom heard together, and I wish to enjoy such a pleasure before leaving town: their hour is half-past two; you have sufficient time."

"Letitia, what do you say?" inquired the mother; "you may hear *Caro mano*."

"Or should she not, I should be most happy to repeat it at your pleasure."

"I doubt it not."

"Then we go; is it so?" and accordingly we went.

Friday morning came, and each item of my wants having been cared for, I met my father for the last time at breakfast.

Oh! that feeling which every one must have experienced,

when the attainment of pleasure is through a path of sadness, and we are about to strike forth on the stream of this world's adventures—that mixture of joy and sorrow, when the heart will chide itself that it can part from those it ought to love, without feeling more than it actually does. In spite of all my father's eccentricities, there was much to attach me to him. Our intercourse was more like that between two friends of equal ages, than parent and son. In this spirit we conversed together, joked together, and squabbled together; a circumstance which, however, in after-life was doomed to be productive of some bad effects, since it sent me forth endowed with a precocity of feelings and opinions, and, what is more, a mode of expressing them, which the world, that wilful set of creatures, mistook for too great a share of *assurance*: how could they err so widely?

“Of course, Manvers, you have given orders about the horses?” said my father.

“Horses! no:—what horses?”

“Why, as you seem bent upon following up this whim of yours, I shall at any rate see you on board, under charge of Captain Sawyer.”

“Charge! nonsense! charge! surely I am able to take care of myself. Recollect how I shall be jeered by brother officers, if it is known that my papa came to take care of his darling. Pray give up such a scheme.”

“Give it up! no, I shall not give it up.—Is your mind so weak that you would feel ashamed at owning your affection for an only parent?”

“Positively this is complete folly; but since you are so affectionately disposed this morning, I promise, if you will renounce going down to Portsmouth, to give you half a dozen kisses and as many embraces as you please, with only two stipulations,—keep out the servants, and don't weep, for that would be too affecting.”

“Manvers, I take this to be very ill-timed, and unfeeling beyond what I could have expected from you. Unthinking boy! that thus our last parting perhaps in this world should be so embittered!”

As he uttered this, the tone convinced me that more was felt than expressed.

"I beg your pardon, I did but jest; you cannot know my feelings, nor I yours. You will oblige me much by relinquishing your project—we can part with far more freedom here; it would only be a gloomy journey for both of us."

"If it must be so, then I—ha! what carriage is that drawing up?"

"Oh, I forgot to mention; Lady Carleton said she would call on her way, as she has a seat at my option. Shall I take it?"

"Go my dear boy, go—you must feel it has never been my wish to thwart you; may you soon be safely restored to me, to follow some less hazardous amusement! God bless you my only son!"

My heart was full, so were my eyes. Turning hastily and silently away, I got into the carriage. A few moments elapsed, while Lady Carleton shook my father's hand, from the window, and the servant secured the baggage, when the rattling wheels announced the commencement of our "Travel."

A few hours brought us down to Portsmouth, and the George. How well known and remembered is that name on every station! "which mentioned, to the eye appear" all the delicacies which our clime produces, causing us to overlook the hard and tasteless piece of salt junk before it, which fancy replaces by a delicate and piquant ragout; but never, oh, ye John Bulls! by that vile, vulgar, national joint, a piece of roast beef. No wonder an Englishman is so choleric and bloated, when you happen to view on a Saturday, in passing through some country town, those immense masses of raw bullock, for home consumption. The Lord preserve me from a rib of beef! and save the French who first invented cookery without carving!

At the George was Captain Sawyer, who being aware of Lady Lucy's intended arrival, was with all kindness and courtesy waiting to receive her. On seeing him I bowed; he returned it not; I bowed again, half articulating something about leave. After looking in my face without the slightest recognition, he inquired what I might want.

"I believe we have met before, sir," said I. "My name

is Cavendish ; I belong to the Niobe, and came to join her before she proceeds to sea."

"*Do you* belong to the Niobe ? indeed ! I should not have imagined so by the attention you paid to my letter : however,—here, this way," said he, walking from the lobby where this occurred to the door of the hotel. "Lord Pinchit," he continued, addressing a midshipman in waiting, "this is Mr. Cavendish, your future messmate ; take him on board in my gig ; tell Mr. Queer he has condescended to join at last ; and remember he is not a cat, and you are not to drown him :—whether he is a puppy or not is another matter," I heard him mutter to himself.

"Ay, ay, sir," returned Lord Pinchit, offering to show me the way.

"Wait a moment, will you ?" I replied ; I cannot be so rude as to go off without wishing Lady Carleton good morning."

"Never mind," interrupted Captain Sawyer, I will make your excuses."

"Thank you ; but—there is—some luggage——"

"Make yourself unconcerned ; that shall be sent on board."

"But I ought to give something to the footman," I returned, still trying to get off for a moment.

"I will do that ; there, get on board, my lord, as soon as you can ;" and with these words he laid a hand on each of our shoulders, gently propelling us forward ; when finding nothing was to be done with him, I proceeded, wishing his politeness at the devil. "I should not have thought the delay in answering his note would have annoyed him. Make myself unconcerned, indeed ! I wish to gracious you could have done the same. Make my excuses—see about my luggage—pay the footman—how truly solicitous you are ! But I might have known, had I read my Bible, when Heaven wishes to punish man, it sends him some kind friend."

Having entered the boat, the freshness of the breeze, and the rate at which we went, soon dispelled the fumes of spleen.

"A very lucky ducking that was for you, when you were

upset whilst the ship was fitting out!" said my new companion.

"Indeed, my Lord! do you think so?"

"Every one must think so."

"Every one? Explain yourself; you seem to entertain singular ideas; for how a man can be esteemed lucky who narrowly escapes death by considerable suffering, is to me rather paradoxical."

"Very little of a paradox," he returned, "when it has given you two months leave of absence during the most disagreeable part of a ship's commission. The captain has been expecting you down for two weeks past, and does not, I think, seem very well pleased at the delay."

Not considering this to be the most happy subject which a stranger might have chosen, I remained silent till we arrived on board; and contented myself with eyeing the exterior of my Lord Pinchit, a youth whom I afterwards found to be unworthy of the noble stock from whence he sprung.

His face, which had an effeminate cast of beauty, bore little for the eye to read, save one expression, *much puffed-up pride*, producing on his features the same effect which the passion itself worked on his character, throwing a disagreeable veil, as it were, over both, and hiding beneath the only redeeming traits in his disposition, a quickness of perception, and powers of conversation not altogether unamusing.

"Glad to see ye aboard, Mr. Cavendish—hope ye've had a good spell of it. Got a watch-bill yet? No, dare say—here's mine: take and copy it, and let me have it in half an hour. You'll consider yourself in Mr. Tomnoddy's watch. When did you come down?—oh, this morning—had no dinner, dare say—dine with us?—Captain Sawyer never thought of that," and Michael (it was he) having cross-examined himself till out of breath, left off his interrogatories, though not with the idea that I might answer him, for that was a thing he only required on particular occasions; and before I could reply he sprang beyond hearing.

While loitering on the deck, thinking of those constant subjects, the past and the future, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I turned, and was overjoyed to recognise

the face of an old schoolfellow. "My dear D'Aquilar, and can it be yourself, Joy, that I see?"

"Faith, and I believe it's much like me," he replied; "but how in the name of good fortune is it that we meet here? It would seem that our fates still hang together."

"It would seem so, indeed, and I am rejoiced to observe it. How long have you been enrolled in the blues?"

"Nearly three weeks. If you recollect when we last parted, I was to leave Eton in six months. Since that I have been with the governor in Ireland; but having determined to taste old Ocean's fresh breezes, I have taken the shilling, may be to repent, if that be in my nature, hereafter: however, now that I am, as you say, a blue warrior, I consider myself very fortunate in meeting with you. We must enter into our old compact of Oxford House, for I find bullying is as much in vogue here as it was there."

"You are right," I replied. "I discovered as much on the first night of my joining in Portsmouth harbour."

"What, then! you have joined before?"

"O yes, long before the ship came out here to Spithead. Indeed, it was only a few weeks after she had been first commissioned, when I was obliged to knock old —— down; but I can tell you that another day. Well, I do feel rejoiced to meet you. I am at once at home. You must know all these fellows pretty thoroughly by this time; pray give me the names, weights, and colours of the riders, as the word goes at Newmarket and Epsom."

"So I will; meanwhile time will be jogging. What a vulgar appetite this sea air gives one! and what a still more vulgar thing it is to walk up and down these interlined planks for four hours. But to begin. You see that pale-faced mortal opposite, with a piece of lace on his shoulder? pay him every respect, I beg, since he is no less a personage than Lieutenant Tomnoddy, the officer of our watch. I believe he is aware (allowing him to use his fingers) that four and four are eight, that the alphabet contains from one to three dozen letters, that four o'clock is his dinner-hour, and that every three months he earns a quarter's pay: but beyond this, his knowledge is not to be vouched for. His chief characteristic is, that he serves Michael for an echo, even more responsive than that of the eating-rooms; and

of the lieutenants,—you may say he is ‘the chastest, best,—but quite a fool.’”

“What echo of the eating-rooms is that you allude to?”

“Why, the other day, Michael and himself went up to town for twenty-four hours, when Michael took him to a set of dining-rooms, near Covent Garden. Here Tomnoddy observed a man bawling down an iron cylinder the names of the meats the guests required, such as ‘Beef for one,’ &c.; the man below repeating the words to show that he understood them. This being observed by Tomnoddy, he inquired of Michael the meaning. ‘Oh,’ said Michael, who is as fond of a joke as any one, ‘that is the echo.’ ‘Echo! echo! you surprise me!—how curious! very odd! quite philosophical!’ a favourite phrase of his, when he does not understand the subject he discusses. ‘Well, I declare! so distinct! I should like to go down and see it: very curious indeed!’ Presently the waiter hallooed down, ‘Mutton-chops for one!’ ‘Mutton-chops for one!’ returned the echo! ‘Saddle of mutton for three!’ ‘Saddle of mutton for three!’ ‘Hark! how very distinct, Michael!’ ‘Oh, very,’ returned Michael. ‘Now listen again!’ ‘Beefsteak-pie for two!’ ‘Han’t a got none!’ replied the echo, very unphilosophically. ‘Holloa!’ cried Tomnoddy, starting back with the face of Gascoyne when struck by Prince Henry: ‘there now, too bad of you, Michael, to cram me in that way. I thought it couldn’t be an echo!’—So much for him! This tale, together with his adulation of Michael, who once broke forth at the mess-table with the exclamation of ‘D——you, Mr. Tomnoddy, you’ll suck me as dry as a bone!’—I say this detestable meanness has earned him the title of ‘The Echo.’ But enough of him; although he is the lieutenant with whom you will have the most connexion, except Mike, and you can judge of him for yourself. How do you imagine I found him employed at our first meeting?”

“That is impossible for me even to guess.—How?”

“When I opened the gun-room door to report myself, there was the first-lieutenant holding by the sleeves and tail, a new full-dress uniform coat, with all the gold-lace on except the epaulette, which ever and anon he lifted up to

strike a poor miserable tailor, who, with his hands held up to guard his face, was blindly running round the gun-room table, Michael following him, flogging away with the coat as vigorously as a thresher would with his flail. ‘Come on board to join, sir,’ said I. ‘*Very good,*’ he replied to me; then addressing the tailor, ‘You infernal rascal!’ then to me, ‘*What’s your name?—you, I mean, you would-be midshipman?*’ ‘Mine, sir? D’Aquilar.’ ‘Oh,—you dirty, paltry, cabbage-devouring sufferer!’ ‘Oh, dear sir,’ interrupted the tailor, ‘I am indeed a sufferer.’ ‘Oh, confound your sufferings! you wanted to make me suffer, did you? a good-for-nothing parchment-snipping hound!—lash me up in a dandy coat like a dead marine in his hammock? I’ll teach you how to cut your cloth next time. Give me a coat that wouldn’t button by three inches!’ The coat was again beaten about the man’s head, as he and Michael scampered round the table, while the officers were looking out of their surrounding cabins enjoying the sport. I was thunderstruck, and Michael seeing some surprise in my countenance at the flagellation, said to me, as he ran past, ‘Go on deck, I’ll be there by-and-bye.’ ‘Very well, sir,’ exclaimed the tailor, overjoyed. ‘Not you, you ragamuffin, I’ve not finished with you yet; a scoundrel!’ (whack, whack) and away they went once more round and round, like a school-boy with his top. I had no sooner, however, quitted the doorway than the tailor made a rush, and, as I had purposely left it open, he succeeded in gaining the deck; and, jumping into a boat, rowed for the shore, without once inquiring for his coat. Up came Michael after him, pell-mell, close at his heels, and reached the gangway at the very moment when the tailor had shoved off beyond his reach. Looking at the departing prey for a minute in silence, with a face full of ire, he exclaimed, shaking both his fists, ‘Oh, you *beggar*!’

“The name of that little boy whom you see there is Bigot. He possesses all the arrogance, ignorance and insolence of your thorough-bred high churchman, a stupid insignificant little puppy: but, like every other baby, very quiet, provided you give him his own way. Contrasted with him stands a gentleman, and a scholar, the Honourable Frederick Green. You hear his name, and ask how he

should be anything else—son of the celebrated speaker, the earl—a quiet, unobtrusive, amiable fellow, remarkable amongst us, for never having been heard to utter a single word that he would be ashamed to write—no slight coolness a man must possess to do that;—his acquaintance cannot but yield you pleasure. Next to him is Lord William Hustle: more good-nature you can scarcely meet with.”

“Hustle! oh, oh, I recollect meeting his brother, a very nice fellow, at the George, who mentioned the circumstance of a brother being about to sail with Captain Sawyer.”

“Yes, that was his brother, Lord Francis, was he not?”

“Yes, the same.”

“That young man on the booms is Collington. He also is one of the good sheep; he has considerable talent; of course you know the name; his father is one of our admirals, and they say he is to have the next Mediterranean command. Talking to him, in eager conversation demonstrating the possibility of a ship’s sailing without a bottom, is Stubbings, for whom I cannot say much; he is not deficient under the wig, but has too much vulgarity, and a love of bullying about him to suit me,—a son of Sir William’s,—while looking over and confuting his argument, is the good-natured and witty John Roy, one of the best beings breathing to make a dull hour less sad. He also shines with peculiar lustre, as mate of the forecastle and caterer of the youngsters’ berth, ably doing his duty on the former, and providing a pudding for the latter seven times a-week. You *must* be friends. Here before us we have Blackchops, the son of Admiral Sir Harry Blackchops—confound his bones, say I, and fill them with aches! Only fancy the man!—I was sent to his house on duty to say I had brought a boat and a boat’s crew to take his son’s chest on board; when the chest not happening to be ready, he allowed me and the boat’s crew to wait outside his door for half an hour in the rain. Who does he imagine is going to play lacquey to his consequential little self? A day or two afterwards he came on board to see that his son’s chest had got a good berth. His son joined late, and it was therefore very properly put forward in the bows. This berth did not please him; and, on going to **one** which **he**

considered better, he ordered the men to turn out the chest belonging to some mid, not at hand to assert his rights, and put his son's in its place. What think you of that for a half-pay rear of the blue?"

"What sort of a chest was the superseded one?"

"Iron-bound, with two brass locks, lettered M. C."

"Confound his bones! as you say; why, it is my chest he so impudently turned out! I must see to that."

"Well, that is his son. Those two youngsters next to him are a couple of collegians, initiating his young mind into some of the wrinkles of the profession. Their names are Regent and Thread: the first a fine, sensible, sharp lad; the second of very strong conversational powers, unbounded generosity, and great good nature. I like them both much. Plenty of young admirals, you see; for Regent is the son of one, and Thread the nephew of another, both highly distinguished. Yonder, too, is the Honourable Clarence, a clever fellow. Coldman you know; also the second master; and Comyns the clerk, a shrewd lad. There are one or two others below: you will run against them by-and-bye. But my catalogue, like that of Homer's ships, has extended too long already. Yet hark! I hear the humming-bird: though I cannot say, with Byron, 'Like houri's hymn it meets mine ear,' I should have been guilty of a sad omission had I left him out. He is our humming-bird. Hark!—*Di Piacer!* Yes, that's he."

"Where? where?" I inquired, as I heard a low indistinct sort of humdrum, *Di Pi-a-c-er um um ti tum*; for, only knowing the first words, it was common with him to slide off by slow degrees into some inarticulate sounds, in which a very nice ear might distinguish those horrid monosyllables, *tol di rol lol*.—"Where is he?"

"Fear not, you will see him presently coming up the hatchway; but, like the wasp, he always strikes upon your tintinabulum before he manifests himself on the retina. He is one of our chief characters—that is, caricatures—I assure you; a—

Rara avis in nave, et multo simillima asino,

which you may at pleasure translate."

Looking in the direction pointed out, I beheld Lord Pinchit slowly emerge from the cavity of the hatchway; his hands in his pockets; a double portion of consequence in his face, and humming the Italian air before mentioned. "Why, that is Lord Pinchit, D'Aquilar; the captain introduced me to him."

"Oh! you do know one of his titles, do you? then I must give you the rest. The most familiar epithet by which we know him is 'Old Bags,' *alias* 'The Marquis de Gourmandise;' so called, from his being, as our polite friends on the other side of the channel would say, *un homme adonné à son ventre*. With the exception of that, his being very irascible, excessively mean and stingy, and having pride enough for the devil and himself too, not much can be said against him. In common with his brother animals he has a peculiar mode of manifesting his emotions: for instance, the snake will hiss, the goose will cackle, the puppy snarl; but Pinchit hums. There are many ludicrous stories of his gastronomic propensities, one of which is so absurd, that I must tell it to you, previously saying I cannot assert whether it be apocryphal or not. But thus it runs:—

"Shortly after his first coming on board, he was asked, with some other officers, to dine in the cabin. He went. Captain Sawyer was very kind to him; but when dessert came on the table, he was observed in tears, with evident marks of suffering under extreme anguish. The captain, very much surprised, inquired what was the matter. 'Whish—oh—whish—oh!' sobbed Pinchit, without giving any reply. 'He hasn't cut himself, has he?' inquired the captain. No; nobody had seen him cut himself. What could be the cause? Was he ill? 'Tell me, my boy, are you ill?' 'Whish—oh—no—sir;' and he hung down his head, and cried more than ever. The captain began to be alarmed. 'Come, come, my little fellow, tell me—that's a good boy; don't make yourself unhappy about nothing. What's the matter? Are you thinking of your little play-fellows?—sorry, perhaps, at leaving home?'—'No—oh—no,' he hiccupped forth. 'Well, it is most extraordinary what the boy can be crying for. Come, youngster, take this glass of wine,' pouring out some claret, and then tell me

what afflicts you.' 'I can't *eat any more!*' 'Can't eat any more!' repeated Captain Sawyer, while the whole company burst into a laugh; 'no necessity to cry for that, I should think. Are you sure you cannot eat any more?' 'O yes, quite sure,' answered Pinchit, whining piteously. 'Very sad,' returned the captain, keeping up the joke; 'but cannot you eat this custard, or one of those jellies?'—'I wish I could, sir.' 'Well, then, suppose you try.'—'I'm sure I can't, sir,' moaned his little lordship, more afflicted than ever. 'Well, then, some of these nuts; at any rate you can eat some of them.'—'Not even a nut, sir.' 'Poor little fellow! then suppose you put *a few* in your pocket?'—'Oh! oh! they're *full* already! Oh—oh—oh!'"

Here we were interrupted by the stentorian voice of Michael. "Tell the officers that the captain's coming;" and in ten minutes they were all drawn up to receive him.

On his reaching the deck, every hat was raised to do him honour, except mine; and, as I was not aware of the etiquette on such occasions, my next neighbour very kindly knocked it off for me; when a puff of wind catching it as it rolled past the entering port, away it flew overboard.

"Mr. Cavendish," said Captain Sawyer, from the other side of the deck.

"Sir," I replied.

"Come here," beckoning with his finger. "How was it, young man, that you never found your way on board my ship before?"

"Why, I was rather indisposed when I received your note."

"With what, pray?"

"I—forget—the—exact medical name, sir,—but some affection of the heart;" looking up to the surgeon, who was at hand to help me out with a word.

"Pericarditis, perhaps," said he.

"Yes, *peritonitis*," I repeated, catching as nearly as I could at the sound; that was the name Sir Astley gave it."

"Oh!" rejoined the captain, somewhat turned out of his course by these hard words, "I do not now very clearly comprehend; but, in future, you must learn to keep your heart in its right place."

"Very good," thought I; "but if my heart had covered my head at your approach, Heaven help it! nothing but a second ducking would have been in store."

I was about to depart.

"Stay, Mr. Cavendish; are you a puppy?"

"What, in the name of patience will you ask next?" thought I; but, determined not to be disconcerted, I answered, "Why, sir, is this a hound's kennel?"

At first I thought he was going to lose his temper. Then, laughing, he replied, "Well, at any rate, you can bark. Only I meant to tell you, if you were not near-sighted, that that glass and hair-chain are rather the appendages of a coxcomb."

"Exactly, sir; but I am very near-sighted indeed, and cannot see without one."

"Very well; then this," pulling out a rope-yarn from beneath the quarter of the launch, "will hold it round your neck as well as any thing, and look much more ship-shape."

"As you please," and unclasping my last gift from my last *chère amie*, I was obliged to substitute in its place the piece of rope-yarn, with no other consolation than the firm resolve for the future to place it out of sight in its old position.

"Now, here's another, instead of that gold chain," said the captain, seeing how readily I obeyed, pointing at the same time to my watch-guard; "I don't like to see midshipmen pinked out in such a way. You look something more like a tar now; before you might be taken for a soldier."

"Well, at any rate, Captain Sawyer, I hope you will supply me with fresh strings when these are worn out."

"Strings! they're not strings; we have no strings on board a ship, except leading strings for young mules when they get restive; they're rope-yarns—rope-yarns;" and the captain walked below, leaving me to secure my watch with a rope-yarn.

The next day when I entered the midshipmen's berth at dinner-time, I could hardly believe my eye-sight. Instead of the horrible turn-out which the hulk had presented, every

thing wore an air of comfort and cleanliness, which comparison raised into absolute splendour. But this chapter is already longer than I intended, and for a description of the place in which I am to spend two years and a half of my life, I must refer you to the next.

CHAPTER IX.

Lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.
BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

The waving pennant oft look'd back
To that dear land 'twas leaving. MOORE.

A CABIN twenty feet long by seven broad, was nearly the size of the larboard berth of his Majesty's ship *Niobe*. Upon the table in the middle of which berth, stood a handsome lamp, assisting two small scuttles to make darkness visible. The magnificence of this illumination was reflected back by three decanters of wine, a shining plated cruet-stand, and the silver forks, spoons, &c., which were ranged around. This was a most welcome sight to me, for the idea of living in such a place as I had seen before was enough to frighten any one less fastidious than myself.

Foreseeing the little union of taste between those two distinct sets, the *youngsters* and the *oldsters*, the captain had separated them; the "oldsters" having the right hand, or starboard berth to themselves, the "youngsters" being placed in the left-hand, or larboard side, under the care of "honest John Roy," as he was frequently styled by his messmates; and a very agreeable personage he appeared to be.

At four o'clock Lady Carleton arrived on board, having stayed a night at "the George," to refresh herself. The captain's after-cabin had been fitted up to receive herself, her daughter, and servant, while the captain who was thus dislodged, had a temporary cabin built for him on the main deck.

Being her friend, as well as a stranger on board, I was asked to meet her, as was also the surgeon and Tomnoddy, who each made their several manœuvres to gain a seat next Letitia. But there, of course, I managed to leave them in the back-ground, and as her ladyship took up the captain's entire attention, I so closely imitated his example with the daughter, that Tom Thumb, as Tomnoddy was called, for shortness and variety, was obliged to confine his attentions solely to the learned Hippocrates at the bottom of the table.

At ten the next morning we were standing through the Needles with a stiff breeze, and

As old Gossy faded beneath our lea,
There were half of us heartily sea-sick—the others were sick of the sea.

As kind fate ordained it, the breeze followed us, and in fifty hours all traces of our island had vanished beneath the horizon.

On the fifth day, when the wind had considerably decreased, our fair passengers, feeling the first effects of their voyage much abated, came upon deck to enjoy the air. D'Aquilar and myself were the midshipmen of the watch. The moon had not yet risen, but it was a clear cloudless night, which awoke in the human breast that voice without a name, which bids us feel our alliance with the destinies of heaven; each bright and distant star to which our imperfect nature forbids us *yet* to soar, finds its image reflected in the mirror of our feelings, and in the solemn stillness around, the soul of man owns no superior but his God. Even now the weather seemed to announce our approach to warmer climes.

As Sir Digby D'Aquilar's estate lay close adjoining that of the late Honourable Mr. Carleton in Ireland, their families were even more intimate than ourselves. Not knowing this, I was surprised to find D'Aquilar an old friend of her ladyship, and consequently of her daughter.

Thus situated, it was but natural that we should see much more of them than any of the other officers, who were perfect strangers; while we, on the other hand, undeterred by the numerous jokes of all around, lost no opportunity of such an enjoyment.

The reader already knows that D'Aquilar and myself were together at the same school, which was that one alluded to in the beginning of this volume. As we then entered into a mutual alliance, offensive and defensive, it became the means of making us inseparable companions, and firm friends. Once more, therefore, to find ourselves together, was a source of great joy to both.

A strong and energetic character was seen in D'Aquilar's most minute actions, and his countenance at once forbade you to say that the soul within was one of mediocrity. With all the vivacity which nature has given to the Irish, he possessed a fervid imagination, great firmness, united with a strength and subtilty of reasoning and thinking, which could hardly be looked for in one so young. Nor is it strange to say, after this sketch, that the conclusions deduced from those powers of thought and reason were generally wrong. They were too much the children of fancy to be adopted by common sense. Allowed for many years to own no other master than his own will, he had imbibed all those extravagant, and, I may say, turbulent, notions of freedom, which but doubly expose the possessor to the contrasts this world presents; and, through all nations, form such a prominent feature in the character of his countrymen. Little fitted, therefore, was D'Aquilar for a subordinate station in any part of the grand drama. But the discipline of the navy was the last thing to which such a mind could be brought, save under the experienced hand of one who had studied human nature, with the talent of turning that study to account; a thing in public service how rarely met with, through the very life-spring of excellence! For those who would learn this science, there can be no better copy than the emperor *Napoleon*.*

D'Aquilar's features would not have been called handsome for their regularity, but for the language which they spoke. A dark complexion, a pair of brilliant and very expressive grey eyes, presented a face of great intelligence;

* Amidst the numerous instances of this which his life affords, none exhibits it more strongly than his review of the French troops after their retreat from Acre, when he ordered one body of his men, who had hesitated in the last assault, to wear their arms disgraced, for so long a period. See "Revolutionary Plutarch;" also Bourienne.

while in a slight but muscular form, you might trace the sympathy of the body with the mind.

Such was Ernest D'Aquilar, whom to know thoroughly, was to love and to admire; a casual observer might have deemed him too hasty, and somewhat rash, but his wild generosity and brilliant talents soon led you to forget such trivial blemishes. Our ideas were sufficiently assimilated to produce attachment, and sufficiently varied to set aside all risk of a collision; while he, being my junior by the slight space of ten months, age did not prevent us from viewing life through the same false medium;

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy led,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.

The ship's bells had sounded seven, and the wind came gently on our quarter, propelling us at the rate of six or seven knots (miles) an hour. Lady Carleton and the captain were walking up and down on the quarter-deck, while Letitia, D'Aquilar, and myself, were following behind.

Suddenly our conversation was interrupted by a heavy splash and a cry of "a man overboard!" "Down with the buoy, and pipe the second cutter away," cried the captain, springing to execute the first order himself. In an instant four-fifths of the ship's company were on deck, and while D'Aquilar conducted the ladies to their cabin, I jumped into the cutter to pick up the drowning man. No time was lost in getting out our oars, and we pulled in the direction of the buoy, whose port-fire was blazing in a beautiful manner, reflected by the waves around; and as its vivid glare fell on each succeeding sea, we thought we could perceive the object of our search clinging to it for support.

Before the boat could be lowered, and the ship hove-to, a space of at least ten minutes had elapsed, consequently the buoy was nearly a mile distant; allowing a second space of that length to join it, the seaman would only then have been twenty minutes in the water. On coming up with the buoy, the light was fast expiring; and not seeing the sailor, we gave utterance to his name, in tones sufficiently loud for him to hear if he were at hand. No answer was returned. While one of the boat's crew took in the safety

apparatus, I imagined I heard a cry further down to leeward. "Give way, my boys, I think I hear him on the *larboard* bow there." "Hark, sir," the captain is hailing. "Mr. Cavendish," came faintly over the waters, for we had gradually drifted within hail of the ship. "Sir?" "Have you been able to pick him up?" "No, sir." "We think you have got too far down to leeward there; cannot you hear somebody on your *starboard* bow? give way in that direction." "Ay, ay, sir," I replied, and we immediately commenced rowing in the direction desired. "There," said the captain, again hailing, "that is near the spot."

In vain, as we rested on our oars, did we listen to catch the faintest sound, while the utmost exertions of our eyesight could discern nothing more than the swelling waters. "Hark!" exclaimed every one in the boat at the same moment. "The cry that came from yonder was neither fish nor fowl, or my name's never Jack Rye," said the coxswain. "Up with your helm then, my man, and let us make for it." Accordingly we rowed as fast as possible towards the quarter alluded to. On reaching it we could, however, discern nothing; and making the men toss up their oars, and keep strict silence, we again listened. Mournfully the wind passed over the rising billows in a sudden gust, turning its dark blue ridge into fiery foam, as we floated over its crest, and then sinking down into the trough were left becalmed; when, in the silence of the wind thus dying away, was heard—the sullen drip, drip, from the oars, as each drop fell scattering over the surface, like shooting stars, the phosphorescent globules, and mingled once more with the mass of waters, gloomily rolling on in their dark, unfathomed, boundless bed. Once, as the wind mournfully sung over the upraised blades, our fancy coined the low murmur into a human cry: slowly it died away. "A lonesome night this——there——there it is again," was re-echoed by all.

"Rye," said I, "your voice is the strongest. Stand on one of the seats and hail him by name." Accordingly at the topmost pitch of his voice the coxswain called three successive times; but the silence of the grave truly seemed to have closed upon him who should have answered, and no reply could be distinguished.

‘Poor fellow, it must be all over with him! we had better steer to the ship.’

“No, stay. Listen, listen; was that the cry once more?”

“I think it was,” said the coxswain.

“So do I,” said another.

“I didn’t hear it,” said a third.

“Nor I,” said the stroke-oar.

I thought in the voice of the last speaker I could discover the tremblings of fear; and having heard how superstitious seamen sometimes are, I determined not to let any nonsense of the kind weigh with me, if by any possibility I could save the life of an unfortunate fellow-creature.

“Come, my fine fellows, give way once more, and I hope this time our search may be successful.”

“You’re not going to cruise any more in this lone manner, are ye, sir?”

“And why not, sir? You are not afraid of the Flying Dutchman, are you?”

“Ah, sir, it’s all very well to laugh at that you ha’n’t a seen: I have——”

“Pooh, nonsense! hold your tongue. Round with her head, coxswain. I shall not return to the ship till we have been down to the quarter from whence those cries proceeded. What folly it would be if we were frightened away from a drowning man because he wishes us to hear him.”

Sullenly they applied themselves to the oars. It was evident all were affected by the cheerless scene; but I conceived this to be my line of duty, and was resolved not to flinch. “Here he is at last,” I ejaculated in joyful surprise, grasping at some object that came floating by. But directly that my hand reached it, the want of weight convinced me I was again unhappily in the wrong; for it proved, on being lifted into the boat, to be nothing more than his painted straw hat. Inside it was stuffed a neck-handkerchief, and between that and the crown an old worn letter.

We had scarcely turned out these contents when a noise in the water, close astern, attracted our attention. “Well, then, this is he, at any rate,” seeing what I imagined to be a human head coming towards me. “Cheer up, my brave

fellow," said I. "Hold him out two oars to grasp **before** getting into the boat;" and I seized one for that purpose myself. Gradually the motion of swimming ceased; for we could perceive the long dark body in the phosphorescent light. My oar had, however, no sooner touched the water than, instead of seeing the man stretch out his hand, as I expected, the head disappeared; and at a distance of six feet, the water was dashed upon us in one large sheet, while rays of fire seemed darting in every direction over the ocean, concentrating into a focus round our boat, which received a tremendous shock on the keel, as if from some body gliding beneath.

For the space of two minutes not a word was uttered; we sank on our seats like figures turned to stone by the tremendous power of some voltaic battery. The livid countenances, the distended eye-balls, denoting the intense horror which prevailed on each,—the wildly desolate scene around us, acting on feelings already overstrung, proved too much for our presence of mind.

"His fate at least is sealed! What was that, Rye?"

"What, sir? why, a shark; and that head, as you thought it, was his fin. There now, I wouldn't a' held the oar as you did to that ere devil, in the shape of a fish, no, not for three years' pay."

"I say there, Master Rye, not so bold, if you please, with that ere gentleman's name. There's never no good comes of talking of him in that ere scoffigate manner. Walls have ears, and why not waves? If it hadn't been done a' ready, we should a' been trumped in this way. See there's a pretty squall brewing."

"Silence, sir, instantly silence. If I thought there were yet any chance of saving the man, you should row here till to-morrow morning in spite of all the infernal habitants that Satan numbers."

"Ah, sir, you are but a very young sailor," returned he of the stroke-oar. "We must row here till morning, whether or no, I'm thinking; if Davy Jones doesn't take us before, for I can't see no ship whatsoever."

Alarmed at this, I jumped up, and cast my glance all round the horizon; but in vain! a chill, dread feeling of **horror** struck to my heart, as the possibility of our having

lost the frigate became evident. Every one employed his eye-sight to the same purpose ; but not the slightest line like a mast, nor the barest glimpse of aught like a sail, could be seen in relief against the dark sky.

“ Now, then, who is it as laughs at the Flying Dutchman ?” said the stroke-oar, with a malicious chuckling growl. “ That shark, too, you may think he is gone. No, no, he’s an old un, knows better than that ; there, there he swims.”

I looked involuntarily ; and each muscle crept as I beheld the fin projecting from the surface, and the train of liquid fire that seemed to follow him.—That such a thing should be my sepulchre ! The wind had almost died away ; a fitful moan was all that we occasionally heard ; the sea appeared to have sunk to rest, and “ slumbered like an unweaned child.” I gazed on all around, and then asked myself if life was really past. Hope answered, “ scarcely yet ;” foreboding said, “ for ever !”

Rousing myself from this state of torpor, I turned to the last speaker, who was noted for being an insolent fellow, and known under the denomination of “ a sea-lawyer.”

“ I consider your language, Fleming, as mutinous ; and if I hear you speak ten words more, you shall be reported to Captain Sawyer immediately on our arriving on board the Niobe.”

“ Ah, there’s little fear of——” he was proceeding to speak, notwithstanding my order of silence, in an insolent tone, with a raised voice, when a flash was seen on the distant horizon, and the report of a gun was heard.

“ There she is,” joyfully burst forth from every lip ; the truth of which exclamation was further confirmed by seeing a sky-rocket mount up to the heavens, and then the intense glare of a blue light. Instantly cowering, Fleming sunk into himself ; and one or two others, who seemed inclined to follow his example, now laughed at their former fear ; while I admonished the sea-lawyer, that if he spoke another sentence before we arrived on board, he should be prepared to take the consequences.

After pulling for half an hour in the direction of the light, we observed a second ascend astern, and shortly afterwards a third, a fourth, and fifth—and whichever route we took,

the last light always appeared to come from the quarter which we were leaving. The natural superstition of the seamen at last got such hold of them, that they lay on their oars, and refused to pull any longer; having been set the example by the stroke-oar—Fleming.

In this dilemma, knowing that silence could only breed a further mutiny, I had recourse to artifice, and made Rye “spin them a yarn,” to divert their thoughts. Accordingly, his story having been as long and as droll as sailors’ “yarns” generally are, restored their spirits, and by drawing their thoughts into a merrier mood, and occupying their attention for a long time, fully prepared them for falling asleep, which they were about to do, when we were startled by a tremendous rushing noise astern, like the distant roar of a cataract. Looking to windward, we beheld the surface of the water one sheet of foam, torn and ploughed by the tempestuous hurricane passing over it. All beside was silence.

Having directed them to hoist the sail a little, to give us head-way, and lower it immediately upon our being overtaken, we bounded forward like an Arab steed over its own wild waste, when just set free from imprisonment.

“Now, my men, lower the sail, quick!” and before the order was obeyed, we seemed lost in vapour; the water flew on every side in one continuous mist, boiling and bubbling around us. The phosphorescent surface of the sea appeared a lake of fire, while the heavens above formed a dark, impenetrable pall. Each succeeding moment the mind felt surprised that its associate, the body, was still breathing. Speaking was out of the question; you could not even see, through the mist of scattered water, the face of him who was sitting opposite. Momentarily did I expect to see the boat fill; while, as it was, the briny element, by continually pouring in, had mounted half-way to our knees. Still on we went, skimming over the crest of each succeeding wave, with almost unearthly rapidity.

Ten minutes did this dreadful suspense last, when the floodgates of heaven seemed to open, and torrents were showered upon us. Instantly, as if by magic, the hurricane was hushed. A dark, dense cloud dissolved, and the lustrous

moon poured forth a stream of light, changing the scene of chaos to one of startling grandeur.

The men, haggard from fear, and pallid from fatigue, looked first at me, then at the refulgent spot in the overcast firmament; and knees that never yet had bowed, now involuntarily proffered homage at the throne of God.

Having recommended my men to bale out the boat, huddle themselves together, make an awning of the sail, and go to sleep, if possible, I dropped my head on Rye's shoulder, and soon set them the example. I had been dozing for two hours, when my dreams placed me on the edge of a tremendous precipice. Nothing was to be seen but the ocean lying far beneath. Suddenly I fancied that two men were coming behind, to push me off. I could neither escape nor turn to look. I was yet in this agony of suspense, when the Niobe appeared, and, overjoyed to behold her once more, I gradually awoke. I did not, however, move from my sleeping position, nor open my eyes: but I heard Fleming, whose conduct had been the most rebellious, say to another, "Yes, Tom, you'll catch as bad as I shall, if we ever reach the ship." Here a dispute was carried on in a low murmur, when I heard the second voice say, "I won't help—you do as you like." Slightly unclosing my eyes, I beheld Fleming open his clasp-knife, and, rising, stealthily approach nearer to me. Had I started up, I must have received a wound before Rye could spring to my assistance. If I remained inactive, I should soon be put out of the way. While yet debating, with the agony of death before my eyes, a flash broke through the grey light of morning, and a loud report came bellowing over the ocean. It was indeed the Niobe; her masts, with a little canvass spread, were distinctly visible on the horizon. The knife had fallen from the villain's hand; instantly I had the mutineers bound, and in two hours and a half we arrived alongside.

CHAPTER X.

Henceforth ~~my~~ motto is—though you might guess it—
Unquam me nemo impune lacescit.

It is of little consequence to us how, when, or where the two mutineers received their punishment. They were dealt with in England according to the laws.

The perplexing circumstances of the lights were explained on hailing a French man-of-war who passed us. Two British vessels bound for England had been making night-signals to one another ; but the first sky-rocket had proceeded from the Niobe.

Within a few mornings after the occurrence described in the last chapter, Gibraltar's rock appeared in sight. We merely entered the harbour for four-and-twenty hours, to obtain fresh provisions ; but that stay, slight as it was, still afforded us an opportunity of seeing the ancient Pillar of Hercules, the strongest fortress of the moderns.

There is seldom seen a more beautiful effect than that produced by the evening and daylight guns ; when the vast mountain is shadowed in the first and last murky embraces of night, and the gleam of light shoots from the very summit of "the rock," glancing down its sides, striking on each craggy point, embattled fort, and stunted tree. Such, one might imagine, is the beautiful scene in Moore's "Fire Worshippers," when first the flame darts upwards to the sky ; and Fancy almost waits to hear the wild shriek, or the immortal melodies of sea-born Peris, chanting,

Farewell, then, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter.

Instead of this, your ear is stunned by the mortal thunder that, rumbling, rolls and echoes from Gebal-Tarif to Alge-siras, bidding you know the sun is set or is about to rise.

Is there a more grand, rich landscape to be found than the simple view of the rock on a fine morning ? The sky, the sea, one ultra-marine transparent tint ; the grey and brown masses of the huge land before you, interspersed with wild, luxuriant geraniums up to the very summit. Here

and there a planted piece of shrubbery, contrasted with a flat-roofed, snow-white house; a sprinkling of forts; and then the town, built with those distinct features that characterize the cities of sultry climates; while the scarcely ruffled bay is crowded with foreign-looking boats, all laden deeply with the fruit of their clime; bunches of grapes, such as are never dreamt of in England, and to which those hanging over the doors of inns are small.

Among those who went on shore, were Lady Carleton and daughter, accompanied, as usual, by their lap-dogs—for so D'Aquilar and myself were styled. In the course of our rambles to view the rarities of the place, we came in sight of a spot where two men were slung in ropes over a perpendicular height of some two hundred feet, in order to blast a portion of rock, necessary in preparing one of the stone galleries. Having fired the train, they made the signal to be drawn up. From some mistake this was delayed; but at last they began to ascend. Scarcely had they been elevated twenty yards when the explosion took place, and a splinter of the stone, driven past them with considerable force, struck the rope above.

At first, little damage could be discovered; but gradually, fibre after fibre gave way, while the poor wretches, whose lives depended on a few frail threads of hemp, were wildly gazing at the rupture above them. Frightened at the accident, their fellow-labourers overhead endeavoured, by quickening their ascent, to avert the threatened danger.

“Quick, for mercy’s sake, quick! pull for your lives,” cried one of the suspended men, as the ragged part approached the edge of the precipice. The other was silent, and in the act of raising his hands for mercy or thanksgiving, when the call of his companion was too well obeyed—the increased action of the cord could hardly have been observed, when the strands parted, and this existence of sorrow and suspense had passed from them for ever!

The ladies having fainted—of course, and we having brought them to—of course, instead of our walk being ended, as was proposed, by a dinner on shore, and a visit to the opera, we had to return on board. But the pleasure of the evening was not wholly lost to us, for Captain Sawyer finding he had some business to transact with the consul, sent

the lap-dogs on board to dine with his fair guests in the cabin, while he remained in the town.

That night I had the middle watch, and as every thing had arrived from the shore, we only waited "till morning blushed," to make sail. Among the youngsters of the watch which relieved ours was Lord Pinchit, who, feeling that the morning air instigated some sacrifice to his gastronomical deity, proceeded to offer the same in the following manner :

On board his Majesty's ships and vessels of war, the chief amusement during the long night-watches consists of what is termed "cutting out;" by which the uninitiated are to understand, that it is considered fair play to purloin and devour whatever provisions can by roguery and dexterity be got at. "A good hand at cutting out" is a high character, and no thorough middy would ever think of being ignorant of the art.

As in all other robberies, the more daring the act, the more closely concealed, and the more valuable the effects stolen, *more Laconico*, the higher honour belongs to the perpetrator. For my part, I used to consider myself possessed of no slight skill and knowledge in these matters; but then I always kept my exploits where they were achieved—in the dark. No benefit can be derived from babbling in any matters. With the exception of this last organ of secretiveness, Pinchit, as you will suppose, reader, was in every way fitted for the night-work, and promised, hereafter, when years had added to his discretion, to shine forth with peculiar splendour. Some slight guess of his qualifications may be formed from the following dialogue between him and Lackit, a fellow-youngster in the same watch.

"I say, Lackit, I feel very peckish, this morning, don't you?"

"Yes, Pinchit, I do. I can't think how it is," continued Lackit, opening his eyes a little, as he wandered half asleep in the grey of the morning, up and down the deck, with the other; sometimes stumbling against him, sometimes standing still for a doze.

"Can't think how it is?" replied Pinchit, "why I'm *always* hungry."

"Ah, so they say, marquis."

"I wish you would not call me marquis. You know I hate to be called marquis. I was just going to say, suppose we go down, and cut out."

"Very well, there's no use in two going, you know."

"Oh, no, no use in that—only makes more row. Well then, suppose, Lackit, you go down."

"Come, come, Pinchit, you ought to go. I went last time, you know."

"Oh, Lackit, you may as well go, you do it so—*softly*."

"Ah, now, Pinchit, it's too bad of you to ask me to go so often; you've no more conscience than a purser's stocking, which, the more you stuff, the more 'twill stretch. Besides, you'd better go; you can manage matters better than me; you can *smell* the prog out so well."

"Ah, but I'm sure to get found out. I'm such an unlucky fellow. Come, Lackit, you may as well go."

"No, Pinchit, you put upon me too much; I will not bear it. I'm not at all hungry myself; I shan't attempt it."

"No, nor I am not very hungry either; I shall let it alone." And the two worthies immediately separated to get out of one another's sight.

Now Pinchit, who, as Lackit said, possessed a fine nose for scenting out these matters, had, in anticipation of the present moment, taken a strict account of all the eatables which arrived on board, and could have told the captain's cook and gun-room steward how many reindeers' tongues, Westphalian hams, and drums of sultanias they might each happen to possess; so that if any of these gentry missed a preserve or custard pie more or less, you might hear them say to their underlings, "Boy, go and ask Lord Pinchit if he ate my tart last night." "Ay, ay, sar;" answers the littlo negro. "And, boy, tell my lord, if he happens to have any of it left in his chest, he'd better send it back, and then I can say they did me out of it in the galley." *

However, Pinchit's cormorant eye had seen a fine bag of raisins go into the starboard berth; and as that was the one

* "The galley,"—the place on the main-deck where all the meat is cooked; and as all the sailors can get there, the cooks must "keep their weather eye awake."

he did *not* belong to, he determined to give it a visitation in the rounds of his diocese. In a quarter of an hour after his dialogue with Lackit, he disappeared from the quarter-deck, and, cautiously sneaking down the main hatchway, crawled towards the bag. In his way he happened to bump against D'Aquilar's hammock, which was hanging rather low ; and D'Aquilar, not being well pleased, saluted the disturber of his rest with a kick of no slight force, demanding who was there. The only reply this elicited, was an attempt to get away ; but D'Aquilar held him fast, and proceeded with vigour in his calcitratory mode of interrogation, till, finding there was no end to this discipline, a half-squeaking voice, seemingly afraid to hear itself, answered, "It's only me, poor Pinchit !"

"You, Pinchit ? I beg your pardon, I thought it must have been one of the gun-room boys," and, gathering the clothes round him, D'Aquilar pretended to snore.

Very shortly afterwards he heard Pinchit creep on his hands and knees into the berth, where, in a minute or two, he was joined by some one else.

"Who's there ?" exclaimed Pinchit in a fright.

"Ah, Pinchit, is that you ?"

"Holloa, Lackit, is that you ?"

"I thought *you* weren't going to cut out," said both together.

"Oh, but—there, see now, what's the use of *our* disagreeing ? here we are both, doubling the chance of being found out, while there was no necessity for more than one," gravely observed Lackit, who, more wary than Pinchit, and afraid lest the cabin-door sentry might observe him, had come down *vid* the *fore-hatchway*, and crept twice the distance under the men's hammocks, thereby arriving later at the seat of warfare than my lord.

"Well, Lackit, these raisins are very good, are they not ?" (munch, munch, munch.)

"Oh, capital ! I vote we fill our pockets, and depart, else they'll miss us on the quarter-deck."

"Oh," replied Pinchit, in great distress, "I left my jacket on the main-deck, to creep more easily, and these trowsers have no pockets. Do let me fill one of yours, Lackit."

"O no—you wouldn't come down and cut out in your turn just now; besides, I want to fill *all* mine."

"Why, how many have you got?"

"*Only four.*"

"Now, I think you might as well help me, Lackit: what shall I do?"

"Why, fill your cap, to be sure, man."

"Lor! that's capital! so I will. What a lot it will hold! I wish my wit was as ready as yours."

"Oh, so it will be by-and-bye; I've been two years at it."

With a little more colloquy they set off, bearing, I suppose, three pounds of raisins between them. After being thus edified, D'Aquilar dropped asleep, and thought no more on the subject till next morning, when he was served with a writ of subpoena, to attend a court-martial in the starboard berth. Seeing that every one was flocking to this said place, I also went to ascertain "the state of public feeling." I found a midshipman seated at the door, with a drawn sword in his hand, and a cocked hat on his head, to enforce the order contained in a small placard posted up over the entrance, signifying that none but officers in full dress would be permitted to enter the court. Having turned back, and complied with this regulation, I found admission. All the midshipmen who could get from their duty were there, excepting Pinchit.

Coldman was president; John Roy, judge-advocate and counsel for the berth; Stubbings, Hustle, M'Scalpem, and the second master, the other members of the court; and Collington, the provost-martial; while the only one who was able to handle the prisoner's cause, and of sufficient weight in the berth, and humanity to undertake it, was the Honourable F. Green.

The president rose and addressed the court:

"*Officers and Gentlemen!*

"The solemn occasion on which we have met together is for the unbiassed consideration of the justice contained in the charge now about to be preferred against Eatwell Clearall Pinchit, by courtesy Lord Clearall Pinchit, by right the Marquis de Gourmandise, by creation Baron Baggs, wherein he is set forth as having feloniously abstracted certain

raisins from this the starboard berth of his Majesty's ship Niobe.

"Much evidence has been carefully selected; the merits or demerits of which you are now required calmly and deliberately to discuss, pronouncing judgment to the best of your abilities and belief, and the honour of the mess, and the king.

"Gentlemen, by virtue of my office now held under the seal of this berth, I have made the following appointments." Here he gave out a paper containing the officers and names already given. "Mr. Collington, produce the prisoner." The provost-martial then retired for an instant, and re-appeared with my Lord Pinchit.

The peony-rose (none other could boast so red a tint) which generally adorned his lordship's cheek, had given place to the more mellow hue of an autumnal turnip; but very little of his pride was subdued by fear. The indictment being read, he pleaded "not guilty," which plea having been recorded, the judge-advocate rose, and learnedly laid the case before the court. It was, he observed, *de jure*, a burglary, but as some difficulty had arisen in procuring evidence to show that the doors were closed, the prosecutors were willing to pass over this atrocity in the case, and proceed solely upon the charge of felony. Here he was interrupted by learned brother Green (who was habited in the chaplain's gown, and a Welsh wig).

"Mr. President, I have to complain, sadly to complain, with regard to my very learned friend the judge-advocate, that his law is quite out at elbows. I have no less than four-and-twenty cases, to prove, that unless the prosecuting party think fit to go upon the ground——"

"But, learned brother Green, you forget," interrupted the judge-advocate. And here they wrangled on for a little time most legally: however, the point of law had little to do with the trial, but Green gained it, in spite of a witty antagonist, and the cause proceeded.

Mr. Ernest D'Aquilar being sworn on the hilt of his sword, honour bright, deposed that:—At five, A.M., being in his hammock, he felt somebody surreptitiously gliding beneath him: that he kicked said person violently, till he exclaimed, "Its only me, poor Pinchit!" that he believed it

was Lord Pinchit's voice : that he recognised the prisoner at the bar as the individual alluded to : and furthermore, if it had been the prisoner, witness believed he would still bear the marks on his person. At this, the assistant surgeon, M'Scalpem, and the provost-marshal, were deputed to examine his lordship. They reported sundry bruises to exist in the neighbourhood of his polar circle—that is, his neck and shoulders. Here very significant looks were exchanged among those learned in the law, and the witness having deposed to his lordship's entry of the berth, and subsequent conversation therein with some person to the court unknown, Mr. Alexander Thread was sworn, and gave the following evidence :

“ Was in the same watch with the prisoner. About five o'clock observed him to be absent from the deck : on his return he retired to the taffrail, out of the way. Seeing him remain there some time, witness addressed him to know what might be his amusement. Prisoner, rather startled, turned round, his mouth was apparently full, and he quickly replied that he was meditating.”

In reply to a question from the judge-advocate,—“ Never knew he was given to the use of the *reasoning* faculties. Witness at this moment felt something hit him on the face, and having picked the substance up, discovered it to be a raisin. Could not swear it proceeded from his lordship's mouth, who denied that it had ; but alleged it was common at Gibraltar to rain figs ; a thing Lord Pinchit asserted to be not without precedent, quoting the old song,

The clouds they look'd so brown, oh !
For then the skies
Were beaf-steak pies,
Which all came tumbling down, oh !

Witness then remarked to prisoner that meanness was a horrid vice, and left him to pursue his ‘ meditations,’ but made a communication to Mr. George Regent, another youngster in the same watch.”

Mr. George Regent was then called.—“ Witness, on hearing the communication of Mr. Thread, resolved that the prisoner should be watched. His lordship finding this, came and walked the deck : at seven o'clock Mr. Michael Queer made his appearance, when prisoner, together with

the other officers of the watch, returned his salute of the deck, by touching their hats. Prisoner having inadvertently raised his a little too high, the quarter-deck was instantly strewn with raisins, which might be corroborated by the several witnesses who were now present."

A hearty laugh at the prisoner's expense here followed, and the last evidence having been corroborated, the case for the prosecution closed, and the prisoner was called on for his defence.

"Nature, he regretted, had endowed him with neither the eloquence of a Tully, nor the philosophy of a Socrates, although adverse fate had visited him with the misfortunes of both, while in the justice of his cause he would yield to neither. He should not now detain them long: could only reiterate his protestations of innocence: and while confessing that appearances went against him, he was obliged to attribute the stubborn facts to the malignance of his stars. He thanked the court for their generosity in allowing him counsel, into whose able hands he confided the safe keeping of his honour and—his back."

The learned counsel rose, and moved the court to quash the proceedings. "Quash the proceedings!" was echoed in dismay by the anticipating mids. "Quash the proceedings!" said the judge-advocate, starting up; "really, my learned friend, I must request you to show some most sufficient cause for this——"

"Of course I will," said Green. "It is this: I take my objection on the ground of privilege for the prisoner to be tried by his peers alone."

"Peers alone!" resounded every one.

"Thou art a second Daniel come to judgment!" said his lordship, thinking he was to be a privileged sinner. Roy's countenance fell considerably at this objection. The court was cleared. On re-admission, the judge-advocate said, "The court could not recognise the privilege put forward, because the prisoner was only Lord Pinchit by courtesy."

"Very good," said the learned counsel; but I have a second objection. Your indictment, if it be correct, sets forth the prisoner as Baron Baggs by creation: if so, he is a peer, this showing, and thus may claim privilege."

This was another puzzle; but it was at last decided that,

being created a baron by the midshipmen, they could not raise him above themselves, since the creating power must be above the created ; and they were therefore his peers.

"I admit *that*," replied Green, very coolly ; "but, Mr. President, I have a third objection."

"A third ! a third !" exclaimed the others, aghast.

"Yes, a third ! The prisoner is also set forth in your indictment as being Marquis de Gourmandise by right ; mind you, neither by courtesy nor creation, but by right. I shall not seek to overturn this point, as I have every reason to believe *he is that by right* ; and, if so, you are not, on that view of the case, his peers, and consequently cannot try him."

"The devil take your *nous* !" exclaimed Coldman, snappishly ; "you've got him off at last. Who made out the indictment ? I vote we cobb him instead of the prisoner."

"O no—no, you wont ;" said the learned judge-advocate, who made it out himself. "Clear the court."

On our re-admission the faces of all the judges bore an air of triumph, and so, especially, did that of the learned Roy, who thus addressed his brother Green :—

"In answer to your last objection, that the court do quash the proceedings, I have to remind you, that this is a court-martial, and not a court of sessions or assize, consequently you cannot here urge the common usages of law. The military law admits no such privilege as you mention. It is simply, but expressly, laid down by the act, that the trial must be by the culprit's superior officers : the court at present is so composed. Your objection is therefore overruled ; but we shall be happy to hear any defence you may think proper to set up."

This was what Green expected. He therefore attacked their feelings very eloquently in mitigation of damages—to his client's back. But in vain : they were deaf to the voice of the adder, even though a handsome *Green* one, and the following sentence was pronounced by the court :—

"Prisoner—The court having unanimously found you guilty of the crime with which you stand charged, it becomes my painful duty to pronounce their sentence upon you ; namely, that you be submitted to the punishment of a cobbing, to consist of three dozen strokes, inflicted with an

instrument now in the possession of the provost-marshal, who is hereby directed to select four assistants, and put the sentence into execution. The court is broken up."

This was no sooner read, than with a tremendous rush the prisoner was seized, and, despite of wailing and lamentation, underwent the severest penalties of the law. I was sorry for "poor Pinchit;" he was such an effeminately fair looking fellow, that the imagination had only to deck him out in petticoats, to fancy that he was a pretty woman: besides, I thought the consummation a tyrannical and disgusting scene, and so staid no longer than to see the court dissolved. As this was the first thing of the sort that had occurred on board, it was commemorated by some doggrel verses engraved on the instrument of punishment, which was a piece of flat board, shaped like the section of a pear.

It was sufficient to Pinchit to smart under the pain and disgrace inflicted without having that stimulating, irritant rhyme, rubbed into his wounds. He therefore resolved to obtain the cobbing-board, and burn it; hoping thereby to obliterate its remembrance. But his lucky star was still clouded; for, being caught in the fact, he was again tried, and sentenced to receive four dozen more; while, worse than all, a new version of the ballad was written, and set to his favourite air of "*Di Piacer.*"

As these lines "begat much talk, observation, and laughter," I take leave to introduce them here, as nearly as I can recollect, notwithstanding their slight tendency to be Hudibrastic.

THE NEW BALLAD OF
 "BAGGS' COBBING."

AIR—" *Di Piacer.*"

Stranger, know this cobbing-board
 Was christen'd first upon a lord,
 Who, choosing, wholesome laws to trample,
 Received three dozen as a sample.
 The dozens gall'd his lordship sore,
 From trowsers' point to inmost core;
 So he, in thought, did daily turn it,
 Of how to get this board and burn it.
 Sad enterprise, with danger fraught;
 Since here again my lord was caught;

And where three dozen bless'd him **first**,

Four dozen more were paid.

Poor Baggs, he swore it was a curs't

Shame that his back should be the first

Was woo'd by such a maid ;

Whose heart of oak so hard, indeed,

Had almost caused his back to bleed ;

Oh, what a cursed jade !

Grieve not, my dearest Baggs, I say,

O'er this 'my unpremeditated lay ;'

Nor deem that it is worse

For thus assisting that bright name

With this its only claim to fame,

Immortalised in verse.

Whilst we, the oldsters, merit **ROBBING**,

Surname the christ'ning—Baggs' Cobbing.

CHAPTER XI.

And, although the force very far exceeded ours, we cleared the decks for action, with all that spirit and alacrity for which our nation is so remarkable ; when, lo——. TRANSLATION OF G. TROUIN.

ONE of my favourite modes of killing time during the voyage, was by taking a book up into the top, of which Rye was captain, and spreading the to'gallant-studding-sail for a couch. I had thus the choice of four things—the print, the view, a siesta, (for I should say, that it was only after the dinner and school were over that I had the leisure allowed me,) or taking a lesson in knotting from Jack Barleycorn.

Having observed Jack to be very sad since our affair in the boat, I cross-questioned him, and learnt that, before sailing, a gypsy had forewarned him he should never pass the straits again if he once ventured through, and that before his death he should receive a warning ; which warning, he conceived, had been given to him by the loss of the man, and the various misfortunes which happened the night we were out in the boat ; more especially the shark, which he persisted could be nothing more or less than an envoy extraordinary, to announce his approaching dissolution. I tried to shake this belief in vain prognostications, but could not succeed.

“As sure as I’m alive, sir,” said he, starting on his feet, “if that a’nt a sail coming down on us, with a leading breeze, from the Barbary coast! Deck ahoy!—sail on the weather quarter!”

On learning this, the officer of the watch ordered the signal midshipman to the mast-head, to ascertain of what size and nation the stranger was. With the aid of several spy-glasses, and half a dozen pair of eyes, it was pronounced to be a squadron of four frigates, not English.

Round flew the news; and ere it reached the gun-room and berth, it had increased to a fleet of Algerines. They soon became visible to the naked eye from the quarter-deck; and I hastened down to gain more certain information.

“Mr. Queer,” said the captain, “what do you take those vessels to be?”

“Look almost like French, sir.”

“Yes, they do; but their rigging and hulls are not in sufficient order for Frenchmen.”

“They are neither Dutch nor Portuguese, evidently,” said Michael.

“No; I take it they are French hulls, manned by Algerines; that is the direction they would be coming in. How was it they were not seen before?”

This last question was duly shuffled, of course; and, after some further discussion, they all coincided with the captain’s view of the subject, who immediately ordered the ship to be cleared for action, while he hastened down to his cabin, to inform his fair fellow-passengers of this “*untoward event*.”

When he returned on deck, his face bore strong marks of emotion, as if yet uncertain what exact line of conduct to adopt. Long and wistfully he gazed at the frigates; then, suddenly dashing his glass on the deck, muttered to himself, “What! run away from them?—run away from those turbaned ragamuffins?—’gad, I’ll see them —— first!” and he gave orders to the master not to alter the course we were steering when they were first seen. “No, no,” he continued, “as sure as my name’s Sawyer, if you come here, my fine fellows, you shall catch it;” striding up and down the quarter-deck with most martial paces.

No sooner had the orders been given to clear for quar-

ters, than every face wore the stamp of pleasure and gaiety: a stranger would have taken the proceedings to be rather the commencement of a ball than the overture to a scene of slaughter.

All the men having been reported at their stations, and the ship ready for instant action, the captain came and stood near the taffrail; and, I being one of his aides-de-camp, my station was of course near his person. After fixing his eyes for some time on the horizon, he resumed his pace, with an air as perplexed as ever; then, pausing, he looked in my face, with an absent air, saying, "Who would be a captain?"

"A lieutenant, if he could, sir," I answered.

"Um! a lieutenant—more than probable; and yet I was beginning to think myself hardly dealt with."

"So did I the other evening, till considering affairs a second time."

"Very true, youngster. Now, if I only had these poor women safe out of my ship—oh, what a threshing I'd give those rascals!" and he shook his fist at the strangers, as much as to say, "I'm tied by the leg. My name—honour—must fight—can't run—and yet—indecision worse than all." In an instant the struggle seemed at an end.—"Yes, that must be it. I am not expected to attack a force so much my superior: nor will I avoid them if they come up. I must do the best I can: if not, well and good. Cavendish, attend to the orders I am going to give you. Lady Carleton is now sitting in the gun-room with the chaplain. As soon as we are within firing distance, either you or D'Aquilar will conduct herself and daughter into the bread-room; but, as they must not prevent you from partaking in the action, it will be better that you should relieve each other every quarter of an hour. Should the one on deck be shot or wounded, care will be taken to supply his place. But on no account are the ladies to be left alone for an instant. I need not charge you to pay them every attention. Should I be disposed of, in case of extremity, here are my pistols for their protection. You and D'Aquilar will draw lots for the commencement of the action. This is all that remains in my power to do for them. Mr. Queer, call all hands; I wish to address a few sentences to them."

By the time I had repeated my instructions to my fellow-sentinel, the ship's company had assembled round the capstan, anxiously waiting what their commander had to say.

The hour was nearly seven ; and the distant vessels could be barely distinguished, though sufficient light remained to display the rugged faces thronging the quarter-deck. Captain Sawyer stood on the skylight gratings, slightly elevated above the rest. Around him were piled shot of every description ; and cutlasses, muskets, pistols, bayonets, with all the other necessities for legal murder, were to be seen in profusion. He is present to me still, as, with the energy and expression so characteristic of Robert Sawyer, he addressed his crew :—

“ My brother sailors,—until the hour in which we met together on board the *Niobe*, the greatest part of us were utter strangers. The time that has since passed is far too short to give the acquaintance so necessary between an officer and his men. You may, therefore, feel surprised at my readiness to engage you with a force four times more numerous than yourselves. My confidence exists in this : I trust that, whoever you are, or whatever you are, you will never disgrace the profession you uphold as British seamen. It is to you that the whole world is indebted for freedom. English mariners, you are the only people that may boast of being the unconquered ! Why, then, should I hesitate to entrust once more to your keeping, that which you have created, defended, exalted, and adorned—the honour and the glory of your native isles ?

“ The ties of life are dear, very dear ; and yet there is not one among you who does not acknowledge with me the weakness of those ties, compared with that emotion which the breast of every sailor acknowledges in the presence of a foe. All that I require of you, my men, is that which I perform myself. Let every energy be exerted ; so that he who survives may proudly boast his share in the action of to-night.

“ To the brave men who are about to fall, I merely say, their country demands it, and theirs shall be a sacred burial. This flag, beneath which those very enemies have been so often humbled,” (unfolding to the breeze with one hand

the red cross of St. George, the white ensign, while with the other he pointed towards the Algerine squadron,) "shall wave above us all, and consecrate the grave of him who dies."

It was with great impatience the seamen waited till the conclusion, when every hat was in the air; and if old Ocean heard the three cheers that rolled sounding along his waves, he must have been convinced how little of human fear lurked in the composition of his sons. The effect was electrical; for, though the interest of the subject had carried the speaker slightly beyond the capacity of some of his hearers, they yet understood the gesture and whole tenor of the speech sufficiently well to magnify what was hidden into something very grand. When, however, the flag of St. George was unrolled, their enthusiasm was displayed, by one and all springing forward to grasp its folds. They now returned to their quarters, and the "shades of evening" gradually closed around us. The fighting lanterns being lit, the guns run in, and the ports closed, a pleasing sight was formed on the main-deck.

Upon a powder-box was slumbering a little boy, of twelve years old, showing, by the motion of his head, that from his view at least, the battle scene had faded, while his seat contained combustibles sufficient to blow him into atoms. As the ship gradually rolled—first on one side, then on the other—the uncertain light was thrown now upon the brass lock of a cannon, next on the polished barrel of a pistol, and then on the glittering head of a boarding-pike, indistinctly showing, at the same time, a pile of large shot, upon whose congenial pillow might be seen the head of an old tar, his features proving that in sleep his thoughts were fighting still, as with a contraction of the brows, his hand involuntarily glided to the pistol belted round him. Suddenly each sleeper starts.

"What sound was that?" "The soger striking eight bells," some old veteran replies, and off they doze again. "Stand to your guns," is the captain's order, vociferated down the hatchway: with the speed of lightning each is at his post, and ours, reader, is the quarter-deck.

At half-past seven, a fog closing round the enemy shut them out from all observation, while, for the first time, not

a star was to be seen. There was little wind, and our rate of sailing was not **more** than five knots an hour. So far the Fates seemed peaceably inclined ; when the captain descried with his night-glass, a large press of sail within three miles of us, but so completely enveloped in mist, that more minute observation was impossible.

Any further advance in our present course would now have been a complete flight ; and, as the enemy evinced a determination to engage, we shortened sail, and prepared for crossing his bows, with a view to rake them fore and aft. It had fallen to D'Aquilar's lot to remain below, and accordingly he repaired to his station, leaving me on deck.

"Main-deck, there," said the captain, hailing.

"Sir?"

"Take especial care that not a port is opened, or a gun fired, till I give the order. Train two points abaft the beam, and make every one, except the captains of guns, lie down."

Silently and slowly the enemy approached, till within four hundred yards ; yet the density of the fog was such, that nothing more than a huge towering mass could be seen, looking very much as if one of the Egyptian pyramids had, in the extremity of Ibrahim Pacha's distress, been sent to sea. We concluded it was a fine frigate ; nobly she loomed in the night haze ; but not a sound broke from her, nor did she in any way appear to notice us.

"Down with your ports on the main-deck, train half a point abaft the beam, and stand by to fire. Man the lar-board fore and main braces. Master, attend the conn. Port your helm ; brace up ;" and as the captain gave these orders, away flew the yards, and the ship's head was laid nearer to the wind ; so as to intercept the track of the frigate, advancing on our quarter. A few seconds more would have brought us into the position desired. The captain was sitting in the weather-hammock-netting, watching for the crisis in which to pour forth our iron broadside, carrying death and destruction in its rear. Still all was mute, save the rippling water, and an occasional voice on our main-deck, giving some order.

"Now, then, are you ready on the main-deck? if so——"

"Ship, ahoy ! there," said an English voice, hailing us

from the supposed enemy, and interrupting the captain at the instant he was about to give the word "Fire!"

A mingled exclamation of horror and surprise ran round the ship at the narrow escape they had experienced. "What ship is that?" returned our captain.

"His Majesty's ship Surinam, Captain Botherby. Who are you?"

"His Majesty's ship Niobe, Captain Sawyer, straight from England."

"My compliments to Captain Sawyer, shall be happy to see him on board," said Captain Botherby.

"Mr. Queer, get my cabin bulk-heads up again, and secure the guns; give me my boat's crew, and then pipe to grog."

As he uttered this, the captain hastened down in person to assure the bread-room refugees that our action had, like all others, ended in smoke; and considering the exact relation of affairs, I was not sorry at its harmless termination.

On Captain Sawyer's return we learnt that the Algerine squadron had been seen steering into port half an hour before we met; and to account for our having escaped observation on board the Surinam, the lieutenant of the watch was asleep,—the midshipmen were skulking,—the look-outs were drunk,—the man at the helm foolish,—and the old quartermaster blind.

CHAPTER XII.

Yet hold I off; women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing;
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this,
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.

* * * * *

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,
Achievement is command; ungained, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from my eyes appear.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SINCE our departure from Gibraltar, Æolus had shown the gallantry that was expected from him, and the weather con-

tinued so gentle, that the cabin passengers felt no inconvenience from it. Night after night, therefore, the following party were assembled in the fore-cabin. The captain and her ladyship, who generally played at *écarté*; or while she turned over his portfolios of prints, he read passages from various authors, in which he excelled, and being thoroughly acquainted with Italian and French, the literature of those countries frequently formed the amusement and discussion of the evening. At another table the chess-board afforded amusement to Letitia, D'Aquilar and myself. As my play was inferior to his, he generally became Letitia's opponent, and I found it more congenial to my feelings to assist her, for D'Aquilar was of that happy disposition which is often impetuous, but never ill-natured. A little persuasion would have moulded him into any thing.

Often while sitting by Letitia's side, gazing on her beautiful features, as though I could never behold them sufficiently to carry away their remembrance, did I observe that soft blue eye steal round towards me, as if to see whether I was looking at her, and then hastily retreating to the chess-board, or, fixing on D'Aquilar's face, her own would be mantled with a crimson glory, such as day bequeaths when dying to the sky. Involuntarily would my pulse race on at double speed; and while mentally saying, "I am ashamed to be so rude," my eyes were raised to feast once more:—

Who can view the ripen'd rose nor seek
To wear it? who behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow cold?

Full well I knew what ailed my beating heart, if accident brought my hand into contact with hers. The emotion which chained my tongue in silence when it would have spoken to her,—the feeling that led me to avoid showing her the most minute attention if any one was near to see,—the nameless fetter that kept me at her side,—all these were known and fully understood.

While my watch-mates soundly dozed away, I walked the deck in commune with myself, feeling that I deeply loved her, and joying in the thought. Many a mast-heading, many a scrape did that fair face bring to me; and while I should have been attending to my duty, my thoughts were

rambling through a fancied elysium with herself, as goddess of my idolatry. Clear as all this appeared to me, much was I puzzled to assign reasons for her conduct; her hurried and confused manner; the restless wandering of her eye; the strange anxiety by which she seemed beset, if thrown into contact with myself; the ease she appeared to feel in D'Aquilar's society, and the preference she gave to it, at last led me to believe there was an attachment between her and D'Aquilar; and that having observed my feelings towards her, she took this mode of showing me I should sue in vain.

From the time this conviction took possession of my mind, we mutually avoided one another; and when accident again threw us together, both were more embarrassed than before.

It so happened one evening, that D'Aquilar was indisposed, and I took his place as Letitia's opponent. How the game commenced I was almost ignorant, and how it proceeded I knew still less. Scarcely six words had passed between us. I had settled in my own mind, that the best thing for me would be to get shot at Algiers, (the reader will recollect that we were bearing the declaration of war with that state to the British Admiral,) and finish my love, life, and reputation in "the London Gazette Extraordinary."

As I thought thus, Lady Carleton said, "I cannot pronounce what that game may be to the players; but to those who are looking over it, no amusement can be greater. I have been observing you for the last ten minutes."

"What a horrible espionage!" thought I, and my face appeared to be scorching.

"In the first place, Mr. Cavendish, your king has been in check for the last five moves; while you, Letitia, have taken your own queen with your knight, and your last move was a pawn two squares backward—but do not let me interrupt you; novelty is of course the thing desired."

"At any rate Cavendish pays every respect to your ladyship's rebuke," said the captain; "he appears most painfully ashamed."

This was very mischievous in him, to draw down attention on my confusion; but the honourable captain was very

fond sometimes of a little *badinage*, and if you only knew *where* to tickle him, you might often avert a storm.

Much to my relief in this dilemma, Pinchit's friend, the steward, entered preparatory to supper ; and that evening passed like many others of delight,—where ?—over the hills of time, to join the “ages vanished ere the flood.”

It was during one of our night-watches, when D'Aquilar and myself were mournfully staggering along the deck, half hushed in sleep, but more awake to woe, that he made some remark to me respecting the tendency which the generality of mankind have to conceal all affairs of the heart,—the noblest passion in existence, inasmuch as it is the secret spring of all others, to keep every thing relative to love as deeply hidden as though it were a crime. Yet when love becomes a crime, and degenerates into intrigue and debauchery, how often we see men eager to expose their folly to the world, even though it should bring to disgrace the object for which they profess to feel an affection.

“Cavendish, long as we have been friends, I believe I never mentioned that Letitia Carleton and myself are in a manner betrothed ?”

Betrothed ! did I hear that word aright, betrothed ! then even hope had flown from me. I leant against the mizen mast, near which we were standing, and faintly asked him to explain. He saw not the contending passions which struggled within me ; and, thinking I leant there from drowsiness, he motioned me to sit down with him on a coil of rope, and proceeded to comply with my request.

“You already know,” resumed he, “that Lady Carleton's estate and my father's adjoin one another ; and in consequence of this, Mr. Carleton became very anxious to purchase some land from my father, that would enable him to make a considerable improvement in one of his estates where it was situated. On the other hand, my father was very willing to buy the whole of Mr. Carleton's estate alluded to, but wished not to part with one jot of his own ground. Thus it went on, both willing to become purchaser, neither to sell. Having wrangled for some years, and finding they had no other children than ourselves, the idea naturally suggested itself to unite us, and by this union to convert

the estates into one. The proposal was made, Mr. Carleton was delighted with it, and I may say it was agreed on; but her ladyship being rather opposed to it as risking her daughter's happiness, I have seen nothing of them, comparatively speaking, since Letitia's father died: not did I intend to think of it any further; but chance having again thrown us together, how could I help loving her, eh?"

"Impossible," I replied; "but have you ever spoken of love to her?"

"Never, though I intend to do so. This sea-life is very little to my taste. I begin to think with Johnson, that no man would go to sea who could get drowned in a horse-pond. What do I want with fame, that I should keep these long night-watches for a dozen years? I neither want money nor rank; I shall be a baronet at my father's death. I want nothing more at present; and so I think I shall leave the service, and get Letitia Carleton to run off with me."

"D'Aquilar, are you mad?"

"Yes, a little—what of that? we are all apt to get a little cracked at times; but, taking the joke out of the question, promise me, will you, to assist my plans, provided that they are not absolutely wrong?"

I paused. Even supposing I do not give my word, thought I, of what advantage will that be? It is evident there is an affection subsisting between them, and honour forbids my trying to supplant one who has placed his confidence in me, supposing that it were not so. "Yes, D'Aquilar," I said to him, "I do promise, that to any plan which is not unreasonable I will give my assistance."

"Thank you, Cavendish, I expected nothing less from our friendship."

"But remember, D'Aquilar, I will assist in no project that is not undertaken with her sanction. When that is given, command me—I am yours."

Eight bells sounded, and we departed to call the officers of the next watch.

Not more surprisingly varied are the changes of a magic-lantern than the shades and colours of the human existence. To-day every thing appears in the warm and glowing tint that Turner gives his landscapes. To-morrow the same scene

shall wear a livery as dim, as lowering, as a Scotch storm by Nasmyth. Philosophers, whence is this? can it be the objects which are changed? Oh, no! it is but another anomaly of that inscrutable mystery, the heart of man.

I had long known Letitia Carleton in town, and had admired her much, perhaps loved her slightly; but it was not till now, when a barrier was placed between us, that I experienced that intense passion which made my days a torment. My lot, thought I, is cast: since I may not have affection, let me live alone—for fame.

With this may-be empty resolve, I lifted my eyes from the deck, and beheld the steep inaccessible, but still beautiful island of Calypso.* Oh, thought I, if that island were only mine, with the gift of immortality and Letitia Carleton!—but it cannot be.

“Mr. Cavendish, the first-lieutenant wishes to speak with you under the half-deck.”

“Ay, ay, quarter-master, say I’ll be there instantly.” No, Letitia, I mentally ejaculated, it cannot be so. What am I! to reverse the laws of nature? Well, then, I even wish it was Calypso, wish it were any one, provided she were fair and beautiful, and would let me love her heart and soul, and return the compliment. But alas! past are the days of the dear goddess, whose only chains were those of pleasure. Would that my name were Telemachus! no, he was a fool, would that my name were —

“Mr. Cavendish!” bawled Michael Queer in my ear, a worthy of more modern date, whose sway I had forgotten. “Why the devil, sir, don’t you come to me when you are sent for, eh?”

“I,—I,—I,—”

“Why, you are dreaming, sir; go to the mast-head and dream, or tumble off if you like, for spite.”

“No, sir, I thank you,” was my reply, departing like a true exile, with the consolation that solitude would save me from interruption; at the mast-head I might create fifty islands, and five thousand goddesses at pleasure.

* Pentellaria answers most closely to the description of the island of Calypso. Byron says Goza; but the latter is not sufficiently steep, and has little or no wood.

CHAPTER XIII.

And Malta—now that thou hast got us—
Thou little military hot-house,
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And rudely wish thee at the devil,
But only gaze from out my casement,
And ask "for what is such a place meant?"

BYRON.

It was on a Friday morning that we arrived off the island of Malta. As is generally the case, we were prevented from reaching the harbour during the day by a calm; but the evening breeze springing up carried us in. The first entrance into the harbour is very pleasing. The many-toned bells that summon its Catholic inhabitants to prayer; the glare of light from La Valetta; the familiar hum of man that strikes joyfully upon the ear after a long voyage; the singular costume of the boatmen, and their wild, uncultivated song, most probably introduced by the Knights from Rhodes and Venice, all exhilarate the senses by their variety; while the soft and luxurious climate, the moon silvering the scarcely ruffled waves, and throwing into deep shadow the bold gigantic fortresses, present objects of admiration that might almost persuade the beholder he has arrived in a magic region. And is it not so? Is not this the isle of valour and romance? Is not this the once famed nursery of chivalry? Does not every stone breathe forth the spirit of an age long flown? Do we not gaze upon the secluded cloisters, where military heroes gave themselves up to a life of celibacy? Nay, nay, imagination stay thy course. Instead of this rapture, you merely gaze upon barren, impregnable Malta, a military garrison, and, consequently, a horrid hole for scandal; where the red coats are so puffed up with pride, that they hardly are aware whether they walk on their heads or their heels; and the women, dear souls! are so broiled, that they scarcely know how to bear themselves. As for celibacy—there's very little of that in the island; and these same knights, who came here to shut themselves up in such an ascetic manner, were among the most riotous dogs on the face of our earth. But, certes, Malta, I think

thou art a very pleasant place, and my steps shall yet find thee once more—if they can.

When morning broke, the *coup d'œil* that presented itself was sadly at variance with the feelings produced by the beauty of the evening's first view. Four human skeletons hanging in chains for piracy, form rather a startling foreground. There is, however, something delightful in the first glance of La Valetta by the clear bright daylight, reflected from the white rocks on the blue transparent bosom of the bay, already swarming with that peculiarly built boat common to this place ; some bearing the various fruits of the clime and season ; others having a cargo of living goats on board, to be milked alongside the ship for the breakfasts of the officers and crew. Let the eye wander where it will, a scene of enchantment surrounds it ; batteries ranking among the most impregnable in Europe ; a town seldom equalled—never surpassed, for the picturesque originality of its beauty ; a climate warm, but untainted by disease ; harbours beautiful and capacious, and water of surpassing clearness ; a foreign and agreeable costume, and a cloudless sky—with all the fruits of Sicily transported by a twenty-four hours' sail—such are among the various advantages that appeal to the senses on a first arrival at Malta.

As I had letters of introduction to the governor, I took an early opportunity of delivering them. He happened to be staying at Florianne, a place styled by the governors their country residence—*lucus a non lucendo*. Country, in Malta ! where all the soil has to be brought from Sicily ! At that time not a potato was grown on the island. But so they chose to style it. His excellency was known under the appellation of King Tom. Let the reader picture to himself a thick, exceedingly corpulent and bloated man, of a middle height, whose manners and ideas, vulgar in the extreme, found utterance in the broadest Scotch, and he will immediately have in his mind's eye the similitude of the governor of the island of Malta, and its dependencies, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Republic, and representative of his Majesty, King of Great Britain. I presented my letters : he read them ; and patting me on the back, said, “ So, lad, ye cam fra my auld freend—Well, and I'm vera glad to see ye ; ye're just in parritch time ; we

gie a dinner to-day to some of the folk frae Valette; as ye're a sailor, sir, ye'll no feel the want o' ceremony, but sit ye doon with us at once. Ye're welcome, sir,—ye're vera welcome. Rat," addressing his aide-de-camp, Captain Rat, "wha asked thot dommed fellow here to dinner?" pointing to a gentleman who was walking up the avenue within hearing, named Reig.

"You did yourself, sir."

"It's a lee; I didn't."

"How do you do, sir?" said Mr. Reig, appearing not to have heard what had passed. "I have come out to do myself the pleasure of dining with you, according to your invitation."

"Do? I do vera weel, and ye know it;" and his excellency, thrusting his hands under his coat tails, marched away.

Dinner was served up; the principal part of the civil officers belonging to the island were present, and the whole of his excellency's military staff. The flow of conversation was about equal to that of some tiny brook which the sun has almost dried in its bed; tedious, puny, and slow, almost to stagnation.

Nothing could be more disgusting than the dinner, except the giver, who was mean, tyrannical, coarse, vulgar, and imperious by turns. By great ingenuity, certainly, there seemed no emotion of his own mind, however low and contemptible, but some creature expressly formed to pander to it, was by him selected for this edifying office. Of the conversation that did occur at dinner, let us take the following.

"May I trouble your excellency for some of that ragout?" said a lady sitting near the governor.

"Nae trouble at a', ma'am; help yoursel;" and the polite governor pushed the side-dish towards her.

"Pray, can your excellency inform me," said Mr. Reig, "what fortune Sir Thomas P—— had with lady C——."

"Curse yere saul, sir! d'ye tak' me for a pettifogging village attorney, that ye presume to put yere d—— tuth-peck quastions to me?"

"He cannot mean to wrong the legal profession so greatly," said some voice near the middle of the table, in a

tone loud enough to reach the governor's ear, but sufficiently low to allow of his taking no notice of it. "Pleasure of a glass of wine, your excellency," said the same voice, in a louder key.

"Pleasure !" grunted the governor, whispering aside, "I wish the deil had the fellow ! Rat, wha may ye be glibbing aboon there, sae freely ?"

"Orthography, sir."

"And what's orthography ?" demanded the general !!

Although not very prepossessing in person, the governor had a great *penchant* for the ladies in his own peculiar way ; and, having been introduced to Lady Carleton, he conceived so violent a regard for her, that he determined on escorting her to Naples in the *Vengeance*, and, in pity to her isolated situation, Captain Sawyer allowed D'Aquilar and myself to do the same.

We accordingly repaired on board the flag-ship, and on entering the main-deck to report ourselves to the commanding officer, we beheld the first lieutenant, Mr. Jemmy, holding in his hand the manuscript of a play entitled "The First Consul," part of which he was spouting with no little gesticulation.

"Scene the second, act the first, enter Buonaparte," folding his arms like that individual—

"Now am I master of the world, but one ;—
And Fate, beneath whose banner I have conquer'd,
Say what the deed—

Very fine that, eh ?" addressing an old mate near him, who was busily employed getting some guns out of the hold.

"'Pon my soul, Mr. Jemmy, can't attend to your play now," said the old officer, pushing the MS. back into the author's face. "I suppose, sir, you know it's war with Algiers ? Some one must get the duty done."

"Duty done, sir ? don't talk to me of duty, sir. Am I not first-lieutenant of the ship ?—Pooh ! the Algerines can wait till to-morrow to be thrashed—never get my play acted at that rate ; here, my men, fall in ; now you're Napoleon Buonaparte, and you, Thompson, are Count Talleyrand ; you, Davey, are Cambacères ; you, Mr. Higgins, are Fouché ; mind, you, Gorman, are Sieyes—and recollect,

you're to repeat the words after me, all of you. There, drop that gun-tackle; come away; come here, I'll make heroes of the whole of you. What character comes next? Let me see—oh! Josephine—ah! send the black cook aft, here—capital! capital! that'll just do. Stay, though, stay—black cook can't speak English; no, nor French neither, the old rascal! What shall I do? what shall I do with this confounded Josephine?—oh! why did I bring her on at all? What shall I do with her? Got her here; all her parts spoilt—spoilt——”

In the midst of this dilemma, while all the seamen were giggling and gaping around him, he was accosted by two midshipmen, one of whom, touching his hat, said, “Come on board, sir.”

“Come on board! come on board!” repeated Mr. Jemmy, trying to recollect himself; “what's come on board? Let me see; come on board—oh! I have it—come here, young man;” the mid approached. “How long have you been on shore?”

“Four days.”

“Who gave you leave?—you went without leave.”

“O, no! I did not, sir,—you gave me leave. Don't you recollect it, sir? you were standing on the starboard gangway.”

“Ah! well, I suppose I did. How long have *you* been on shore?” addressing the other.

“A fortnight, sir.”

“Who gave you leave?”

“You did, sir.”

“No such thing, sir.”

“O, yes, you did, Mr. Jemmy; you were showing some ladies round the ship, in the gunner's store-room.”

“I have you, sir; I have you, sir. I was in the sick-list at the time: go to the mast-head.”

“Very well, sir; but ——” replied the mid, taking something from his pocket as he moved a step.

“Don't *but* me, sir; go to the mast-head.”

“Ay, ay, sir—edition of Shakspeare.”

“Eh? eh? eh? What's that you say? 'dition of Shakspeare? 'dition! where? where? where?”

“Oh! here it is, sir; very valuable old edition; beau-

tiful glossary ; only it has stuck in my pocket. I have not time to get it out now, sir ; but you shall have it when I come down from the mast-head."

" Oh ! oh ! never mind the mast-head ; never mind that ; give it me, give it me." The mid produced it instantly.

" Ah ! ah ! ah !" continued the first-lieutenant, turning it over : " capital edition ; best edition—where d'ye get it, eh ?"

" I picked it up, sir, on shore, at an old book-stall."

" Good ! good ! good ! D'ye give it me ? give it me ? never mind the mast-head, you know."

" O yes, sir ; I bought it on purpose to present to you."

" Capital fellow ! capital fellow ! Now you may go ashore for a week more, if you like."

" Thank you, sir,—thank you, sir," said the mid, scampering off ; and in another second he left the ship for the shore again, while Mr. Jemmy, forgetting the men to whom he had given each a part in his play, went off to examine his prize. The mate had long since departed, to enjoy a glass of grog, and the seamen were looking about for some place to take a caulk,* when the captain's voice was heard on the main-deck ; " Mr. Jemmy ! Mr. Jemmy !"

" Sir—sir—sir !" cried he, starting up against his superior, his hand occupied with Shakspeare's volume and his MS.

" Take care, Mr. Jemmy," said the captain ; " I bring you off orders from the admiral to unmoor, and get ready for sea as soon as possible."

" O yes ; certainly, sir," answered the first-lieutenant ; " O yes, certainly," rubbing his hands after stuffing their contents into his capacious pockets with great glee, as if he perfectly understood what ought to be done. " Soon unmoor sir ; soon unmoor, sir ; plenty of hands : bring-to both messengers at once ; upper and lower-deck capstans, and heave in the two cables together."

" Mr. Jemmy ! Mr. Jemmy !" reiterated the captain, aghast.

" Sir !" replied the first-lieutenant, quite unconscious that he had proposed anything out of the way.

* " Caulk,"—a nap

"Do you know, sir, what you have been talking about?"

"Certainly—yes—I—believe," opening his eyes to see what was alluded to; when his mind returning to the subject which engrossed all his thoughts, he threw forth his arms in a theatrical manner, and commenced:—

Now am I master——

"Master!" exclaimed the captain angrily; "pack of nonsense, Mr. Jemmy!" (not understanding what was meant,) "surely we can unmoor a ship without asking the master. Have you yet to learn, that by heaving on two cables at once (even supposing that you could do so), you must do one of three things? break your anchors, snap your cables, or tear the ship's bows asunder? No, sir, no; heave on your best bower, veer away the small,—I'll see to it myself."

"Oh, oh, sir!" replied Jemmy, recovering himself; "I recollect all about it. I'll get it done, sir; don't trouble yourself; go on shore.—I'll get it done. Boatswain's mate, pipe all hands; unmoor ship;" and knocking half a dozen men down, in his efforts to appear smart, he succeeded in getting the messenger* passed, and in escaping the surveillance of the captain, who having caught sight of the master, had given his instructions to the latter officer, and left the ship. "There, my men," said Jemmy, "set to it—heave heartily with a will;—heave oh—heave;" at the same time clapping his hands to encourage them. And heave they did. The purchase was used, and the messenger stranded—cut, spliced,—and stranded again; when the boatswain, having by accident looked over the bows, discovered that there was an elbow in the hawse!!

At length, with the help of a few junior officers, this prince of first-lieutenants got his ship ready for sea; and if, reader, you should esteem him to be somewhat eccentric in his mode of doing so, pray take into consideration the fact of his having been one of the *detenus* at Verdun; a good soul as ever breathed, but not quite suited for a first-lieutenant.

The governor's barge having brought on board Lady Carleton and daughter, the governor, admiral, and captain,

* A sort of cable for heaving up the anchor.

the Vengeance finally weighed her anchor, and made sail for Naples.

The hour was half-past two, and as the *doctor** had not ceased blowing, we were compelled to beat out. The principal inhabitants of the island were standing on the lighthouse to view our departure, while the before-mentioned grandees were seated on the poop, admiring the scene—the governor paying very assiduous court to her ladyship, and the flag-captain flirting with her daughter.

When we were sufficiently near the shore, the first-lieutenant proceeded to put her about. The helm was down, and he had given the order, “Rise tacks and sheets,” when a little middy came running up the hatchway, and whispered something in his ear. Without casting a single glance at the sails, already flapping in the wind, down ran the first-lieutenant; and, as every one was gazing at the shore, his absence was not perceived.

In a few seconds the ship, having come head to wind, hinted, by the rate at which she was going astern, some intention of making her bed on the rocks. The admiral, perceiving this, looked round for his functionary in vain. He inquired of the captain: of course the latter was far better employed than in taking an account either of the ship or of Mr. Jemmy; but not liking this interruption, he started up, loudly vociferating the officer’s name.

“Where’s Mr. Jemmy? where’s the first-lieutenant?”

“Eh, eh, eh? who calls? what’s the matter? Here am I,” answered the absentee, appearing at the hatchway, gasping for breath.

“Where *have you* been, Mr. Jemmy?”

“Oh, sir, merely stepped down to see the sow litter. Pretty little things! *Main-top sail haul*. Curious fact, that, sir, in natural history; twenty-five young ones! *Fore-tack—head bow lines haul well taut*—prettier pigs, sir, never saw in my life—there’s one spotted exactly like my fifth spaniel Flora.—*Of all haul!* there **my** boys, jump about, jump about, coil down your ropes; **no**, never mind, go about again presently.”

“Mad, positively mad!” said Captain Barrard, shrugging

* In nearly all sultry climates the sea-breeze sets in about noon, and from being such a preservative of health, is called “the doctor.”

up his shoulders, and returning to renew his conversation. But here he was disappointed. Whether it had proved uninteresting, or whether she had seen the anxious glances directed towards her, I know not; but while the captain was looking for his proxy, Letitia had found her way into the admiral's cabin, whither the captain could not follow till the watch was called.

"Captain Barrard, is not that a curious fact?" said Jemmy, taking in his hand the frill of the captain's shirt to arrest his attention.

"What, sir?"

"No less than twenty-five pigs."

"Oh, devil take the pigs! You've spoilt the most interesting *tête à tête* that chance has thrown in my way for the last twelve months;" and so saying he wrested himself from the first-lieutenant's grasp at the expense of his frill.

"*Bête!*" muttered Jemmy; "fine bit of cambric too," looking at the fragment in his hand. "He never read White's Selborne; Shakspeare only mentions 'nine farrow of that sow.' No less than twenty-five!—quite an incident—put it in my play," pulling forth the MS.

"Time to put the ship about again, Mr. Jemmy," roared the master, who had no love of literature.

"Eh, eh, what say—what say?" inquired the startled lieutenant, dropping the precious bantling of his dramatic genius, which, being caught by an eddy of wind, fluttered and flitted along the deck.

"Stop there, stop," cried the trembling parent, in his hurry, putting his foot through a pane in the quarter-deck skylight, and falling; when his attention being directed towards himself, a midshipman, whom he had punished the day before, gave the MS. a kick, under pretence of saving it, and hastened its departure through one of the gun-ports into the sea. Mounting on a carronade, and wringing his hands, as he gazed after it, he exclaimed, "*First Consul's overboard!*"

"*Who?*" cried the admiral in affright.

"That sublime tragedy of mine, the First Consul, the ——"

"Is that all?" returned his superior, laughing; "the

old fable again ; the original went to the dogs, the shadow belongs to the fishes—an equal distribution.”

“ Mr. Jemmy, if you don’t put the ship about, I must,” said the master, recalling the author’s ideas ; who, heaving a sigh at the fate of his play, and bethinking he had a rough copy in which he might bring forward the incident of the pigs, proceeded once more to work the ship.

The next day we dined with the admiral and other officers in his cabin, where the governor did not fail to do every justice to the wine before him. Bumper after bumper went down ; till his sweet dialect began to assume a hesitating accent, and his eyes, together with his person, to roll about in a most unsoldier-like manner. Some did not scruple to affirm that he was not sober—nay, more, that he was perfectly—drunk. But a man in his station ! and before ladies. It must not be believed. Having fallen from his chair, his friend Rat dutifully put him to bed, where, reader, you and I must take our leave of him.

Within two days, his Majesty’s ship Vengeance was again riding at anchor in the lovely Bay of Naples. When we left Malta, it had been settled between the admiral and Captain Sawyer, that the latter should be ready to proceed with the squadron to Algiers upon our return to Malta, which was to take place in ten days. We had, therefore, four days to enjoy ourselves at Naples. Lady Carleton had caused a small villa to be engaged for her, most romantically situated, two miles from the city, and commanding a beautiful view of the sea. She therefore took immediate possession of it, giving us an invitation to stay with her, while the Vengeance remained in the Bay.

CHAPTER XIV.

I love her with a chaste and noble fire ; my intents are
Fair as her brow. Tell her I dare proclaim it
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar.

SHIRLEY.

UNDER any other circumstances than the present, the fact of being so near Letitia, unfettered by the hundred eyes

that surround all things and people on board a ship, would have proved to me a source of the greatest happiness; but now it was far otherwise.

Conscious that she was already the object of my friend's affection, I endeavoured, by taking up Lady Carleton's attention to avoid her; but though my outward actions were obedient, my ears seemed involuntarily to collect whatever she uttered; and however I directed my sight, her motions were still visible.

"How blind I must have been," I repeated to myself, "never to have perceived her attachment to D'Aquilar! The ease she feels in his society, the confusion in mine—her every action seems to say, 'I love another.' And why not? Envious heart—sink your burning, throbbing pulse. Vanity alone made it appear in another point of view; if you love her as deeply as you deem, the happiness she enjoys with D'Aquilar may yet administer a balm to the wounds of disappointed affection."

Vainly thinking that I might teach my spirit this philosophy, against which every feeling rebelled, I found myself at Letitia's side, taking a farewell walk round the lovely gardens of their villa the night before the Vengeance was about to sail. D'Aquilar and Lady Carleton, much to my surprise, were walking on before.

"This," said Letitia, at length speaking, as she paused on a hanging terrace that overlooked the sea, "shall be my favourite spot; and that delightful arbour, clustering with sweets, I shall have fitted up to read, and pass the morning in."

"Certainly," I replied, "this is a spot almost worthy of the goddess that is to haunt it; but why this terrace in particular?"

"Because this terrace affords the best view of the sea."

"Are you then so fond of the sea?"

"Is it not your—I mean is it not the element of my friends? And when from hence I behold the sky reddening in the sun's retiring rays, as it is now, will it not be the connecting link to present them in imagination, though reality may have placed them far away; and then think how rapturous is the idea, that they are gazing on the same object with the same feelings?"

“True, with the conviction that the remembrance is reciprocal, it must be one of great pleasure, but ——”

I paused, and my inward monitor told me that I could have no share in such participation of thought.

My voice died into a convulsive whisper ; I felt the tears coursing over my cheeks, while my sensations were those of one about to be choked. It was in vain I struggled to quell the rising storm ; I knew by experience it was useless. All those who have high spirits, know the sudden unaccountable depressions they are liable to. At this moment the sense of my utter loneliness seemed to bear me down ; and if all the world had been proffered to me to repress my tears, I could not have won the offer.

Frightened at what she beheld, Letitia placed her hand on mine, and in a voice scarcely distinguishable asked if I were ill. At this question, so softly—gently—put, I raised my eyes to hers,—was it the dim starlight that deceived me, or did a tear The grief of years were worth bearing, for the bliss of that moment. Frantically clasping her in my arms, I pressed my lips to hers in one long kiss of youth, of innocence, of love ; and while my feelings mutely upbraided me with this unpremeditated treason to D’Aquilar, I tore myself from her presence, and fled as if the greatest terror in life were pursuing me.

As soon as I imagined the marks of my emotion had passed away, I ventured into the room, where a slight collation was spread, previous to our returning on board, which we were to do that night. Letitia’s look was calm, but deeply tinged with melancholy ; little was said, and the moment for a final parting soon arrived. Not a syllable was uttered, our fingers but barely met for a few seconds, and were then withdrawn. But the thrill of that touch endured for years.

“Cavendish,” said D’Aquilar, “you appear monstrously sad. What makes you so low-spirited ? One would imagine that you were the lover and I the friend.”

“What ! I in love ?—faith, not quite so foolish yet ! I look upon it as the greatest act of madness of which a man can be guilty. That is the only time when, despite of himself, a man is not a man !”

“Right. Nature then, and then only, partakes of im-

mortality. But I hate an argument ; I have something far more interesting to think of. I have spoken to Lady Carleton on the subject of marriage with Letitia, and she has given her consent."

"Has she?"

I could say no more. Yet had I not looked for this?—did I not expect it? Then, why should the intelligence affect me? Yet, alas! however we may prepare ourselves for the wreck of each argosie, beggary is not the less bitter on its arrival because fear had heralded its approach before.

"Have you," I resumed, "spoken to Letitia?"

"No; I did not wish to press the subject so far just at present. Besides, I had no opportunity; and it is a thing of minor importance. I think at her age there is little danger of predisposed affections. But you appear very much hipped, Cavendish, and that is unusual with you. We need not hurry on board directly. What sign is this?—'Leon D'Oro.' Ha!—good. Cavendish, I cannot go another step without some wine; joy has maddened me rather; but drinking always calms any agitating sentiment: so enter."

At the billiard-table we met several of the officers, who informed us that the Vengeance would not sail until the morning.

"Something gained, Cavendish, by our coming here. But, prithee, leave this room; my heart flutters too much for my hand to play. Hey, there, Beppo! show us into some private apartment, and set three bottles of Montefiasconi on the table. Now, glad heart, rejoice!—send melancholy to the dogs! I start not hence till every drop of that wine is drained. Boy, take away those paltry glasses! Tumblers—tumblers, to drink such wine as this!"

Two or three were soon emptied, and their effects began to be visible.

"Well, Cavendish, I feel my blood getting up; no ship for me to night! What shall we do? Why did you leave the Carletons so soon? Suppose we return?"

"In mercy, no, D'Aquilar; one parting is too much to be pleasant."

"Ah! true. Well, drink—drink!" compelling me to swallow a second tumbler-full.

“There,” I said, “no more for me.”

“As you please ; but I tell thee, Manvers, that care is, like Clarence of old, solely fit to be drowned in wine—*ecce signum!* May the truest pleasure ever be linked to the greatest danger, and men may then be heroes ! What is the true spring of greatness ? a mere game of hazard ! What made Cæsar master of the world ?—Napoleon its emperor ?—Alexander its bully ? Washington its admiration ?—and W—— its scorn ? What made —— ?”

“Peace, Mercutio, peace !—thou talkest of nothing ! What made D’Aquilar half drunk ?—Montefiasconi.”

“Drunk !—drunk ! I am not, Sir Squire. But to the point. What shall we do ! Ha ! yonder is an old guitar—*il vien in mente*—nothing can be more appropriate now than a serenade to Letitia.”

“Oh ! folly, D’Aquilar.”

“Talk not to me of folly. Ho ! there, Beppo—another guitar !”

Nothing less would suffice ; and, being half masked and fully cloaked, we set off once more towards her ladyship’s villa.

We had barely approached within sight of Letitia’s window, when our ears caught the last expiring echoes from the voice and instrument of one who appeared to have anticipated us in our designs. On hearing our advance, the stranger’s cloak was hastily flung around him, and he darted aside. D’Aquilar instantly gave chase ; but the elusion was complete. Although rather chagrined, he attributed the affair to the native gallantry of the Italians ; and, advancing under the window, we commenced singing an air, for which D’Aquilar had hastily composed some words, like the following :—

SERENADE

Sweet be the sleep that visits those soft eyes,
And fairest forms of bliss around thee rise,
While seraphs bright as thou thyself art fair
Crown thy elysium with celestial care ;
O’er thy warm pillow, Love his vigils hold,
And whisper all devotion never told ;
And morn and even from the distant sea,
Echo our ceaseless orisons for thee

The moon was in full splendour ; and, as the veranda

surmounting Letitia's window did not wholly exclude its rays, I observed, towards the end of our song, one of the lattices silently pushed open, while the glittering arm and faintly distinguished face told me it was herself. I heard, at the same time, a slight rustle in the shrubbery behind; but the only object on earth for which I had any attention absorbed my every thought: and, anxious to hear if she would make any reply to our gallant effusion, and, if possible, to take one longing, lingering look at the reality of that dear picture, whose semblance was too faithfully imprinted on every recollection of my soul, I turned not to see what might be the occasion of such an immaterial event.

I had not long to wait. A movement in her position threw the moonlight on her features; while, in a voice, whose echo has never left me, she sang the following

ANSWER.

* * *

Vain is the pray'r that slumber should impart,
 Her charmed balm when grief awakes the heart!
 Love plants the pillow round with thorny care,
 And dearly won each rose that blossoms there!
 The wayward soul still wanders where the prize
 Is least esteemed, and where most sought denies.
 Where most secure still most oppressed with fears,
 And prone to welcome even joy with tears.
 Born amid doubt and nurtur'd upon sighs,
 Dispel the danger and the struggler dies!

Had those sounds indeed ceased? Would they not be repeated? I stood entranced; and gazing on those exquisite features, where every language spoke, though all was silence, I saw or thought I saw, one liquid pearl slowly trickle down that cheek, and glisten in the moon's ray. I fancied I saw it dropping towards the earth, and, jealous even of the ground it would have moistened, I sprang forward.

—The scene around me was forgotten. I only heard the sound of her guitar as it fell on the floor of her room, I only saw her hand move, as if to waft an adieu—beheld her lattice close—then felt myself alone. Too soon came back the horrid reflection that this was not to me. Alas! it was given to another.

“D'Aquilar, let us be gone,” said I, turning round; but

he was already absent. "Most strange! It is evident, from the tenor of Letitia's song, that she mistook me for him, or——." Time was not allowed me for following up the thoughts which suggested themselves, when I heard a struggle, and voices behind me. Hastening to the spot, I beheld D'Aquilar contending with some person who was masked. The fragments of two guitars were scattered on the ground; and, seeing that such was the order of the day, or rather of the night, I shivered my instrument on the head of the stranger, who seemed to have the odds of the conflict in his favour, and "fell to with a will." In a few minutes he was prostrated on the ground, and I was about to tear the mask from his face, when, for the first time, he condescended to speak.

"Gentlemen, forbear: if you persist in unmasking me, you know that this affair must end in bloodshed, besides being made public. It originated in folly on both sides. If you coincide with me, here it shall rest. Release me,—I will wish you good evening, and forget the past."

"By St. Patrick, my pigeon, just as you please," said D'Aquilar. "It appears you have more honesty than I granted you credit for."

"Is it decided, then?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied D'Aquilar; and having seen the gentleman once more regain his legs, we bowed, and separated with the greatest cordiality.

As soon as the broken guitars were disposed of, I ventured to ask for an explanation. It was this:—At the close of our song, D'Aquilar had observed the figure of a man lurking among the shrubs; and taking him to be the individual whom we had interrupted, he again pursued him with more success. A skirmish ensued, as the reader knows.

"Did you not hear Letitia's song?" I asked.

"Song! song!—did she sing?"

"Yes."

"Confound that fellow! Had I known my loss he should not have departed so easily. Let us turn back and ask her to sing it again."

"That is very much like you, D'Aquilar; but it does not suit me. It would alarm her mother directly."

Here D'Aquilar bestowed a few anathemas on the head

he had failed to break, and then demanded if I could not repeat the words.

This I expressed myself unable to do, and D'Aquilar having censured my stupidity, found consolation in the belief that he had adorned one of his antagonist's eyes with mourning. Early next day we reluctantly paid the boatman who rowed us from a shore we had no wish to leave.

"Linton, what makes you look so aristocratically sour?" inquired a midshipman, at dinner, of his messmate, the Honourable Lawrence Linton, who had every appearance of being much chagrined.

"Sour! I hardly know if my dignity will ever recover itself again. What, in the name of mercy, do you think they did to me last night?—I'll tell you. I went to the Opera, and seeing a very pretty girl, a few boxes off, of course I wished to know who she was; and not perceiving at the moment any of my acquaintance, I ventured to question a man sitting in the same box with me, a well-dressed fellow, whose only point of vulgarity was his voice. In reply, he said something about father and mother, and dropped a hint of giving me an introduction. He then began a long discussion on Italian music, showed some taste, and considerable folly. The last I pardoned, first, as being occupied with my glass and the lady; secondly, on account of his promised introduction. After being bored with his criticisms on every man who had ever composed a bar of music, from a ballad to an opera, the curtain dropped. Enraged that his offer of introduction had never been fulfilled, I was hastening to see where the woman might be set down, when this count made me a low bow, and asked in the most polished terms for my company at supper. Devil take the fellow! Now I think of it, he was much too humble for a gentleman. Well, I of course imagining that a man of his critical acumen would know how to arrange affairs conveniently, and hoping that some romantic incident was forthcoming, namely, that the lady was his niece or daughter, and that he was going to surprise me with her appearance at supper, consented to let fancy supply the place of common sense, and allow my august self to take a place at his supper table. His carriage was called: we

were driven home : an excellent turn-out, it is true, awaited us, and better wine I have seldom tasted. But fancy my annoyance at finding no soul there, except ourselves.

“ It was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from denouncing the fellow in a torrent of abuse. Short was my stay after proving my mistake ; and on pressing him further respecting the lady, he put a card into my hand, requesting I would come on the morrow, when he would take me to call on her. Forgetting we were to sail to-day, I for a moment relaxed ; nay, was on the point of giving him my card in return ; but I did not think him worth the trouble, and his carriage set me down at my hotel. On going to bed I examined the card, ‘ Mr. —, at Mr. —’s.’ I rang the bell :

“ ‘ Waiter, who is Mr. — ?’ naming the latter gentleman.

“ ‘ The English resident here, sir.’

“ ‘ Do you know if there is a gentleman residing with him named — ?’ mentioning the supper-giver.

“ ‘ Oh, sir, that’s his *butler* !’

“ ‘ Who ?’ I exclaimed, starting back several paces.

“ ‘ His butler, sir.’

“ ‘ What ! why—impossible !—you mistake.’

“ ‘ O no, no mistake, I assure you, sir. Mr. — is the envoy’s butler : I know him very well.’

“ Now fancy, what a pleasant reflection, to have supped with a butler ! How my cheek burns !—Boy, bring me a bottle of Eau de Cologne to sprinkle on my face ; and send the prettiest woman you can find to fan away its spirit with ambrosial breath.”

“ Very well, massa,” said the black steward, half comprehending what was meant, and taking all things in their literal sense : “ Boy, you do tell serjeant marine wife come here.”

“ Do you want me, sir ?” said the latter ; a tall, gaunt woman, upwards of six feet, the terror of her husband’s mess, appearing before Linton.

“ Want you, my good woman ? Who told you so ? Where am I ?” shivering at the sight of her. Then starting up, “ On board ? What an unromantic place a ship is ! Who said I wanted you ?”

“The steward, sir.”

“Did he? the scoundrel!” and jumping across the table, he seized the negro’s curly pate, and having kicked the poor fellow twice round the gun-room, sat down exhausted, calling—not for Eau de Cologne, but a glass of grog.

So much for a midshipman’s mess. Bedlam has nothing to equal it.

In an hour, the members of the upper house having arrived on board, we weighed and made sail. D’Aquilar and myself both remarked that one of the lieutenants wore a suspicious circlet around his eye, and subsequent observation confirmed us in the belief that he was the stranger of last night’s rencontre.

On our arrival at Malta, we found the Niobe and the rest of the squadron quite prepared for the expedition against Algiers.

CHAPTER XV.

And sell you, mixed with western sentimentalism,
Some finest samples of the orientalism.

BEPPLO.

I HAD originally intended, reader, when taking thee with me to Algiers, to have shown thee how valiantly we of the Niobe cut out a vessel at Bona, for which our first-lieutenant, Michael Queer, was promoted to the rank of commander—to have explained to thee how scientifically Captain Sawyer invented a method of making ships bomb-proof with bags of biscuit, &c.—how the admiral, delighted with the skill and talent shown in the said invention, ordered the rest of the squadron to be secured in the same manner—how we were despatched to get fresh provisions for the blockaders—and how, having taken on board more than twenty bullocks, we met with a gale of wind, and were rendered thereby so ravenous, that by the time we reached the squadron again, only one calf was left, which said animal was devoured at the admiral’s table—how the sailors were pleased at the captain’s preference of them to the rest of the ships—and how, finally, we engaged and captured an Algerine corvette; but how we got the prize-money for

her, I *cannot* tell thee, because I never received a sous.—I might, I say, tell thee all the above, but will not, inasmuch as thou mayest find the fighting part of it (so I am told) in “Marshall’s Naval Biography;” aught beside is not worth the trouble of writing or reading.

We will therefore suppose that all the preliminaries of blockading and threatening, negociating and pacifying, are over; that the admiral has obtained what he wanted, and the midshipmen leave to go ashore, amongst which number behold D’Aquilar and myself. If thou wilt condescend to accompany us, we will take a glance at this far-famed nest of pirates.

Built on an eminence gradually rising from the sea, the town forms a crescent, whose concave side, filled by the water, makes a basin or harbour. The forts around are strong by nature, and rendered almost impregnable by art, French engineers having been employed to strengthen those places which Lord Exmouth’s expedition proved to be weak. The subject has, however, been descanted on too much and too well already by former writers, to require my saying any thing further on it here; and a very fair notion as to the capability of its defence may be formed from the fact, that on the spot where Lord Exmouth’s flag-ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, formerly anchored, one thousand guns can now be brought to bear.

Algiers has long been celebrated for producing the otto both of rose and jasmine. Each individual therefore took scrip in hand, and an empty pocket, to procure some of these commodities, together with many others.

Here, as in all Ottoman ports of commerce, are to be found natives of every country under the sun; but here, fancy delights to trace the villain in almost every countenance it meets, calling up, to match the look of ferocity in their Arab features, the never-ending stories of their blood-thirsty cruelty and oppression; while from the wary twinkle of an occasional European eye, imagination gathers that the owner’s pockets are well lined with gold, the proceeds of his trade in human beings. Much curiosity was of course evinced at seeing us, and the throng crowded round to stare in a most gratifying manner.

Disengaging ourselves from the mass of people as quickly

as possible, we wandered on, looking in every direction—"for what?" you ask, reader,—“for pretty female faces,” I reply. As far as my knowledge of the sea goes—these form the primary object of a sailor the moment he has gained *terra firma*. Duty afloat, but love on shore.

After turnings and windings innumerable, we arrived at a low dilapidated wall, enclosing an orange-garden. It was situated on the brow of the hill overlooking the town. Life seemed scarcely to belong to the scene, so deserted was its appearance. The day was extremely hot; and after toiling through the streets under the influence of a burning sun, the fresh and tempting sight of the oranges and pomegranates offered temptations to the spirit which the flesh could not withstand.

“If I remain on the outside of such an Eden, when I can gain the inside by climbing, I’m no midshipman,” said D’Aquilar, vaulting on the wall.

“I think you had better not attempt it,” I replied. “Remember these gentry have ‘a sharp knife and a clear conscience,’ as we say, or rather a silent one.” And I immediately followed his example.

“Manvers Cavendish, I tell thee this; I feel thirstily inclined; and as oranges are to be had for picking them, have them I will—if fate permits it.”

No sooner did D’Aquilar talk of fate, than I was convinced nothing remained but to yield to him; your fatalists are never to be convinced by any argument; since death and danger—those potent ones with other minds—are lost upon them.

We entered. Blame us not, fair reader. Recollect that your own dear mother, Eve, once plucked an apple with less thirst to urge her. But we entered, pulled a quantity of fruit, more than we could possibly want, and sat down under the shade of a tree, conjecturing to whom this deserted spot might belong.

“Oh, Campbell! oh, Cupid!

Oh! love in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine.

Hark!” exclaimed D’Aquilar, breaking off from his rhapsody, “surely those were voices?”

“ Yes, decidedly,” I replied ; “ and they are approaching this way. Keep silence.”

We did so, and heard the light, voluble warbling of an Italian songstress, that carolled forth “ albeit with untaught melody.” In an instant our glances met, as much as to say, “ There is a chance for us.”

The song ceased, and we heard another voice in conversation. The first was a clear contralto ; but I will not be certain as to the exact compass. The second a rich soprano. She also spoke in Italian ; and, though a female, it grieves me to say but badly ; she had a foreign accent. Soon the speakers turned, stood still, and commenced talking of the bay and of the English shipping, while the former corrected the latter in her pronunciation, proving the two to be an instructress and pupil.

Their backs were towards us ; and instead of having to describe here two glowing figures (which nevertheless they did possess), I am under the cruel necessity of saying, that all shape was murdered by that hideous mussulman dress (heaven knows what *they* call it, *I* should call it a shroud,) which is a kind of half-begotten black silk cloak, without even that little band and the few plaits behind, which, securing it to the waist, give a delicious hint to him who follows, what beauties it may envelope. Nothing but hints should be given. Imagination more than fills up what is wanting, and this principle pursued, makes the poetry of life.

But to proceed :—these two hamadryads remained talking and laughing in all merriment of heart, while we continued silent. Such a silence might have done honour to a cabinet minister’s dinner, or,—two fellows shooting at wild geese.

“ Angels of grace !” exclaimed D’Aquilar, unable any longer to contain himself. The strangers started—uttered an exclamation of surprise ; and the Italian remained stationary, while the other fled a few steps. “ Never fear,” said the former ; “ these are only some of the English officers ;” and she laughingly beckoned her companion to approach.

Timorous as a young deer, the fugitive came nearer by degrees, and hung on the Italian’s arm as if for shelter.

The face of the fair Tuscan was oval, dark, and looked most wickedly intent on wounding hearts ; her expression was one continued joyous laugh ; that of her companion was very tender, her large blue eyes appeared almost like some fair bubble, which the lightest touch would destroy.

To the latter, I immediately gave the preference ; but there was too great a share of coyness in her disposition. In other respects she was the very being that my heart would have chosen for a lasting passion. But dumb beauties are not suited for a passing acquaintance ; they always hide their faces and turn away their heads ; and when people will not converse, you have no excuse for staring them out of countenance.

Far differently constituted was the Tuscan ; she at any rate had not lately emerged from a cloister, as appeared from her story.

She had arrived at Leghorn about a year since, to reside with her uncle, a rich merchant, who had become a disciple of Mahomet. Her fair friend was a Georgian, one of his numerous slaves. After some desultory chit-chat, the Tuscan invited us to enter her house.

“Do you intend to introduce us to your renegade uncle ?” I asked.

“He, poor man, is in the town counting his paras. Little does he dream that his favourite slave and niece are in such close contact with so much youth.”

We had now reached a part of the garden in high cultivation, and in a few minutes stood before a habitation whose windows communicated with the terrace before it, having an appearance half oriental, half Italian. The window stood open ; we entered. Two square ottomans formed the greater part of the furniture. The room was long, high, and vaulted ; the walls were tapestried with the most costly hangings ; on the ground were two hookahs, whose expiring ashes flung to the gentle breath of heaven a soft enervating odour ; and beside them stood a large bottle, richly mounted in gold, containing the otto of jasmine. The sun's rays were forbidden to luxuriate in such a paradise, saving one little patch given up to his dominion, which seemed to have been purposely permitted to delight the young and tame gazelle, that lay basking in its warmth. The creature half opened

its sleepy eye, as we entered, then closed it in security that nought of evil could approach while two such guardians were at hand.

“How I could enjoy the lot of that animal,” I remarked in raptures, “and pass my days in such a dear captivity!”

“You like our bower, then?”

“Like it! the place breathes a thousand spells of enchantment; I could wish never to depart from it, provided you would shut the doors on the rest of mankind.”

“Ha! I see you are romantic. I love you for that; but I could remind you of a change even more suited to your taste than living with our gazelle. What say you to the captive knight, Rinaldo, in Tasso’s *Gierusalemme*?”

“True! that would be exquisite. Female imagination, I see, can improve on the most refined idea of luxury.”

“Without doubt,” she replied, setting before us some raisin sherbet, a most truly poetical beverage, notwithstanding the old mate’s abuse of this divine liquid, for not possessing “the devil a drop of rum in it.”

How lamentable it is to be cursed with a taste for exploring—at unseasonable times!—D’Aquilar could not remain quietly to enjoy “the feast of love and flow of soul,” but he must needs examine the numerous rooms which led from the one where we were sitting. At length we all rose and commenced our survey of oriental furnishing. We had not proceeded far, when the attention of our fair guide was arrested by the hoarse sound of a man’s voice, which broke the slumbering silence in a most unpleasant manner. Saints were called in abundance. I saw none of them forthcoming; but beheld D’Aquilar and myself unceremoniously pushed into what appeared to be a dressing-closet, and, what was still worse, we heard our fair conductress lock the door and take away the key.

“What if those women should be faithless!” said D’Aquilar.

“Then we shall be headless,” I replied.

At this moment we distinguished the heavy, stumpy footstep of some man in the room we had quitted: and the sound conveyed the very abstract idea of a little, short, bearded, savage, Othello-looking Turk. He addressed the fair sinners we had left; and in a few minutes words rose

high ; a protesting tone of voice and some sobbing followed ; steps succeeded, and the whole died away.

“ It’s a lost game with us, depend on it ; but never heed,” said I, “ faint heart ne’er won a fair lady. At any rate, the women have not betrayed us, dear souls. We have our swords still, and our cocked hats must serve us as helmets. Nothing is left in the room to discover us, if we are not known already.”

It was now time to look about us for some mode of escape. The light was admitted by a narrow gothic slit, six feet from the ground, and so small that you could barely thrust an arm through, even if it were to be reached. By the dim glare which this admitted, we perceived a crucifix and altar on a small scale, some wax tapers, and several saints in effigy. This was evidently a chapel for the devotions of the good man’s niece ; however, we did not imagine its sanctity would save her present deities from the profanation of being bow-strung ! We looked round once more. In addition to the door by which we had entered, was another, chiefly of glass, and covered with a curtain. We peeped through. No one was in the room beyond ; with a beating heart I tried the lock, but it was secured on the outside.

“ Now, D’Aquilar,” said I, “ we are lost indeed !”

“ Fate !” said he, and began to whistle.

“ Hush ! here is some one coming !” When peering cautiously on either side of the blind, we beheld two tawney-looking rascals enter the room, their arms loaded with several articles which they placed upon a marble slab. The first thing which caught my eye was the glitter of several yataghans, which one of them proceeded to sharpen. The other also had his employment ; for, having set down a large basin of water, and two golden cups, he drew from his vest a little gallipot and kind of mortar and pestle. The gallipot seemed to contain some light-green extract.

Taking some of this out on the point of a flat silver instrument, he proceeded to rub it in the mortar with some water, and then filled each of the golden cups with this liquid. This being finished, the gallipot was carefully covered and replaced in his bosom.

“ That, I suppose, is for us,” said D’Aquilar laughing.

“Yes,” I replied, “they intend us a draught of laurel-water.”

As I mentioned the last words, D’Aquilar’s colour faded. “Are you ill?” said I.

“No; but are you sure that is laurel-water?”

“I suppose so. This is the oriental custom in such cases.”

Scarcely had the menials departed, when the fair Italian entered, bearing two similar goblets, with a light-coloured fluid in them. Advancing quickly to our door, she tapped, and seeing us, said, “Your only chance of safety is in pretending to be poisoned; swallow the contents of these cups, and fall down as if in a fit.” She then quickly put the vesseis she had brought in the place of those the slave had mixed so carefully; removed the latter, and noiselessly glided away.

D’Aquilar and myself had no time to exchange a syllable, when we recognised the sound of angry voices approaching, high over which might be distinguished the one that had interrupted our pristine state of felicity. “They must be here,” it said in Italian; “are you sure that guards are placed at all the doors?” “Quite,” some one answered. “And is that fellow certain he saw them enter?” “Yes, positive.” “Then search,—first open that door.”

In obedience to this command, some one tried the door of our sanctuary, and reported it was locked. “Go round to the other,” was the order. That was locked also. D’Aquilar and myself now consulted in whispers, as to our ultimate course, and whether we should defend ourselves or not. “It all turns upon this,” said I,—“shall we put faith in that Italian girl or not? If not, defend, I say, to the last. But if you *do* put faith in her, why follow her direction! I think both are too beautiful to have much deceit in them. Besides, what end will they gain by it? They are not vampires; and even granting that they have deceived, ’tis better to perish by the hand of a lovely woman, than to be hacked to atoms by bearded men.”

“Very true, Manvers,” returned he in a whisper; “fate, the sex, and the laurel-leaf.”

At this critical point, crash went the glass-door, and a shout from those who were looking in announced that we

were discovered. In a second more, with our arms heroically folded on our breasts, we stood before a posse of

Old fellows

All looking most preposterously jealous.

The head man among them was the very being I had imagined—short, tough, choleric, and bilious.

After eyeing us for some minutes, as if enraged that we did not crumble into dust before his glance, he thundered forth, in Italian, “Which do you choose—to have your tongues cut out, or to swallow poison?”

Heaven knows it was no time for joking; but there are seasons when I cannot control myself. Making him a polite bow, therefore, with imperturbable mock gravity, I replied, “Neither, I thank you, sir.”

Grinding his teeth, he turned to the mutes near him,—“The knife, the knife!”

“Stay, most polite of men,” said I, interrupting him; “since you are so pressing, this said cutting is but dirty work. To die drinking is more ship-shape of the two, and so, the bowl, good sir.”

For a moment I was fearful he would not allow us the consolation of being poisoned. Putting on therefore a more serious look, “If you are determined to act in such an unchristian way, I pray——”

“Pray not to me. Are the treasures of my heart to be rifled with impunity, and I not take my vengeance? No more—drink, drink! or a worse lot——”

The hint was sufficient. D’Aquilar seized the cup; I did the same, saying to the renegade as I raised it, “Here’s to your very good health.”

“Now,” thought I, “my sleep may only be awakened in eternity; but if that woman is false—she was very fair; and after all, there may be more joy in thus dying for her, than for George the Fourth; the latter affording nought beside a gash in the throat, and your name in the papers. Well, then of course I am the gainer,—my throat is too good for cutting. Oh, Joseph Hume, I wish thou wert here, to put this down in numbers, though I am positive it’s clear profit; what a comfort it is to keep your accounts well!”

Having thus hastily summed up the balance-sheet, I raised my eyes to take a farewell glance at old D’Aquilar. He too

seemed merrily inclined, and as I was about to drink, exclaimed in strong Irish accent, "Muscha, bad manners to ye! won't you give us a toast at parting?—sure, here's better luck still."

I could scarcely retain my risible faculties, when I observed the old fellow drawing his yataghan. "Drink!" I exclaimed to D'Aquilar; and tossing off the contents of my chalice, (which were slightly bitter, and tasted of almonds,) I merely bethought myself, as the liquid glided down my throat, of Theodosius Boughton, who was stated on the trial to have foamed at the mouth; of course I did the same; and after dashing the vessel on the floor with all my force, to batter the renegade's plate, for spite, I prostrated my corporeal form in my best theatrical style.

Unfortunately D'Aquilar had followed my movements so closely, that his head came into the most unmerciful contact with mine. The stunning sensation produced by this, made me conclude for some moments that I actually was departing into the world of spirits.

Having given some directions to his creatures, they retired, leaving us *in statu quo*, while our jealous tyrant paced up and down in as much agitation as if we had been the first of the human species that he had ever tried to murder. After a repose of ten minutes, we were again surrounded by the slaves, whom the master of the ceremonies had sent away.

"Heaven forfend!" thought I, "if they are going to mutilate our remains, it's not I who will remain to be mutilated. They have yet left me my sword;" and keeping my eyelids sufficiently open to observe what was going on, to my horror, I beheld a man, apparently a sail-maker, who dragged along some old canvass, and held in his hand the implements for sewing us up. I never dreamt of coming to this, at any rate, and I called to mind the last marine we had buried at sea in his hammock.

"What shall we do with their hats and swords?" asked one in Italian, who seemed to have charge of the others.

"Let them all go together; they will sink the quicker," answered the old renegade, leaving the room. D'Aquilar pressed his head against mine; when they rudely seized each of us by a limb, in order to make better stowage, and

while we were afraid almost to draw our breath, they were jabbering in Arabic. They then laid us most lovingly head and tail.

At this moment, in came old Stumpy the renegade, when, his slaves having rolled us up in a lubberly manner, I was rejoiced to find that I could breathe; and instead of the English custom of putting one stitch through the nose of the person enclosed, they contented themselves with razing the cuticle of my arm by a couple; this was something gained, and I was thankful.

We were now in a fair way for eternity; when the second in command asked his superior if we should take the bath at once. Never in my life do I hope to feel again what those few intervening seconds revealed! The pulsations of my heart were stilled!

“No,” replied the renegade, after a torturing pause. “Place them in the shade of the western terrace till after sun-set; and then—the fish may have their feast!”

I then felt myself elevated on some shoulders, and borne along at a rate which lexicographer Johnson would not have envied. After a few whirls, turns and descendings, we were plumped down on a piece of sward in the most barbarous manner, and left to our ruminations. For half an hour we dared not speak; but that time having elapsed, though to me it seemed a week, I ventured to inquire of D’Aquilar whether he were dead or alive.

“A little of both,” he answered; “and neither *in toto*; what’s to be done?”

“Why, get out, to be sure.”

“Ay, but how?”

“A knife used to laugh at canvass; have you one of those articles?”

“Yes, in my waistcoat pocket; but to get at it is impossible; so we must lie here and take the chances, unless we choose to set off rolling, and see where we shall stop.

“No, thank you,” I replied; “we may manage better than that. Is your hand any where near the point of my sword?”

“Yes.”

“Very good; the ferule is loose; do you pull it off; and, as the handle is within my reach, I must manage to

poke the bare point through the canvass, and work some sort of an outlet. Great affairs have small beginnings."

Having, after twenty minutes' hard work, made a sufficient outlet to allow D'Aquilar's arm to move, he produced his penknife, and in a quarter of an hour we were enabled to leave our confined lodgings, without deigning to serve on the landlord a notice to quit. But to make up for this want of legality, we gave a practical illustration of "habeas corpus."

The sun's red orb was only a few degrees above the horizon, when we beheld the scene we had so nearly quitted.

"Come, Cavendish, look sharp. Tasso's Rinaldo left his thrall with less cause than ourselves."

"Will you not wait a little, D'Aquilar, to see if she comes back to us? I should like to know whether she is false or true."

"Now, man, this is carrying your gallantry too far; but by heaven you shall wait by yourself. What if she did come? She would only wish you to run off with her, and that is impossible; a midshipman's berth is not well adapted for the accommodation of a lady.—As I live, here comes the old renegade."

"Devil! let us slice him," said I, drawing my toasting-fork in no slight fury.

"So we will," echoed D'Aquilar, following my example, and both making towards him. This was a slight mistake of ours. Though betraying every mark of surprise, he was unwilling to be so summarily dealt with, and clapping his hands, was instantly surrounded by a set of ruffians.

Flight, not fight, was now the order of the day. Leg-bail, which is a mid's most frequent and surest recognizance, was now alone advisable. We rushed through the orangery, with all the speed of boys who ran for life.

"Starboard your helm, D'Aquilar; yonder is the sea, all right," I cried, piloting my messmate ahead, while a rough grasp was laid on my collar; it was that of a swarthy, unarmed Nubian. The only tongue he could understand was a hard one; but there was no alternative. A tanned hide is but a poor coat of mail; one simple thrust settled the question. The next moment we had leaped the old wall,

and pursuit was over, the pursuers having gathered round the wounded man.

Sheathing our weapons, we hurried along. "Now, D'Aquilar, if I could be sure of getting clear again, I wouldn't care how soon this lark was repeated, except that poor devil whom I was obliged to acupuncture. I hope the women, dear creatures, will get off as easily as ourselves."

"So do I. Now this is what I call a regular bit of fun; better to be in mischief, you know, than doing nothing." We stepped into a boat, and were soon on board.

Seldom have I felt the joys of security so strongly as I did during that night's middle watch, while gazing on the flood that had so nearly entombed us. Silence in all matters of the heart is my invariable rule. You, reader, are the first person to whom this scape-grace story has been divulged. Mention it not on any account, or my character for prudence will be lost for ever.

Thus ended, with me, the expedition to Algiers: in a few days we returned once more to Malta.

CHAPTER XVI.

Oh, Rome! my country, city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires!

* * * * *

The Niobe of nations, there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless wo;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago.

CHILDE HAROLD.

At a date of some six months from the events recorded in the last chapter, I awoke one morning and found myself in Rome. Rome! what sensations does thy name and story awaken within the human heart!

When the hand of the scribbler, the eye of the reader, with many myriads more, are withering in the dust, others will similarly apostrophize England's once imperial city.

What are the petty griefs and triumphs of humanity, when thus placed side by side with the colossal images of History and Time!

As Captain Sawyer was always most anxious to accomplish anything for his youngsters which tended to give them information, or finish an education necessarily rendered very imperfect by their early separation from home, he gave leave to the chaplain and schoolmaster, Mr. ———, to take several of the youngsters up to Rome. Previous to our setting off, the owner of a very fine yacht, that we found lying at the mouth of the Tiber, made his way on board, and presenting his card to the captain, as Althorough Drinkhardson, Esq., said he should be most happy to see any or all of the officers to dine with him at any or all hours. This was a noble invitation, and was much pressed ; but at the time of its being so, the would-be host was obliged to have recourse to the ropes of the vessel to prevent his falling, because the noble gentleman was a little elevated.

Captain Sawyer turned to the officers behind him, and repeating the invitation for their acceptance, begged leave to decline it for himself, as he had the most perfect abhorrence of aught which approached inebriety. The officers asked the good-natured yachtite down into the gun-room ; and when he left the ship, he was on the direct road to get under the table.

Almost every one has seen Rome, and the few who have not can find in Corinne so exquisite a description of all that gives to Rome its poetry, and the tyranny it exercises over the feelings of mankind, that any inferior pen may well be excused from competition with that masterpiece of descriptive writing. Our arrival in the great city took place shortly after the sun's meridian, and a short stroll having been all that could be afforded before the gastronomical hour, we determined the next morning to proceed to Tivoli.

All were stirring with the lark, except Hustle. Two or three of us proceeded to wake him. We shook his shoulder and pulled his nose ; when, instead of exclaiming in the flowing words of Rogers, the friend of his family,

“ I am in Rome,” oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy ? what has befallen me ?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
“ Thou art in Rome,”—

instead of breaking forth thus, he roughly demanded, "What the devil do you want?"

"Why, to go to Tivoli, to be sure."

"Oh, go to Tripoli yourself; curse Tripoli. I'm not going to Tripoli."

"Tripoli, man! not Tripoli, but Tivoli."

"I know all about it. I didn't come ashore to go prancing off to Tripoli. I came to get twelve hours in.* I had the morning watch yesterday; I'm not going to start."

Finding that his bed had greater attractions than the romantic spot of cascades, we departed.

On returning to the city in the afternoon, who should we meet but Drinkhardson, driving along in his carriage, tumbling from side to side, quite intoxicated. He spoke to us, but we managed to get rid of him, and went to take a glance at the minor but beautiful church of San Paolo, where we found Captain Sawyer.

While we were admiring one of the side shrines, our boon acquaintance made his appearance again. He had tracked us out, and now staggered up with, "How do, Captain Sawyer? how are ye? must dine with me to-day: and all these fine officers, fine boys, must dine with me to-day."

Captain Sawyer frowned, bowed stiffly, and refused. But Drinkhardson was too *glorious* to perceive or notice trifles; and clasping the captain round the arm, while he pointed with his cane over the iron railings, he said, "Mere idolaters, those rascals! But where are all the images, Sawyer?"

"Impertinent fellow!" muttered the captain; and seeing he was likely to do some mischief, merely said they were behind the screen, and moved to go away.

But not so soon, for Mr. Drinkhardson, resuming his hold, leant over the iron railings, and pushing aside the curtain with his cane, displayed a row of gilded waxen images, which, to our utter astonishment, he commenced thrashing and breaking in all directions.

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Drinkhardson!" said the captain, vainly trying to arrest his arm.

(Hiccup) "Never fear. They won't hurt me—I'll do

* In bed is here understood.

for them (hiccup!). I'll knock down some of their little saints for them—devil take such idolatrous scoundrels. I'll let them know I'm a true protestant, (hiccup!) there ye go, St. Peters and Pauls and Lukes into the bargain. I'll make *St. Marks* of the whole of you."

"Hold his arms, hold his arms!" cried the captain, angrily, trying to secure the true protestant, but it only increased his fervour. On he went, smashing everything within his reach. (Hiccup) "Oh, don't trouble yourselves; you (hiccup) see they're only plast—er Paris; and those candles, they're not wax—tin painted, Sir, good Sir." hitting one with such force that it came rattling to the ground; "and that old antiq—(hiccup)—ated daub, there, not real, only canvas, see!" and away went the point of his cane through a beautiful picture, which was unfortunately near him. "I'll have at them," he continued, struggling in our arms, "none of your little plaster gods for me, or virgins either. I'll exterminate the whole of them."

"Signor! Signor!" roared a crowd of Italians, rushing on him with the greatest fury.

"Don't Signor me, I tell you; I don't care for your (hiccup) good-for-nothing little images," pointing to the fragments lying on the ground, and laughing in their faces.

I expected to see him torn to pieces or stilettoed; but Captain Sawyer interfered, and begged they would spare him, as he was not sober; but being a man of large property, would, on the morrow, liberally replace what he had destroyed, with a sufficient number of masses to atone for his impiety. A padre here took down his name and address, and they appeared somewhat appeased, when a loud shriek in another part of the building was heard, and we beheld a man rushing towards the high altar, with a dagger in his hand, still dripping with the gore in which it had been steeped; while behind came a crowd of men and women, pell-mell, friends of the victim to this murderer's love—for such it was. How strangely simulated in these climes are love and hatred! so true are those words,

Where the rage of the vulture and love of the turtle
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!

Taking advantage of the tumult thus occasioned we es-

caped, with Mr. Drinkhardson, and at a little distance from the entrance a crowd had gathered round the victim of revenge.

Though my heart was sick at the bare thought, some unaccountable impulse urged me to pause and give a glance; and, as I beheld the lustrous eye sinking into apathy—the features of beauty writhing under all the agony of death—the warm dark current fast bubbling from its spring of life, the whole struck me as a scene for which, in my brief annals of blood and war, I have no parallel. How was my horror then augmented, as, gazing on those lineaments, they seemed not wholly strange. The sufferer lifted up her eye, and its expiring beam fell upon mine. “It is, it is she!” I almost involuntarily exclaimed. A slight tinge of colour flushed over the cheek which mortally was blanching. Suddenly she extended her arms towards me, with a motion as if to rise; twice her pallid lips moved; a smile—bright, beaming, and full of love, played round them, when her head sunk back upon the stone, and her spirit had fled its tenement of clay!

I was awakened from the torpor into which I had fallen, by the crowd which pressed around me. They looked at me, stared at my uniform, and asked a thousand questions. I persisted that the recognition originated solely in mistake; that she had believed me to be some one else; and, having privately found out her friends, my inquiries confirmed my suspicions that, in the murdered stranger, I had recovered, but to lose, the Italian of Algiers, to whom D’Aquilar and myself owed our lives. Her friends in Rome who were poor, had sent her to reside with a relation at Leghorn: from thence she had sailed to live with her rich uncle at Algiers. “But he was a bad man, and quarrelled with her,” said the weeping mother, “and so she came back here. The villain who has murdered her sued for her hand; she refused it, and you see the result.”

Having mentioned the affair to D’Aquilar, we managed to get a private bill accepted, through a friend, to whom I had letters of introduction, to the amount of a hundred pounds, which we presented to her parents; thus endeavouring, by some slight return, to recompense the benefits received at the daughter’s hands.

Rome, however, has its beat for scandal, like every other city ; and the first report that I heard, was of an English officer having murdered an Italian lady, " all for love." Next, that she had fallen in love with him, refused a third, and that the last had made use of a stiletto to pierce the heart impenetrable to his sighs ; and, finally, that the officer had followed the murderer to the altar, and despatched him there with his uniform sword ; for which the officer, very properly, was to be burnt at the *auto-da-fe* to-morrow. Many other reports were afloat, equally absurd.

I know not whether any of these rumours had reached Captain Sawyer, or whether his delicacy forbore to touch upon a subject which he perceived had considerably affected me ; but he certainly did make no allusion to it whatever, and I felt grateful for his forbearance. Mr. Drinkhardson, having paid for his frolic like an Englishman, was, in virtue of that character, at full liberty to commence another ; but, with unusual wisdom, forbore to do so. And why ?—because he was *too* tipsy for a week to leave his room.

His yacht was commanded by his youngest brother, Percy Drinkhardson, a commander in the navy, and the very antipodes both of Timon and his brother. From him I received an invitation to go on board, and take a cruise for two months. He intended going to Sicily, and expected much amusement from the trip. As I had no doubt that this would be the case, I accepted the invitation with pleasure ; in the interim returning on board with the chaplain to ask leave of the captain, he having left Rome for his ship. We reached the shore, and having made a signal for a boat, one was sent for us. She had gained one half of her destination, when, a wave striking her on the quarter, she broached to and filled. It was singular that the only man in the boat who in this instance escaped drowning, was the coxswain, who swam back to the ship, though the wind was against him. As they were coming towards the shore, the midshipman, thinking it was too hazardous, wished to turn back. From this he was dissuaded by the men, who knew, if they once reached the shore, it would be impossible to get back again. Himself and four men, who made for land, were drowned ; the other, who had once before escaped, was picked up by a boat. Poor Ridout ! every

body esteemed him for his mildness and gentlemanly manners.

The captain was of course exceedingly hurt and grieved ; but, as soon as I could ask him for it, I obtained leave of absence, as I had been rather unwell ; notwithstanding that the example of Drinkhardson, senior, was not considered very desirable. But my steadiness, (remember that, reader !) and my mature age,—now nearly *seventeen* !—being taken into account, it was thought I could more than avoid—detest it. Among my numerous letters of introduction were three or four for Sicily ; and, never doubting that I should find many friends there, we set sail for Palermo.

Palermo !—oh, Palermo !—thou seat of pleasure, wreck of joy !—what shall I say in praise of thy fair beauty ? Language is dumb—so are the glowing eyes within thee ; and yet how many volumes would they fill ! Ay, tomes upon tomes, were Love the editor. I see thee now—thou mart of all that's lovely ! Yonder is the Marina, encircling thy bay ; while grow upon its waters the forests of thy commerce, transporting to distant climes the produce of thy soil, thou garden of Europe ! Immortalized by endless associations !—Hallowed by the tomb of Archimedes, memorable for the Quæstorship of Cicero, who bore the weight of public office on thy shores !

But how different the scene from the days of the tyrant Verres !—The sun is hastening to another world, and flings his last warm look upon the crowd of carriages, and dazzlingly-fair women, pouring forth to yield some glimpses of delight to the numerous and hospitable Sicilian noblesse. Walking by their side, in joyousness, comes the damsel, neatly clad in the attractive costume of the country, while at her side smokes and talks her *cavaliere serviente*. Here stands a merchant, busy with his cargo and trading captain ; a little further off, a British officer agreeing for a freight, while in the harbour row the quarantine boats, their flags inscribed “ Sanita ; ” all, all presenting one wide view of ecstasy, delight, and animation.

Having taken up our quarters at the hotel —, we settled our friend, Mr. Althorough, over his bottle, with a quondam companion or so, and then Percy and myself sallied forth to look about us. As he had before resided

here for some months, he took me to call on several of his old acquaintance, among whom were the Marchese —— and his wife. They were both young and handsome ; but the latter term is weak and paltry, to express the look of spiritual intelligence that beamed from the lady's face—minute to a perfection ; for, when was size the warranty of excellence ? The cast of her countenance was decidedly melancholy ; and yet such an occasional glance of archness beamed from her dark eyes, and gathered round her mouth, that the beholder almost started at the contrast. There was little or no colour in her face, except one bright, deep, tiny, spot of crimson, while that fascinating, transparent complexion, which ushers its victim to the grave, seemed to say, “ I shall not long be here.”

We talked of who was here, and who was not ; what man's wife had left him last ; who was the supreme belle amidst such a galaxy ; and, lastly, of the masque-ball about to be given that evening in honour of St. Rosalia. Was the marchese going ? Yes, he was going, of course.

“ I am glad to hear it,” responded his wife, “ as in that case you can take me.”

Looking very blank at this proposal, the marchese replied, “ I think, with your hectic complaint, you had better remain at home. As to my taking you, that is out of the question ; I have another engagement.”

This was uttered in a heartless, disagreeable manner ; and, by the swollen, trembling eyelid, I perceived how deeply it was felt. Very little more convinced me that Love had long since spread his wings to leave such an ill-assorted pair.

I know of nothing which finds its way so quickly to the heart of man, as beholding a beautiful and neglected wife. “ This man knows not the value of the jewel entrusted to his care ; but, were she mine,” we exclaim to ourselves, “ what adoration could I not pay her !” Pity's soft influence unlocks the heart, while treacherous love is following fast behind. These were my feelings at beholding the delicate and interesting marchesa ; and before I had been two hours in her society, I was firmly entangled in a web of no inconsiderable difficulty and danger. I only saw a being formed to afford the heart of man all that could make it happy, spurned and thrown aside, in utter ignorance of her worth.

We took leave, but not before the marchese had promised to bring his wife to the masquerade, and she, in return, had exempted him from any subsequent attendance on her.

It is common for officers in the Mediterranean to purchase some fanciful costume; I had also followed this example, and bought an Albanian dress, the most superb costume of any, being laced and brocaded with gold in every direction. Percy had one similar to it, and in these we made our appearance at the fancy ball. With an intuitive feeling my steps followed my truant heart, and I was soon waltzing with its conqueror, the marchesa.

"When did you arrive in Sicily?"

"Two days since."

"You came from Naples?"

"No, from Rome."

"Have you been any length of time from England?"

"Only a year."

"In what part of the continent have you been chiefly staying?"

"Scarcely in any; I have been solely on board my ship."

"What, your beautiful yacht?"

"O, no! I am a servant of the king and am now on leave from my vessel, the Niobe."

"How long have you served?"

"A year."

"At what age do officers generally go to sea?" she continued, after a pause.

"At thirteen," I replied, rather astonished at the number and tendency of her questions. But in a few moments I perceived their real drift, that of ascertaining my own age. Being somewhat ashamed of my juvenility I took the liberty of adding a year or two.

"And how do you like the Sicilians?" asked my fair partner.

"The true answer to that question you would deem flattery, since I have only seen yourself to form an opinion. What lady is that in the next dance, in the dress of a sultana?"

"Oh, that is the prima-donna; every one is falling in

love with her, and trying to make her return the compliment. She certainly sings divinely, though I do not admire her."

As the marchesa said this, I observed her eye wandering to the prima-donna's partner. "That gentleman," I remarked, "seems to have succeeded in his aim; there appears to be a good understanding between them; who is he?"

"He is my husband," she replied, with much emotion, while a tear that had been slowly gathering on her lid fell warm upon my hand, which held her own, as, with a look that asked the heart for sympathy, and robbed it of affection, she said, in a low voice, "I am quite forsaken by every one. Is it not too cruel for one only married two years?" And before the assumption could be discovered changed the conversation.

"Not quite by every one I hope," replied I, involuntarily pressing to my lips her little fingers, while the blood suffused my temples, and I dared not lift an eye to see how it was taken. Her hand, however, was not withdrawn; and having seen her seated, and in possession of an ice, I shortly retired to ponder—love more deeply, and be lost!

Going out to my hotel, my dress was quickly changed for that of a domino; and having stained my face as nearly as possible to resemble the complexion of a German, I mounted a huge pair of whiskers and mustachios, and put a commentary of the same language into my mouth. I had every reason to believe that I should not be recognised. After sauntering through the various apartments without meeting any one that I knew, a suite of rooms presented themselves, fitted up in the most gloomily fantastic way, which gave the imagination leave to picture to itself the cave where Sinbad was buried alive with his wife in the island of Serendib, or those of Elephanta; while some lovely women at one end represented man's last and earliest objects of idolatry; or finally, they might be pronounced to be those of Istakar, where the idols, in one case, would in the other form the treasures of the Preadamite Sultans.

Far different feelings were, however, throbbing in my breast, and other thoughts engaged my mind, where, for the first time since I had lost Letitia, passion was silently

and rapidly reasserting her dominion. I had flung myself on a sofa within a species of alcove formed by the rocks above, and before me were several seats. The party of ladies alluded to advanced, ignorant of my presence, till they were so near, that from the snatches of the conversation I was enabled to gather the sense of their subject. To listen I knew was wrong, and if I discovered myself I should frighten them, and it was in my power to be as mute, relative to what I might hear, as the inanimate objects around me. I therefore determined to remain silent.

“A woman’s revenge, dear; he deserts you; half-a-dozen cavalieri-serventi; no one gives you credit for your moderation; your partner this evening?”

The first voice ceased with this interrogatory, when, to my surprise, I heard that of the marchesa say—“English officer—so young!”

“Englishman! the very thing; those English have such an enterprising spirit—husband—yours has—much—diavolo in him—requires skill to manage—I’ll give you every advice—depend—only thing—bring back—husband’s affection—he sees—others think you—worth having.”

“I’m racked,” returned the marchesa; “jealousy and despair! How advise—to such a course—the youth’s sake—bring myself—such a thing—so young—he—innocent.”

Here I nearly laughed outright. “Oh! Francesca,” the other continued, “all—wrong notions.”

“Quite so,” remarked some others, all seemingly anxious to reduce the poor marchesa to the same level as themselves. The principal voice continued, “A mere cavalier-servente—pooh—necessary appendage—married to-day—only thing—keep—husbands—order—greater youth—innocent—greater the conquest—abominable husband—your’s—flirts—detestable creature—prima-donna.”

“Almost—say—would—be revenged,” sobbed the marchesa.

“Nobly said,” returned the other. “Take a seat, dear.”

“Ha! who is this?” exclaimed the marchesa, with a slight cry.

“Fear not,” I replied, as I received her falling figure, and supported it in my arms.

“Who is it?”

“Your young friend, the Englishman,” I replied. “Calm yourself, my dear marchesa, you may rely on my discretion.”

She had fallen on my neck; and while her trembling arms encircled me for support, she begged me to leave her.

“Certainly,” I replied, “this instant, if you please; my being here was purely accidental. I will see you home immediately, if you will allow it. But pardon me if I have caused you any alarm.”

“I have nothing to pardon, save my own folly; and of that I cannot absolve myself. Oh! what must I appear in your eyes!” she exclaimed in great emotion; “you cannot appreciate the feelings that are destroying me.”

“My dear marchesa, not only can I appreciate your feelings, but, believe me, I share them——.

CHAPTER XVII.

Oh, love! oh, glory! what are ye who fly
 Around us ever rarely to alight?
 There's not a meteor in the Polar sky
 Of such transcendant and more fleeting flight.

* * * * *

A thousand and a thousand colours they
 Assume, then leave us freezing on our way DON JUAN.

Oh, love! Truly has he spoken, who says—“Not like a child, but as some mighty demon of the air thou shouldst be painted;” for at thy touch poor mortals crumble, empires pass away.

What needs it here to follow up the path of folly, passion, and remorse? Suffice it to say, that while my passions led me headlong into an affection that I knew to be wrong, my reason rebelled, though vainly, against it, and, however unpremeditatedly, the marchesa and myself followed nearly in the same erring path which all around were pursuing; with this slight difference, fashion and caprice drew them forward, while we, unfortunately, were urged by a power far more resistless. The husband for his part seemed truly to rejoice that his wife tormented him no longer; the man-

ner in which she might choose to fill up the hiatus in her affections was to him a matter of the most aristocratic indifference.

Seven weeks had elapsed since our first arrival at Palermo; another fortnight would bring our separation. As Percy had promised to take me back to the *Niobe* at the expiration of my leave, I dared not trespass on the captain's good-nature, and it was absolutely necessary that the yacht should sail.

Reader, let us take the car of Ariel, and, borne on the last mite of a retiring sunbeam, enter the window that looks on this Italian garden. We are in a large, cool room; it is nearly dusk; at one end are sitting two figures; one is our friend Percy, and the other is Cleanthe Canduretti. Her hair has burst from its confinement, and wanders over a lovely Grecian face, as if it fain would dry the tears that roll in anguish beneath. Her appearance is confused and agitated; the youth is now kneeling at her feet.

"Why do you weep, dearest?" said Percy, after a short pause.

"Oh, Percy, ask your own heart what am I now? where hide myself? how meet my father's eye again?"

"My life, my soul, all are answered thus: you are mine, mine for ever; bound by the strong indissoluble ties of heart and spirit, to which the cold formalities of the world are weak. Do you want proofs of this assertion? look around. In this large and populous city, can you find one couple who even respect another. Do they not all conjoin to set at defiance the forms into which they have entered? Do they not pollute the sacred bonds of friendship, and all beside? And is not this the test to show that love and wedlock are not one? No, my own Cleanthe; I have sworn at the altar that I most adore, the shrine of your sweet self, ever to foster and protect thee!"

"But the world, Percy, the world, they will not look upon it thus."

"The world, Cleanthe! and can you ask the world what they may choose to think? What is the world to us? We need not sue to it for bread; it would be in vain were it even necessary. Can they add one iota to our little day of happiness? O, no! then why let them take away from

it? I ask no other world than thee—can offer none except myself.”

“And if you desert me, to what mercy shall I then be left?—That of the world I scorned!”

“Nay, Cleanthe, you are unkind. Have you seen aught in me that you deem is false? Name it, and I will pluck it forth, though life and existence ebb with it.”

“Never, love! It was but a horrid forethought of what the future might bring with it; but if you *do* leave me, thank Heaven, life will soon sink beneath——”

“Oh, never dream of it, Cleanthe. All that human vows can proffer, I have pledged to you; if you distrust these, time alone can bring the proof.”

“It is too late to hesitate; I do—I have renounced all that the world contains, for you, Percy, do not deceive me!” And she hid her face in the breast of her protector, as if to shut out from her own view the magnitude of the error she had committed; while a fresh and deeper burst of sorrow plainly proved it was passion and not conviction to which she had yielded. She was not convinced, no, nor did he feel that there was truth in the sophisms he had uttered; but it was the wish of both that it might be so, and fancy is a willing slave. As she had said, it was too late to hesitate; Virtue had slept while there was time to save, and awoke only to torment when reprieve was past.

Cleanthe Canduretti was the only daughter of a Greek chieftain, possessing considerable power, and now at the head of a party in Morea. Knowing the dangers and vicissitudes of war, he had entrusted his only child (she had no mother to protect her,) to the superior of a convent in some retired part of Greece; but the blind urchin, whose delight it is to explore his way where we with all our eyes can never reach, found out this classic treasure; an American officer, Henry Washington, then serving in the Greek cause, saw and loved the beautiful recluse.

Among the many parties that divided this unfortunate country, the two of greatest power were those of Canduretti and Gracchius, and (as is always the case) between these two raged a tenfold jealousy. Washington unfortunately belonged to the latter, and all chance of gaining the daughter from the father's hands was out of the question;—first, as

belonging to the party of his foe, and next as possessing little but his sword. This attachment no sooner came to the parent's knowledge, than he wrote to his friend, Count Sezzorici, at Palermo, to receive her into his family, till he could afford her a permanent home with himself. At this time she was only sixteen; and to her, the separation gave little pain. But Washington, whose mind was bent upon possessing her, felt the loss most acutely; the more so, as the measure had been so secretly adopted that he knew not where to follow her.

At the house of Sezzorici, Percy first met her. Being a young man of fortune, holding a commission in our service, accustomed to have his own will undisputed, of nervous temperament, lively disposition, and attractive exterior, little surprise was occasioned by seeing his intimacy courted by the fair sex, or himself heedlessly following up the bent of his own inclinations. From mingling in the constant scenes of dissipation which the higher grades of life present, more especially on the continent, he had learnt to look on marriage with feelings of jealousy and distrust, which predetermined him never to enter it; and under this influence he persisted in gaining the affections of the being that he loved, to win her towards her own dishonour. And if there be one cruelty greater than another, into which man is apt to be led, it is this.

"Must you return to your ship punctually, Cavendish?" he inquired of me, as we were sitting over our dessert.

"To a day, if possible. I am sorry to say, next week must see us depart."

"What says your heart to that, Master Manvers?"

"'No,' is the answer it gives."

"I thought so. Now, Cavendish, I am sure you will not accuse me of prying into your affairs; but have I not heard you remark that you were independent of the service, and free to leave it at an instant?"

"Yes," I replied, "and I now repeat it."

"This midshipman's life is a great bore, is it not?" resumed he.

"Why, truly, if we take it such as I am now making it, there is no great hardship in the matter."

"True," returned he. "But how do you like the idea

of taking up with the Niobe, instead of the marchesa—instead of sighing in a lady's bower, keeping the middle watch in a squall of rain, thunder and lightning?"

"Not at all; that is a thought of sadness as well as darkness; but what can I do? if you see any alternative, let me have it, I pray."

"Cavendish, I believe you to be a true man. Give me your word of secresy, and you shall know my plans."

"Most unreservedly; I am mute."

"Good. I need not inform you of my attachment to Cleanthe. She has consented to accompany me when the yacht leaves Palermo. I intend to cruise six months on shore, alternately with six days at sea. There is a beautiful little villa which I contemplate taking at Nice. When tired of that, I shall proceed to Constantinople, and so forth. Now, if you can gain over the marchesa to leave Palermo with you, there are ample accommodations on board at your disposal, and the majority will be equal, as the Hibernians say; it will metamorphose the ship into a paradise. My brother Althorough will devote himself to the wine, and we to the women. What need to ask the world for joyance, when we can create it for ourselves?"

What a mad plan! my heart beat thick with delight,—somewhat alloyed, I must confess, with remorse. Widely as we had strayed from what was right, it was yet within our power to return, and this proposal awakened in my bosom those feelings which had only lain dormant, but had never been defunct. "Well, supposing all these points gained, what am I to do with my ship?"

"Oh, let her go to the dogs. When they find you do not come back, all they can do is to put an R. against your name,*—and what care you?"

"Nothing for the service, certainly; but Captain Sawyer!—that is the rub; after all his kindness I cannot offer him such a return. Besides the annoyance it would ultimately give him, he would suffer much anxiety at my absence."

"Write him a letter, then, and say you can't come; that you've something else to do."

"Yes, I fancy I see myself writing that. Why, he would be making sail after us in the Niobe, and blowing your bark out of the water. No, no; if such a step is to be taken

* Signifying run, or absconded.

much as I hesitate, I must request my discharge, and let us appoint some night for the double elopement; when we have them safely on board, more time will be allowed us to consider."

"Very true; this day week, if the wind is fair."

"What day is this?"

"Friday. So while you go to inform the marchesa of her destination, I will urge Cleanthe to prepare by the appointed day. The details we can arrange at leisure."

The hotel of the marchese was on the western side of the bay, where its windows commanded a view of the sea. What a struggle of emotions!—what a consciousness of wrong filled my heart as I entered the suite of apartments belonging to his wife, from the flower-garden, by a postern-gate, whose key was always in my possession. I stood at the door of her boudoir—gave my signal, and was admitted.

I found her reclining on a low settee, before an open window that commanded the enchanting view presented by the bay of Palermo, whose rippling waters flowed so faintly to the shore, as scarcely to be heard; while the bright effulgence of the moon was unbroken, save by an occasional mast springing up from the blue bosom of its liquid bed—the light now brilliantly displaying the flat roof of some palazzo, then sunk in shadow between the numerous streets that intersect the town.

Yonder was the Marina, with its tide of carriages, where I had so often met my lovely friend, while her husband, driving past, would turn his head away from our carriage. Oh, resplendent scene! twined with the innermost chords and feelings of my heart, must it indeed pass away! Must it indeed pass from sight, however fondly retained by every sad remembrance! Must these maddening moments mingle with the lapse of time, leaving no trace except their vacuum?

"Love, you are sad! why so absent?—what is your wish? If in my power——"

"Francesca, I would have immortality to stay these fleeting hours of overflowing happiness. Alas! even we——"

My words died away; my eye had caught the bright and crimson spot upon her cheek, and I fondly pressed it to my

lips, as if the print of death's finger could be as easily effaced as the purple bloom from the fruit we prize.

A balcony encircled the house, and the light boughs of an orange-tree had been trained around the window. There the golden produce invited the hand to pluck it,—there the silvery blossom flung its perfume on the passing breeze; while, twining around, was that emblem of woman's love, the passion-flower—bright in its hues as aught the mind can image; but oh, how slight, how frail, how soon by tempests torn!

“Francesca,” said I, tremulously, again breaking the short silence, “you have given me many proofs of your affection, and all I have to offer in return is the devotion which you know that I feel for you,—will you afford me another?”

“Any, all—you have but to name.”

“Can—you—leave your home for me?”

She sighed. “I wish you had not asked me thus, because it seems as if there were something wrong in asking me to *leave my home*; but had you only said, ‘Will you follow me?’ I could have answered, ‘Yes, to the end of the globe;’ nor have felt there was any harm in saying so, because my heart is already yours. But tell me, dear, dear Manvers, *do* you think there is any harm in my doing so? You see I am as much forsaken here as I am loved——”

I turned away from that beaming look of innocence that gazed into my face, as though each thought were written there, and made no other reply than to fold her more closely to my erring heart, and think, as I looked upon the sea, how inscrutable are the paths through which we are led.

Here was a creature, cast in Heaven's brightest mould, and formed with all that might be made divine!—had she been bound to one that would have performed his sacred duties towards her, how different might have been her destiny! The vulture of remorse was gnawing at my soul; I scarcely knew what answer to make to her guileless question, when a step was heard in the balcony; the leaves of the orange-tree were pressed on one side, and a human figure intercepted the straggling moon-beams that played upon the room wherein we were sitting. The marchese stood before us.

“Is this, madam, the manner in which you regard your

sacred vow of fidelity?" said he, breaking the silence, but without evincing the slightest emotion either by look or action. His arms were folded on his breast, and he remained in expectation of his wife's defence. I arose, and placing myself before her in an attitude of protection, was about to reply, when she motioned me to silence; and rising with a coolness which I was not aware she possessed, unlocked a door that led to her husband's apartment. Here his indifference failed; he became pale, and showed some irresolution whether to depart or not; but it was now immaterial, as the marchesa had returned, leading in the beautiful but terrified prima-donna.

"My wit," said Francesca, "is very trifling; this lady's is said to be exuberant; I have therefore brought her to answer the difficult query you proposed to me, as I think her lips have more persuasion for my husband's ears than those of his wife. My good friend," turning to the prima donna, "the marchese wishes to be informed if this mode in higher life of following up the ceremony of marriage be altogether consistent with the oaths that rite imposes?"

The prima donna was overcome; and flinging herself at the wife's feet, could only articulate the words, "Forgive, forgive!"

"Madame," said the marchesa, "I have nothing to forgive; you won my husband's fickle heart; but not perhaps till I had lost it. The marchese found it necessary to fill the vacuum of an insincere bosom, while the warmth of mine required some styptic for its bleeding wounds. Both are now provided. If your grace's curiosity," addressing her husband, "is satisfied, I will thank you no longer to violate the privacy of your wife's boudoir."

He bent his head; and, in accordance with her request, stepped from the balcony towards his own room, saying, *sotto voce*, as he passed me, "The stabs of noble families are only mortal in the light of day. Can you be secret?"

"As the grave," was my reply. Making a polite bow, the marchese took the swooning prima donna in his arms and retired to his room. The marchesa secured the door—we were again alone.

"What think you of me now?" said the latter.

"More, love, than ever, if that be possible; and as for

your husband, I never saw his character in such an amiable point of view before. It is impossible to know the extent of a man's high breeding until he has been placed in situations to evince it. Our English manners possess much of the *suaviter in modo*; but I think the extreme of *haut ton* would hardly have borne out so philosophical a practice of Horace's *Nil admirari*, or Pelham's *Nil lugere*. Such a scene, my dearest Francesca, is vivifying to a degree, and, as a Frenchman would exclaim, *charmante*. But, Cicha, let us recur to my proposal, now that this interruption is over. Can you sacrifice for me——"

The night, the decisive night, arrived, so big with joy, hope, fear, and all the varied emotions that tear and agonize the wonderfully-structured frame of man. The enormity of my offence had paralysed my energies; I scarce knew whether to proceed or to retreat; but I had gone too far,—the former was all that now remained to me. Cleanthe Canduretti was seated in the boat, now waiting beneath the shadow of some rocks, upon which were based the walls of the marchese's hanging gardens. Francesca's arm was locked in mine; her confidential handmaid was behind, with the few things we deemed it advisable to take, when in an instant a body of ten or a dozen men, well armed, surrounded us, and two proceeded by force to separate Francesca from myself. In an instant my sword was bathed in the blood of one, when my eye caught the cool and handsome features of the Marchese——. My arm was drawn back for a thrust, and in the space of a second he would have lain upon his own grounds, without a claim for more than would have given him burial, when the point of my weapon was beaten up, and a blow upon the arm which embraced Francisca's waist made it fall paralysed by my side, while the shriek she uttered at the separation pierced me more keenly than the sword.

"You have broken your promise," coolly remarked the marchese.

"Deceitful wretch, you lie! give me back the sword that your ruffians have wrested from me, and I will prove it on thy reptile body," I replied, fiercely struggling to disengage myself.

"Be cool, my dear fellow," said Percy, coming from the boat, but unable, from want of men, to attempt a rescue

with anything like success ; “ if you are very fond of fighting, as Napoleon said to Sir S. Smith, you shall have plenty of it ; but not now, for I think you have had enough already to satisfy any reasonable mortal. See, you are bleeding like a slaughtered ox.”

Heeding not what he said, I sprang towards the spot whence the shrieks proceeded ; but a dimness grew over my sight. The last thing I heard was the cool, indifferent, laughing voice of the marchese, saying, “ Rash boy !” and as the dizziness of insensibility increased, I fell upon the earth, which had witnessed the last parting with all I now felt dear to me in life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Behind her, Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse.

MILTON.

WHEN the nerves of vision next conveyed their images with awakened sense to the mind, I perceived by my bed-side two figures. At the first I looked long and ardently, in anxious hope ; and then turned away in the fullness of disappointment. Yet was she truly beautiful. Dark raven locks were streaming in profusion around a face that might have passed for the most perfect model of Grecian beauty ; while the exquisite symmetry of her features, fair almost as the Parian stone, were relieved and enlivened by two hazel orbs, that spoke, if not audibly, yet effectually, of the soul which animated them. They were bent on me with every glow of kindness ; but those were not the lineaments to which my memory clung. I turned on my pillow, in lassitude both of body and mind. The agonizing reminiscence of the past rushed over me like an impetuous flood, waking me to the lonely sense of where I really was. It was Cleanthe Canduretti ; Percy sat beside her. A week had elapsed since the defeat of my intended elopement ; and the delirium of fever had relieved me from the tortures of memory.

How woke he from that dream ? He did awake,
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

From what I saw of Cleanthe, she was a prize indeed ; but, through all her unbounded affection, I detected the writhing of the worm. Her departure from the paths of virtue was yet too recent to let such feelings slumber ! Percy seemed to enjoy only one feeling, and that was centered in her. “ Had I succeeded, I too might have been as happy ! ” was my constantly-recurring, futile wish ; but perhaps my failure in such a case may turn out more advantageous to all parties than the most complete success.

When we again reached the *Niobe*, my wound was slowly healing ; and I returned on board, shattered in mind, and debilitated in body. To the kind inquiries of Captain Sawyer, I replied that we had been attacked by some ruffians, in beating off whom I had received my wound. On hearing this account, he generously allotted me a berth in his cabin till my convalescence.

It was the custom on board his Majesty’s ship *Niobe*, to congregate all the unpast mids in the captain’s fore-cabin, on Sundays, to hear them say their collects, and read the lessons of the day. On one of these occasions Lord Asskin was told to read a chapter in the Pentateuch ; and Captain Sawyer afterwards asked him who wrote the five books of Moses. This was somewhat too deep for his lordship ; and after looking into his brain, and out of the cabin-windows (gun-ports), he replied, “ Solomon, sir ! ”

“ Psha ! you stupid donkey ; you shall get the Bible by heart ! ”

“ Oh ! no, sir ; I meant to say, the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* ! ”

I burst into a laugh, and the Captain was very angry. “ Mr. Bigot, can you set him right ?—you’re a churchman ! ”

“ Oh, yes,” said little Conceit ; “ David, sir ! ”

“ Psha ! psha ! hold your tongue, and keep your folly to yourself. Why, in the name of goodness, were they called Moses’ books, if Moses didn’t write them ? Lord Asskin, who was Solomon’s wife ? ”

“ The Queen—of—Sheba ! ”

“ Hold your tongue ! Lord Pinchit, who was king of the Jews ? ”

His lordship’s grey eye twinkled a moment, and then he said, “ Hail ! king of the Jews, sir. ”

“ You good-for-nothing, stupid little creature ; did ever you look into a Bible in your life ? Lord Asskin, do you know where the Saviour was born ? ”

“ Oh ! yes, sir,” replied Asskin, brightening up at the idea of being able to answer one question out of four. “ In the east ! ”

“ Yes ; but where ? ”

That he could not say. “ Lord Pinchit—Mr. Bigot—can either of you answer the question ? ”

“ Yes, sir ;—East Indies,” roared out both at once.

“ Get out—get out of my cabin !—get out before I take the horsewhip to you ! Stupid little ninnies ! you shall have your own money to take care of and go to the devil your own way.” So saying, and very much irritated, he completed the act of their expulsion. Noble parents, before you send young lords to sea as officers, could you dispense to them a little nursery knowledge ?

At day-break the next morning we discovered a suspicious sail to leeward ; and, having brought her to, we sent a boat’s crew on board to take her into Hydra, near which port we then were. John Roy was the midshipman of the boat, and, having fastened it astern, he ordered his men out and, placing them at the oars of the Greek vessel, they proceeded to row her to the port.

Captain Sawyer’s kind treatment of, and love for his men were proverbial ; and though he took care that the discipline should be sufficiently strict for smartness and efficiency, yet he always indulged his crew whenever it was possible. Of course they were attached to him ; and the service gained considerably on both sides. As soon, therefore, as his quick eye discerned his men fagging at the oars, he hailed. “ Mr. Roy, I wish you would make those lazy Greek scoundrels pull their own boat, instead of toiling my men to death in this sun ! ”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” responded John ; “ but I thought we should never get in if we trusted to them.” And accordingly he placed the Greeks at the oars ; but they took so small a quantum of pains that the boat made no head-way.

“ Pipe my gigs away,” said the Captain to the first-lieutenant, “ and send my coxswain here ! ” On the appearance of the last, he continued : “ Coxswain, put six stretchers in

the boat, one for every man, and two for myself: I'll teach those fellows who they are playing with."

The orders were executed; the captain shoved off, and we watched the result. No sooner did his boat touch the vessel's side, than up he sprang, a stretcher in each hand, and commenced threshing the Greeks, right and left. "You won't row, won't ye?"—Whack—whack—went his weapons, making the Greeks skip round their deck with far more animation than the Pyrrhic dance could have inspired. While his boat's crew, who had been instructed to follow his example, pretended to obey his orders by beating the *rigging* most unmercifully.

Having given the Hellenes a thorough castigation, and seen that they applied themselves properly to the task set, he returned on board, remarking that the Greeks themselves were all *suaviter in modo*, and that they therefore required a due admixture of the *fortiter in re*; but even *they* might be made something of, if treated *properly*.

After the lapse of a period which, however brief in reality, yet seemed of excessive duration to D'Aquilar and myself, we once more found ourselves entering that delightful spot, the Bay of Naples. The wind was gently blowing on our beam, as a few minutes before noon we gazed over the bows at the rippling curl beneath the beautiful forefoot of our Niobe, with all that glowing sensation within, which seems to say, "Life has yet some scenes of freshness." Mount Vesuvius, like some enormous demon, threw up his column of smoke, which the lazy winds allowed to reach almost to Heaven, before they broke its dark career. The ship is anchored—the quarantine laws obeyed, and the interrogatories answered, and D'Aquilar and myself very soon walking through Strada Reale, towards the villa of Lady Carleton.

How much had passed since I was last here!—how frequently was I tempted to turn back and go on board! Had my love for Letitia——?—could I dare to dwell upon the word? Wandering in the labyrinth of my own thoughts and feelings, I staggered on till aroused by some remark from D'Aquilar.

"Perhaps we may surprise them in the garden," said he, turning down towards the bower that Letitia was to have

had fitted up, and where, unable to control myself, my actions had revealed a passion on which my lips were mute. The well remembered spot was utterly deserted, and overgrown with the wild luxuriance of the plants climbing around it.

Revisiting this bower had greatly affected me; I sat down. "It is useless," said I, starting up again; "who shall be able to conquer the world without, if he will not attempt even to subdue his own feelings within? Away, ye phantoms of the mind!"

Traces of neglect were visible throughout the garden; and, full of conjecture as to the probable cause, we pursued our way towards the entrance-hall.—Drawn blinds,—shutters closed, and other evidences of the same description, here presented themselves. At length we observed a human being issue from the portal, and mount a grey thin horse. This was *not* Death, but merely his first mate—the doctor; who had every appearance of a skeleton restored to animation by galvanism and Sir Humphry Davy.

He informed us that her ladyship had been dangerously ill for the last three months.

We inquired for Letitia; and when I found myself in the room, which all around bespoke as her favourite and hallowed haunt, the love of a former day rushed back to prove what I had lost, and to accuse me of infidelity: in which accusation, every feeling of heart and mind concurred.

For some minutes I sat in deep musing; my conscience smote me deeply. Had the past been within my power, how gladly would I have recalled it!—but, alas! as in all the virtuous resolutions which mortals make, it was too late. I felt I could not look on the beautiful face of one I had so sinned against with composure, were it not that her innocence would construe the blush of self-abasement into that of pleasure and surprise.

As my reverie finished, I looked up, and saw before me, much to my surprise, a most forlorn-looking animal—pale—fitful—wild.—"What the devil does that fellow do here?" was my muttered exclamation. I am near-sighted; and, approaching somewhat nearer for a more determined stare, I found it was myself!—looking into a pier glass.—With a deep sigh my rebellious thoughts reverted to the ill-starred

marchesa : I turned, and lo ! before me stood, in all the loveliness of woe, my never-forgotten goddess, Letitia Carleton. Can a man love two women at once ? thought I. Unpardonable : but the interesting heresy—Safer is the Catholic who denies the pope, than the criminal who can moot such a question.—Her hair revelled in neglect, and a long tress, straying loose behind, gave her the look of a Grecian Pythoness. The eye was more bright and piercing, but less full ; the lip quivered ; the colour of her cheek had retired to a small circumscribed spot ; and the roundness and glowing outline of her figure had almost gone.

I was startled at the change. “ Ernest, how are you ? What an unexpected pleasure to see you,” said she, shaking D’Aquilar by the hand.—“ Ah ! Mr. Cavendish, I hope you are well,” timidly proffering two of her fingers. As I retained them, they trembled excessively, (mine were little better,) while the blood rushed to her forehead, and she turned from a gaze she seemed unable to meet with self-possession.

“ May I inquire how lady Carleton is ? ”

“ My dear mother has —— ” but Letitia could add no more ; and after vain and repeated efforts to reply to a question that inflicted all the pangs of anticipated orphanage, a burst of tears proclaimed the sad but truest answer, and rising hastily, she left the room.—But Letitia stood before me !

In a few days we were more fortunate, and an expected change having taken place, we were ushered into an apartment where the invalid was lying on a couch. All the freshness and bloom of beauty seemed to have concentrated their expiring rays into one focus. Her bland expression of melancholy, resignation and true kindness of heart already seemed to herald her separation from the striving throng of life.

It was an unearthly look, that juxtaposition of white and crimson in the complexion of consumptive people. It is as if the mists of morn had oped some tender flower, which the meridian blaze of noon was scorching fast away.

After a short interval Lady Carleton dismissed her daughter, and taking a hand of D’Aquilar and myself in hers, reminded us that as this would in all probability be our last

meeting, she was anxious to say something relative to the orphan she must leave. I wished to utter some words of consolation, expressive of recovery, but they died upon my lip—I would have pledged, with every truth, an undying interest and care.—But that sacred charge belonged to another. I looked towards D'Aquilar—emotion had made him silent as myself.

“To you my dear Ernest, I have given my last, sole earthly treasure, nor can I ever regret or recal the assent. I am aware you have not as yet made any proposals, and I can but approve of the delicacy that has actuated you. The extreme youth of both urges me to request, that however speedily you may become engaged, you will not be married until your minority is past. With regard to the navy, as you did not enter it with a view to remaining, it matters very little what rank you may have attained. Your united fortunes will be more than sufficient for your wants, and I feel happy under the idea that much enjoyment is yet in store for you.

“One thing alone gives me uneasiness; your disposition is too easily swayed by the impulses of the moment. This may be productive of great misery; let me beg of you to consider well every act of your life; and you, my dear Cavendish, as you have considerable influence with your friend, and a less fiery temperament to lead you into error, *do, do*, use it for his advantage; to you I commit the care of their mutual interests. Letitia's guardian and uncle will, I know, do all he can for her well-being, but you are nearer D'Aquilar, and it is for him I sometimes tremble.”

We promised implicit respect to her requests, and drew happy omens of her future health, from the transient strength the day had brought. Thinking any further conversation might be injurious, we were about to withdraw, when the window, which had been left unfastened, flew open. The morning had been calm and clear, but the siroc having suddenly sprung up, that angel of death had penetrated into the room on the instant of the window giving way.

I rose immediately to remedy the accident; and when I returned to the sofa, found the sudden admission of fresh air had brought on a fit of coughing. For an instant, even the

scarlet spot had faded from the face of the still beauteous invalid ; the ensanguined torrent however that in the agonized exertion of the moment suddenly found its way to light from the hidden recesses where it had flowed before, announced to our horror and despair !—the rupture of a blood-vessel !

“ What shall I do, Cavendish ? ring the bell—ring the bell ! ” implored D’Aquilar.

“ Stay—be calm if it be possible—that will bring in Letitia, and she is in no way fitted to encounter this scene. You support the head while I leave the room for assistance.” It would seem that the fate which afflicts, though it will not avert the evil, yet more strangely delights in placing the remedies at hand. The first person I met was the physician. I briefly related what had happened, and, in a low voice, he assured me all was over. On entering the chamber we found D’Aquilar still at his post. The doctor took his patient’s pulse, but spoke not ; and placing his hand over the region of the heart, one last convulsive gasp escaped, and with it passed away the suffering spirit so long and sorely tried.

A slight and agonised consultation was held. We agreed that the physician would be the most proper person to intimate the final catastrophe to the bereaved daughter ; and feeling that we could render neither service nor consolation, we departed.

The king, alas ! the king ; and also the king’s service ! he never considers the private dilemmas of his officers ; and grieved as D’Aquilar and myself were, we had no alternative but submission to our fate, when, at five the next morning, the boatswain’s rude pipe woke us from our slumber with “ All hands, up anchor.” Much did I pray that some order, whim, caprice, or other favouring chance of fortune, or the captain, might take us into Palermo ; but, alas ! on the flowing gale directed us without reprieve ; and while bearing us through the Strait of Messina afforded us an opportunity of noticing, that instead of the formerly much-dreaded Scylla and Charybdis, a paltry agitation of the water, unable to sink a walnut-shell, is all that now remains of its ancient formidable dangers.

We now returned to our old station in the Arches of Pe-

lago, as the sailors term the Archipelago, a slight description of which we shall in due time attain. For who could altogether forbear to linger over

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

Without detaining the reader over the immaterial transactions, in which we were now engaged, suffice it to say, that in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, after being long noted as one of the most crack ships on the station, a letter written in the most handsome terms was received by Captain Sawyer, from the admiral, signifying that his Majesty's ship ——— had come out to relieve us, and we were now at liberty to return to England.

Never looked the sky so bright, nor the sea so full of beauty, as when we weighed our anchor and spread our canvass to proceed to Malta!

CHAPTER XIX.

In bitterest gall of truth
I've dipp'd my pen of steel,
That hearts untouched with ruth
Its sternest force may feel.

WHERE is the rose without a thorn? To counterbalance our joys at the prospect of returning to old England, we had to undergo many days' quarantine; but pratique came, with leave to go ashore.

The harbour of Malta contained at this time but very few men-of-war, and those of that paltry, pitiful class, the diving ducks, *alias* ten-gun brigs. Not among these may we reckon the Talthorpe: mind you, reader, the Talthorpe—*venerabile nomen!* Oh, no! she was an eight-and-twenty-gun frigate—I need not say a very small one; and the sooner such ships are abolished the better. However, this said vessel, commanded by the Honourable Frederick Sawyer, Captain Robert's brother, was now refitting at The Lofts; and as, in future, we shall have every thing to do with her, I beg leave to draw your particular attention hereunto.

We must now take a long farewell of the Honourable Robert Cassilis Sawyer. I have not brought him much before you, because his rays would have eclipsed mine : in other words, if the captain had always been on the stage, the midshipman, Manvers Cavendish, could no longer have been the hero ; and I therefore inform thee, lest thou shouldst not have found it out, that he was a generous man, an unflinching friend, a bitter foe, and a brave and talented officer ; nor can we fail to regret that a being who united these virtues should ever have allowed the impulse of the moment to lead him toward any line of conduct which cooler thoughts would have led him to avoid. There is an alloy of mortality in us all. To me he was ever kind and considerate. I speak of men but as I find them : to friendship I yield my warmest wishes, to enmity my most unceasing and determined opposition. The former (friendship) is for Captain Sawyer ; the latter, perhaps, for you, reader, if you be ———, or ———, or ———, and many others ; but may-be you are neither. Allow me, therefore, to grasp your hand and proceed.

The morning after our receiving pratique, Captain Robert Sawyer invited me to breakfast with him at ——'s hotel ; and, having entered his room at ten, I found myself and a post-captain of the latest regime sitting at the table.

“ Frederick,” said he, addressing the latter, “ this is one of my youngsters. Cavendish, this is my brother, Captain Frederick Sawyer. I believe you were at Palermo when my brother paid me a visit on board the Niobe.”

We bowed : I confirmed his belief that we had never met ; and, sitting down, we proceeded to draw our mutual inferences from the exterior.

No lady is e'er ogled by her lover—
Horse by a black-leg—broad-cloth by a tailor—
Fee by a counsel—felon by a jailor,
As is a captain by his future middy.

“ If his soul has any union with his body,” thought I, after a silent rumination, “ it should bear the stamp of gentility upon it ; so that, in whatever extremities of contact we may be placed, I may yet look for the suffrance and urbanity which such a feeling affords. That eye, that eye—what does that eye say ? It says, I think, ‘ don't tread on

my toes!’ Oh! yes, clearly, that’s it. And that mouth, that mouth?—The turn of the upper lip speaks somewhat of reserve; the corners show kindness of heart. And the eyebrows?—Evidently there is some expression of quick feeling in them. His dress?—Good; quite the *simplex munditiis*. His whole bearing?—Plainly hints that he knows his own station, and the way to uphold it; and thinks with Chesterfield, that a genteel carriage and deportment form a desirable passport any where. Then, on the whole?—A character that must be delicately approached; and, in that case, easily rendered a compatible, as the learned Æsculapians say.”

“Well, Cavendish, are you glad at the chance of getting home again?” demanded Captain Robert.

“Yes, sir, very; I feel no slight longings to behold our chalky cliffs once more.”

“I take it, young man, you want to have a run in town again.”

“No bad thing, sir, after three years’ fasting on salt horse, ’midst sun-burnt nations. I have almost forgotten the cerulean tint of a blue eye, so long is it since I have seen one.”

“Blue eyes, eh? So your thoughts run——”

“Somewhat, sir. Blue eyes, malt liquor, and parliamentary squabbles, are things we sadly want out here; and certes, but they make an ‘English season pass,’ not forgetting a wife sold at appraisement (sometimes a daughter) for a few thousands.”

“Ha, ha! Master Manvers, they do not manage things so in Palermo, eh?——although *blue* eyes were out of the question—so I am told.”

I thought of the poor marchesa, the only dark orbs I had ever loved in my life; but then they were *such* eyes!——

“Well, never mind, Cavendish, you need not look so sad on the subject; you keep a secret monstrous well, though some ruffians did attempt to cut it out of you.”

“Sad, sir, I look sad? Why? What were we talking about?—the want of squabbles ’midst these brainless people; *that* cannot be a sad subject, because, after all, a quarrel is not a quarrel, but merely a dash of Cayenne pepper to season this our stupid curry of a life, where half mankind,

from liver and the spleen, are jaundiced beyond all doubt."

"Frederick, this is our laughing philosopher. Cavendish, I cannot let you sail in the Niobe; I see you are not yet sufficiently tanned; you must stay out till my brother goes home. Frederick, since he seems to be so fond of commotion, give a standing order to your first lieutenant to let him be mast-headed twice a-week, that will serve him instead of a London season. But what say you to remaining out in the Talthorpe?"

I knew this was coming, and was therefore prepared to accede, of course. "If you speak seriously, sir, and Captain Frederick honours me so far as to make the choice, I cannot but feel most happy."

"Agreed, then. Frederick, what say you?"

"I have already said it will give me much pleasure."

"Cavendish, you will have your baggage in The Lofts,* where my brother's ship is, by this time to-morrow," said Captain Sawyer, with whom Napoleon's motto was a standard rule. Let decision and execution be the same, and, though success may not always follow, defeat is oftentimes left behind.

In addition to myself, John Roy, Thread, and Regent, had determined to join the Talthorpe; Pinchit also had some ideas on the subject; but finding the apron-string too strong to be broken as yet, deferred doing so till he had been home and enjoyed "*a good blow-out*," as he elegantly phrased the intended festivities in honour of his idol.

On arriving at The Lofts, we found the officers and men very busily employed in careening the ship, which, on her passage out from England, had taken a fancy for pearl-fishing, in pursuit of which amusement she struck her "fore-foot."

The first thing on board is to take care of yourself; none others do it for you; and having seen my chest, *et cætera*, safely deposited, I returned to make my observations on my future brother officers, for which I do sometimes use a *magnifying* glass, but never the *inverted tube*.†

"I presume, sir, you are about to join us from the Niobe?" said a midshipman.

* "The Lofts,"—barracks, at Malta, for seamen.

† An instrument used for taking observations.

I bowed. "Your presumption has a right basis. Do you intend to build much upon it?"

"Faith, no; I thought of running up an off-hand structure of acquaintance, which, though slight, might prove more lucky than the Brunswick theatre, since I hope its fall will not crush the builders."

"Well, suppose in order to lay the foundation-stone, you officiate as master of the ceremonies, and give me a description of all these animals buzzing about."

"Ah, suppose I do."

"Yes, you have talk enough for any Bath or Cheltenham coxcomb. Nay, never be offended; I see you admire the style of conversation denominated free and easy."

"Right; thou judgest character well: but we lose time, *circumspice*. You see that man of six-feet-ten, cadaverous in look, and scant in understanding: nay, laugh not—no allusion to those apologies for pantaloons, reaching up to his knees, over his calfless spindles, for you see all the *calf* is contained in his *head*, while all his *brains* lie in his *legs*. Whatever sort of a dancing-master he might have made, he never was fit for a first-lieutenant, which office he holds here. His name is *John Stretcher*, a weak fool by nature, a tyrant by habit and education. He was Captain *Tyrenny's* first-lieutenant, in *H. M. S. Teaze*; they were both broken for inhumanly flogging some man, and for other acts of the same stamp; and he now stands there, a living disgrace to those who *dared* to reinstate him. The usual denomination that we know him by, is Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his master. His chief amusement lies in cheating the seamen out of the time the captain allows them for dinner, poisoning the ear of his superior with falsehood, and making himself, by tyranny and abuse, a mark for the scorn and hatred of his inferiors. That active little man, who goes bustling about as though smartness for duty consisted in noise, and a talent for command in aptness for abuse, is Benjamin Cantall. Here, on our right, is lieutenant Straw, as worthless a straw as was ever threshed by a flail, or burnt as stubble.

"That ninny yonder, for you cannot rightly designate him a man, who stands with his sightless eye convulsed, and mouth distended with laughter at some folly of his own,

is pandering to the humour of the other—pandering to the humour of a straw ! Fancy what a being ! That demi-deformity in body and mind, is the schoolmaster ; his name is Ducabore, and a confounded bore he is. But stay, stay ; I like to illustrate descriptive history by poetical verisimilitude ; and, therefore, as all those four have, in some respects, the same diabolical points common to each, and as all belong to the reptile order, I will, with your leave, class them together.

“ First,” counting on the ends of his fingers, “ behold John Stretcher, first-lieutenant ; he is the double-tongued and deadly serpent, *anguis in herba*, that creeps in the long grass, stealing upon you unawares, and while, in seeming playfulness, licking your hand, instils a venom into your flesh, that stings you to the very soul. Yet should you, unawares, but tread upon his tail, all pretence is thrown aside, and the reptile ‘hurls at once his venom and his strength.’

“ We next come to Robert Straw, the second-lieutenant : he is the toad, as you may see, ugly, bloated, and poisonous, without even the redeeming quality of ‘wearing a precious jewel in his head.’ Like the prototype I have given, his chief occupation is being abroad in his element at nightfall, where in his croaking at the deeds of others, he has been seldom equalled—never surpassed. Ignorant in the extreme, vulgar beyond conception, presuming past forbearance, it requires two faces to wear the numerous and revolting attributes this *thing* possesses. But Nature, in her perfection, has kindly met his extremities even here, and I grieve for my country to say it, there never was yet a more deceitful double-dealing false Scot, than Bob Straw.

“ Ducabore, the schoolmaster, is at once, you perceive, the slow-worm ; insidious, artful, and blind—at least of one eye ; *monstr’ horrend’ informe, cui lumen ademptum*—which loss, together with his fore-teeth, now absent without leave, report kindly rumours to have happened in a row at Oxford, where it is supposed he was one of the menials. I see by your expression you like not the visitation of the man with his infirmities ; but in very truth, like the most of us, I hate him with a hate as unmixed and undiluted as ever was borne by one of Samuel Johnson’s best haters—why, you

shall know hereafter. But to proceed with his character. A reclaimed and rectified scape-grace, he pretends to outward religion and morality; a spy upon the unguarded words of the youngsters, which he fails not to aggravate to the captain: he makes no scruple to drink and swear in a public *café*. Emerged from some situation of low obscurity, he lords it unfeelingly over those whom fortune has temporarily placed in his power, and who are in reality as far above him as the stars above the cloud that obscures their brightness. Withal, no character in power is too intellectually low for Ducabore to cringe at his feet, and willingly would he sweep the floor of Pandemonium for a smile from the arch-fiend's face.

“Some degrees less in baseness is Cantall, L.L.B., a title conferred on him, I have been told, in a former ship, being the abbreviation of Little Lying Ben—him I would liken to a chameleon, content to creep in the filth of servility, in order to arrive at the precarious sunshine of favour. His opinions, ideas, sentiments, and actions, are equally varied, equally undefined. His foibles he may tell you are marked; what great characters are not? His imagination is so excessive, that he lives in a world of mist and ideality completely his own, as the French would say, ‘*il brodie*,’ which, being interpreted in the nautical vernacular, means, ‘he lies like a tooth-drawer,’—forgive my euphuism; but he is a witty Irishman; and as his power, and consequently its ill effects, are chiefly confined to those beneath him, in his particular line as master, we, who never feel it, regard it not; but I dislike the man, and wish not to sell you prejudices second-hand.

“And now for the point in which these four agree, and in which I trace the resemblance. Ducabore acquired the knowledge at some Sunday-school, that Truth's abode was at the bottom of a well. This odd fact in natural history he communicated to the other three, and they all agreed that ever since the days of Rachael, water-drawing was held to be fatiguing work, *ergo* they resolved that Truth might lie there and vegetate like a subaqueous zoophyte. But Ducabore, whose curiosity is excessive, venturing one day to peer down into her habitation, Truth suddenly raised

her head up and put his eye out. As Gray says of Milton—

He saw : but, blasted with excess of light
Closed his eye in endless night.

Frightened at the consequences of his temerity, the others have now doubly resolved to avoid all collision. But maybe my loquacity tires?"

"If your loquacity tires not, your information rather frightens; for what is a man to do, surrounded by such a set as you describe?"

"Ah! what, indeed? why, if he acts honourably and uprightly, without truckling to creatures whom his soul despises and abhors, the very first false step that youthful thoughtlessness or folly leads him to take, will bring their forces down upon him, and crush him to the dust. Whereas, if he basely condescends to bend a servile knee, all respect for himself must vanish."

"I cannot say I admire your alternative; a very comfortable prospect, truly. But who is he with such a dark, expressive, and handsome countenance? surely he does not belong to the junta you have just named?"

"He! no—Heaven forbid! The moon, fresh-bursting from the lowering heavens, is not more brilliantly contrasted with the darkness around, than he with these low hirelings. Behold him well; such is the stuff that heroes are, or should be, made of; his very mien would make a coward turn to fight again. Brave, cool, determined, and highly talented withal, he pursues his purpose uninfluenced by the sanguine expectations which others might form. At once the deep-read scholar, linguist, mathematician, courtier, seaman, officer, and friend—the gentleman shines out in each. If there be justice to reward, and a theatre to display his talents, that man will one day be leading his country's fleets to glory and to fame—I stake my knowledge of the human character upon the future name and success of George Nerveit Willstand,—if fate but grant him life and opportunity. The only point, perhaps, in which he may be wanting, is ambition. He may, nevertheless, be animated by this passion, and be too prudent to show it. But be assured, there is that within him can not only render it laudable, but eminently useful to his country."

"I see you can deal in encomiums as well as in the contrary; I imagined by your calling yourself a North-Briton, that you might be a cousin of Jeffrey's."

"No, sir, no, I merely 'give the palm where justice points it due.'"

"Never will do another good-natured action as long as I live—never will, by Jove!" exclaimed a mid, who came hopping along on each big stone that lay in his path, as if his dignity would be outraged by walking the ground like other people. He wore on his head a large Leghorn hat, the brim of which, half severed from the crown, streamed wildly down his back; the sleeve of his jacket had been torn off and pinned on again, while at the aperture protruded part of a blue-striped shirt; the patch on his collar, for want of pipe-clay, was brown, and his hands clasped a huge telescope, cased in black leather, nearly as tall as himself.

"Holloa, Jennings, what may be the matter now?" said my nautical Asmodeus.

"Matter!—never will do—no, I *never* will do another good-natured action as long as I live. There's that old rascal, that devil's high-priest, Judas Iscariot, sent me in a boat to the dock-yard to get some scrapers ground, and told me to wait at my discretion for some of those Smytch-caulkers—such an insult! I had no idea of it, and directly after they were finished I came away. I wait for those dirty ragamuffins? such a good-looking fellow as myself?"

I looked in the speaker's face at these last words, and certainly there was considerable expression of acuteness; but Jennings, I grieve to say, the sun had wooed thy cheek with too "amorous a clutch," to leave much beauty—however, it was a face that pleased me.

"D—— your blood, Mr. Jennings!" said old Judas, joining, "I thought I told you to superintend the second gang of the starboard watch?"

"And am I not doing so, sir?" said Jennings, after some hesitation, trying to turn it off; "is not this the worst gang in the ship?" pointing to the knot that had gradually assembled round us.

But Judas had neither perception nor taste for wit, and this sally only provoked him more.

"Mount that capstan, sir, and let the people see you

make a fool of yourself," said he, pointing to a capstan near. Jennings silently stared in his first-lieutenant's face. "I say, sir, get up there and make a fool of yourself."

"Thank you, sir, I had rather not."

"Then go to your quarters, and consider yourself under arrest."

"Never do another good-natured action as long as I live. I merely stayed five minutes over my time, when this ship was fitting out in ——— to help a marine who was drowning, and got mast-headed five hours for it; never do another good——out of the way, you brute," kicking an unfortunate dog, and at the same time looking into the face of Judas, who stood directly in the way.

The first-lieutenant sullenly moved aside, with thunder in his looks, while the whole of us burst into laughter. "Let us make sail out of this," said my acquaintance, turning to another spot. "The individual you see there is Pruning, the assistant-surgeon—an unobtrusive, kind fellow. That gentleman is Twyndle, our master of the ceremonies; he has but lately joined; you may take him as a specimen of a polished, past-midshipman. In our own berth we are comparatively lucky; he is one of the principals, and his generosity and good-nature are excessive."

"Who may that youngster be?" I inquired; "that cynic philosopher in embryo, leaning against the pillar, and looking on the scene around as though he had a fit of the heart-burn."

"Oh, that is Neville, remarkable, they say, for some tendency to be combative; but that I believe is merely owing to circumstances, which, if removed, he would not prove less sociable than ourselves, being either stricken with the affliction of dyspepsia, or something near it, I don't know which; thereby enjoying the right of being very miserable, and full of bitterness sometimes. At this present moment we both happen to be in disgrace; for one day, during our passage out from England, Ducabore wanted to commit some piece of unwarrantable tyranny, to which Neville refused to submit, and told his worthy instructor some very home truths. The pedagogue never forgave him, and waited only for an opportunity of crushing his feeble opponent; for what can be expected from a boy of thirteen, when opposed to an art-

ful cockney of six-and-twenty, finished off with the last touches of cunning and duplicity among the scouts at Oxford? Three weeks since, the long-wished-for moment presented itself; we committed some piece of unguarded folly, and Ducabore, seizing the opportunity, reported us to the captain. Both being equally implicated, we were equally put under the ban of excommunication, which consists in the stoppage of leave to go ashore, and of our pocket-money, besides the captain's high displeasure; who, on the report being made to him, could not have treated the offenders less severely, without leaving a road open to the re-commission of the offence. For my part I regret it, but nothing in life is worth caring for; besides, I am about to leave the ship: Neville has to remain in her; his feelings may be stronger and more smothered, and he is now brooding over the moment when he will be able to hurl back upon his antagonist the odium he has cast."

"Oh, then," I remarked, "the fellow is fit for something."

"Really, I can't say; but I'll ask him," replied my informant; and, before I could prevent his doing so, he exclaimed, 'I say, Neville, your new messmate, Mr. Cavendish, wishes to know if you are fit for any thing.'

"Fit, fit!" said he, starting from his reverie, "did you say fit? Oh, fit for any thing; yes, certainly; when last in practice I was a dead shot—much at his service—also at yours."

"I wish, sir," said I, to my friend of the morning, "you had been less quick; I like not having enemies made ready at hand in that style."

"You need never trouble yourself about that; crack a joke with him, and he is your friend directly. An odd being; see what answer he gives that beggar now supplicating him for a halfpenny. I doubt if the boy is worth so much, since his pocket-money is stopped."

"*Me paure, Signor, nix mangarre*; my father dead in Egypt, my mother died of the plague," said the little Maltese boy, in a mixture of Arabic, French, Italian, and English, holding out his hand to the youngster for some donation.

"What, beg to me, boy? how's that? *Nix mangerre*

—to me—stuffed brain and empty pockets,” turning them inside out. “Come, my boy, do you do the same, and see which is the greatest beggar of the two—why, I am, to be sure. Come, we are, or should be, fellows,” and, leaning on the beggar, he was lounging towards the gate of entrance.

“Stop, sir,” said the sentry, lowering his musket, “you cannot go into the town.”

“Not go, eh? There, little fellow, while you complain of beggary alone, behold I, your fancied better, am both a beggar and a slave. Let that teach thee philosophy—but ask me twenty years hence what I am, and then—what then? Can you tell me? No; nor I either—so get out of this; you have only to think that you *are* better off than I am, and you *will* be so.”

CHAPTER XX.

The surgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
The carpenter can't fish a mast;
The gunner's a devil of a bubber,
The master can't steer if he's asked;
The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
The mates scarcely merit their flip,
And scarcely a soul but the captain
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship. DIBDIN.

If sober men but see one candle,
Dogs who are drunk see two for scandal.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

“ARE you fond of snipe-shooting?” inquired my Plutarch, in continuance.

“I have no eyesight for that,” I replied; “I hate spectacles.”

“Had you been inclined that way, yonder is your quarry.”

“Where?”

“Do you see that stumpy, broad-faced animal, in the shape of a midshipman, in whose wide jaws a sepulchre doth yawn, which he fondly deems is only a mouth?”

“I observe him.”

“ Well, his name is Antic Snipe Humbug, son of Admiral Grim Emmet Humbug, heir to the noted baronetcy so called. I take it for granted that every one is aware of the notability and amiability of the Humbug family. For a long period that respectable name was much connected with the control of the navy; so many of its branches obtained place in the department, that it was commonly styled a ‘ humbug administration from beginning to end;’ till at length the restless Earl St. Vitus terminated its career, by decreeing it a place on the retired list of post-captains—sorely against its will. However, this hopeful lad, Snipe, is the eldest son. You may perceive he has no bill (except when he *gives* dinners); but he has more than a substitute—a mouth from ear to ear, with feelings of meanness and covetousness in proportion. The rest of his character is too vapid and tasteless to deserve further remark, if we except the malice he possesses in lieu of talent, and for wit, two rows of horses’ teeth. If you were to put your finger into his mouth, no doubt he would bite hard.

“ Nearer to us stands little Goldsmith, kind-hearted, gentle, and courageous in the extreme; but too weak, I fear, in constitution for our profession. Yonder is good-natured Jack Hearty, and next to him is his friend, George Green; I believe you had the latter’s brother, Frederick Green, in the Niobe?”

“ Yes, we had. What manner of man may the Honourable George be?”

“ A chip of the old block, as we say; a lad of talent and good-nature, rather fond of teasing, it may be—but that he inherits from the leader of the opposition—possibly a little capricious, but one that you could hardly help liking. Here we have Doykes, a straightforward honest fellow. You already know the clerk; and I have now, I believe, acquitted myself of my task. You have had sketches of almost all your future messmates. I do not pretend to finish the portraits, since a few shades of sepia, with the lights thrown in, give all the expressions I require.”

“ Positively, sir, I feel very much indebted to you, and accordingly tender you my thanks,” I replied; but, after this enumeration, ‘ Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?’ as Pope says.”

Nothing will give me greater pleasure. My modesty has hitherto prevented me from saying anything on the subject ; but, since you ask, be it known to you that my name is Charles Pug. I arrived here in the Talthorpe ; but finding the climate too sultry, and the ship too hot for my health, I am going to return to England in the Niobe. I have some good-nature, and am rather sharp ; I shine most on a short acquaintance, being, on the whole, a heartless sort of animal. I am a charity schoolboy, educated in the bare-poll-and-yellow-shank institution. My father is a peter-boat fisherman ; my patron, Sir William Guttledish ; and I have the impudence to ape the gentleman."

"Well," thought I, as this fellow proceeded, with the greatest truth, to dish himself up, after the same manner in which he had served the others, "this is certainly the *Nonpareil* that I have got into by hazard. Did ever any one meet with such a queer set of oddities?"

"Mr. Cavendish, I believe," said Green, bowing. "My brother," he continued, "had the pleasure of being your messmate in the Niobe."

"Yes," I replied, "I had that honour;" and we rambled on in conversation till we stumbled upon the subject of fever.

"Ah, fever, a dreadful thing!" said the master, who was standing close at hand. "When I was a young man, Mr. Cavendish, I had the most alarming fever you can possibly conceive." Here Green half closed his eye at me, as much as to say, "hear, hear!" "Yes, sir, all the faculty were astounded at me—from this very arm the surgeons took no less than sixty ounces of blood a-day for three weeks."

"So much as that, Mr. Cantall?" said Green. "Why, consider, that is within two pints of ten gallons ; surely you mistake."

"Mistake! no mistake. I tell you sixty ounces of blood every day from this very arm (don't pretend to know the exact number of gallons)—show you the hole if you like," holding up the rifled member, and offering to strip up the sleeve ; "why, sir, would you believe it?"

"Decidedly not," said Green.

But the master went on without noticing this denial. "The thermometer was down at sixteen ; snow on the

roof of the house three feet five inches thick ; three rooms between me and the roof, and yet, sir, the heat generated by my fever not only melted the snow on the roof of my lodgings, but half of the snow on those adjoining ; and had it not been for the providential circumstance of the snow, they must have had recourse to the fire-engine, and damped the outside of my dwelling, to prevent its taking fire—and why not ?” he demanded, seeing the incredulous looks of Green and myself.

“ My idea of the story is this, Mr. Cantall,” said Green ; “ that all the snow must have fallen since I last heard the tale ; for, at that time, you said it took place on board the *Amethyst*, in Port Royal, Jamaica.”

“ Oh, no, Green, my dear fellow——”

“ Yes, yes, my dear fellow ; and you made the ship so hot that all the fresh water inside boiled out of the tanks in the hold, and the salt water outside frizzled and bubbled, till the ganders ashore mistook you for a steam-boat.”

“ Oh, no, Green ; no, you mistake. It happened at Halifax—you mistake.”

“ Mistake ; no mistake, I’m positive ; for even then it put my credulity on the stretch, but now——”

“ Mr. Green, I have to tell you this—I am not to be catechised by you. I may relate a tale ——”

“ Relate a tale ?—oh ! certainly ; or tell a story, if——”

But the master found he could gain very little credence from me, and therefore departed in a hurry.

On repairing to the dinner-table, I found that worthy, fat Bob Straw, in the midst of the midshipmen, disgustingly familiar with all around. It was one of his common practices, *alias* nuisances, to invite himself at all hours and seasons into the “ gentlemen’s mess.” The conversation turning on Lady D——’s running away, Ducabore seemed quite at home.

“ Lady D—— ? Oh ! yes, I knew her mother’s cousin’s aunt very well indeed ; an old tabby, resides No. —, Portland Place. Her daughter, by first marriage, ran off with her father’s butler’s third nephew—did not know much of him, except by sight—generally considered a bad match—family interest used to get him a commission in *the Guards* ;

but happening to put his salt on the left-hand side of his plate, and call for horse-radish-vinegar in plain English, why he slipped down into the *marines*!—supposed to be related, by some slight faux-pas, to the Duke of Noodlebrains—his grace an intimate friend of mine!—he never knew a word of more than three syllables—one day sent for his physician, while reading a bulletin of the king's health, to inquire the meaning of expectoration—married only twice—and then —”

“Pray, sir,” I inquired, seeing that there was no end to this sort of nonsense, “do you find Burke's or Debrett's peerage the easiest to get by heart?”

“Peerage, my dear fellow!” interrupted John Roy; “don't you recollect his features?—the twopenny postman in Portman Square!”

Ducabore was silenced and annoyed by the laugh which followed this sally, which subsequent experience has taught me was a lucky thing, since this was his most favourite subject on which to dilate; showing in this way, if no other, his considerable knowledge as a man *of letters*.

On Sunday, the prayers being over, the sage, or schoolmaster, determined to visit the shore, which was as yet almost new to him. Of course the youngsters were desirous of seeing the place, but they were *too young* to be trusted alone; and two of them were therefore placed under charge of the schoolmaster, with orders to be particularly careful of their conduct, also of their morals; and now let us see how ably he fulfilled the charge.

The two boys selected were, little Goldsmith, whose age might be barely fourteen, and Jack Hearty, six, or perhaps nine months his senior. The first place to which they bent their steps was Joe Micaliff's, one of the principal *cafés* in the island, in Strada Teatro. Here he met an old friend, whom he introduced to the youngsters under his charge, as his particular acquaintance, and a special good fellow. Then turning to the man who waited—“Micaliff, let me have a bottle of ginger-beer; mind that it is well iced for an hour! Youngsters, what will you take—an ice? Ah! very well; eat it quickly, and we will take a walk.”

In an hour he returned, drank his ginger-beer, discussed

a few other trifles, and then asked his young companions what they next wished to have? Wine, was the reply. Kind in the extreme, their Mentor consented, and some sweet Malaga made its appearance. For the quantity I will not vouch; I merely confine myself to the effects produced. Goldsmith and Hearty were not long in perceiving that, by a slight transposition, the spirit divine had now become the spirit *di vino*; in short, he, whose duty it was to guard them from committing themselves, had made rapid approaches towards a state of intoxication!

Treading on each other's toes, they begged he would help himself, and there would be enough for all. "Or, if not, Hearty, there's plenty more where this came from," said the sage. "Here's to 'e, Goldsmith! eh, Hearty—(hiccup.)"

"Certainly, Ducabore, (hiccup,)" replied Hearty," mocking him.

"Oh! Mr. Hearty, (hiccup,) how have you forgotten yourself!—you're drunk!" said Ducabore, seeing himself in the other, *veluti in speculum*.

"Oh! no, I'm not, sir."

"I say—you—are (hiccup). Come—you shan't stay on shore any longer—I—shall get the blame—of it all!"

"Well, then, sir, I'll just take a little more wine."

"Oh! no, (hiccup)—I can allow you—to do no such thing—you're drunk enough already. Sooner than—you should do—such a thing—I'd rather drink it myself," said the worthy, finishing the contents of the bottle.

"I say, Goldsmith, isn't he tipsy?"

"No," said Goldsmith, "I don't see it."

"Oh! you (hiccup) stupid little fool, you're drunk too! Oh! what excuse shall I make to—(hiccup) the captain? Come, you shall go on board directly:—*come here*, or you will be tumbling down stairs;" reeling about the room, then, placing his hands on their shoulders for support, under the pretence of guiding them, descended.

After making a few blunders in paying the reckoning, they proceeded towards the quay. On arriving at the gate of the town it was shut, and the sentry demanded who was there.

"A philosopher," returned Ducabore, in his drunken accent.

“Serjeant, turn out the guard for the field-officer,” cried the man, not very well distinguishing the sounds.

In an instant the guard was turned out, subaltern and all, when, staggering in came Ducabore and the youngsters with him, convulsed with laughter.

Tottering up to the officer, he inquired, “Who the deuce are you—and all these (hiccup) lobsters?” pointing to the men drawn up by lantern-light. “Do you mean to consult me, sir? ‘Fleas are not lobsters, d—their souls,’ as Pope says. I’m a philosopher (hiccup).”

“Serjeant,” said the officer, “take a halberd, and thrust that drunken rascal out;” when observing the uniform of Goldsmith, he hesitated.

“Who are *you*, gentlemen?”

“We belong, sir, to the Talthorpe,” tendering their cards, “and this is our schoolmaster; he came ashore to *take care* of us, a man of rather eccentric habits, and this is his translation of the word.” This was indeed something fresh, and opening his eyes with astonishment, the officer ordered them a passage through.

On arriving at the boats they met Lieutenant Willstand, and proceeded on board together. The lieutenant also perceived how affairs were going on, and happening to have a cigar in his mouth, he offered another to Ducabore. Though unaccustomed to smoking, the latter immediately accepted it; but, after a few whiffs, his head declined over the gun-wale of the boat. With the help of two or three hands he was conveyed to the mess-room, and happening to catch a sight of him *en passant*, I followed in his rear.

“Give me a chair, Hearty,—I—shall report you, for your misconduct, to—the captain—there, set the chair down.”

Here Hearty officiously pretended to give him a seat, while the sage, in fancied security placing himself on it, was suddenly precipitated to the ground by its withdrawal. Enraged at his abasement, he sent forth a volley of abuse at those around him; and when they proffered a chair, and begged he would get up, he replied, “No, you good-for-nothing fellows, I will not get up. No, I will—(hiccup) compose your perfidy. Send for Captain Sawyer, *he* shall be an eye-witness to *your* shameful behaviour. I say,

Tomkins," (the servant's name,) "tell the captain to come here directly."

"I can't, sir."

"But I say you shall."

"Oh, no, sir."

"You shall, you rascal!—why can't you?"

"Because the captain's at Valetta."

"What of that, you fool? then tell Valetta to come here too, will you?"

"Valetta, sir! Valetta is a city; the thing's impossible."

"Oh, you know nothing about it; if a captain 'll come, why shouldn't a city? eh? (hiccup,) why not?"

"'Cause as how, sir, a captain has legs, and a city has not, as ever I heard of; besides, I'm sure the captain wouldn't come; and if he what has legs wouldn't come, I don't see how a city should, which harn't never a one."

"Right, right;" returned the other, looking in my face; "a (hiccup) great deal of critical acumen that boy's got." Then pointing at the candles, and gazing steadfastly for five minutes with a most laughable expression of bewilderment, he broke forth—"A perfect phantasmagoria! I see four candles, and now you know there are only two on the table. I see two Tomkinses! Boy, have you two bodies?"

"No, sir."

"Thought not," shaking his head very wisely; "now, take those two candles in your hand—there, I see *four* now. Open your mouth—yes—it is a (hiccup) fact—two boy Tomkinses, two heads, two mouths open (what a lot of mosquitos he might catch),—four eyes—no—it isn't—it's six eyes—no—" nodding his pate against the floor—"four eyes and two bodies—a perfect phantasmagoria—never saw such a perfect thing in my life. There, boy, keep shutting your mouth and winking your eyes—yes, yes; now dance your body—oh, yes, a perfect phantasmagoria!" when under the happy idea that there was yet something new in nature, this worshipper of the grape resigned himself to the care of Morpheus.

Not long was he allowed to remain quiet, for Jack Hearty, shaking him by the shoulder, said, "I've been for the captain, sir, and he'll be here directly."

"Eh! eh! what? what?" cried Ducabore, starting in a

fright; "and who (hiccup) told you to go for the captain, sir?"

"You did."

"I didn't; I told boy Tomkins, and he said that the captain had legs, but Valetta wouldn't let him come. There's critical acumen; and so I don't want the captain, (hiccup)—I won't see the captain; tell him my—feelings won't allow me to see—tell him to keep away."

"Oh, no, I can tell him nothing of the sort. There he is. Don't you hear his foot on the stairs?"

"Oh, (hiccup) oh, I won't; no, I declare I won't see—I do declare I'll go away," trying to creep a little.

But he had too much Malaga aboard; and feeling himself obliged to lie down on the boards a little longer, he folded his arm round his head, saying, "Tell him, oh, tell him I'm fast as—tell him I'm in a (hiccup) slumber."

This was his last effort; even the glimmering of sense that remained was now extinguished, and having been laid on the lid of his sea-chest, he was soon insensible to every thing.

"The most fitting thing that we can do," said Lord George Thicke, one of his messmates, whom I had not seen before, and who appeared to be a clever, good-natured being, "is to smut his face with a burnt cork."

"Capital!" re-echoed Humbug, getting one and executing the proposal, while the degraded brute snored as sound and as unheeding as any of his brethren of the sty.

At half-past twelve the watch was relieved, and the youngster who had been keeping it entered the loft, where all our hammocks were hanging. The first thing he did was to advance towards the schoolmaster; and after mutely looking on the brute, with mingled hatred and contempt, as he turned away, his eye was caught by some object contained in a drawer lying on the ground: stooping down, he picked it up; it was a razor.

I was rather frightened; it was needless; for, putting down the lantern, so as to throw the light on the sage's face, and grasping the razor between his finger and thumb, as though about to shave, I heard him soliloquizing. "You despicable wretch, I might now revenge myself, if I chose; it is but shaving off a whisker or an eyebrow, and putting

the captain in possession of the truth, and you would be no longer here to pervert every thing with your vile calumny. With him, discovery and punishment are one; much as I should rejoice in seeing you sent home in merited disgrace—no—fate spares you yet awhile,” flinging down the razor; “some future day, perhaps, may see such a Mokanna unveiled.” The light flashed upon the youngster’s face as he got into his hammock; it was Neville.

Greatly as every one despised Ducabore, who abused, but seldom used, his authority, no person liked to take particular notice of his misconduct; and having therefore washed the burnt-cork from his face, and kept his aching head out of view for the day, the affair passed over.

The mere fault of being intoxicated would have been slight in any one else, comparatively speaking, though wrong in all; but in a man who, not three weeks before, had held forth to the captain’s displeasure two boys for a far less offence, to expose himself to the gaze of these very lads in the most degraded point of view which man can exhibit, no language can reprobate such iniquitous hypocrisy too severely. Nor was this all; night after night, he might have been found in scenes of dissipation, of which, in the morning, he had the folly and insolence to make a conversation and a boast, before those very youngsters whose morals and manners he never failed to report, according to the strict severity of the law; and while it was solely the wish of his superior that they should be under a due restraint, this man, by his mode of proceeding, did all that he could to render the ship a perfect hell. Here then is one of the blunders of our naval service; men are brought up so implicitly to merge their reason in obedience, that few, if any of them, dare to step forward in defence of the oppressed. I ask if no reform be wanting in a service where this is one of the (taut) bye-laws?

He who tries a superior by a court-martial, however just his cause, is a marked man; he will never succeed. Are superior officers then to be blamed if they are deceived in delegating authority?—Decidedly not. How is a captain, whom etiquette forbids to mingle much with his junior officers, to know who is trust-worthy, and who is not, if

there be no one to inform him?—He must trust to chance,—chance which never yet marked the difference between the good and bad.

CHAPTER XXI.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.
Eternal Summer gilds thee yet,
But all except their sun is set.

HAVING passed six weeks in the alternate amusements of going to the opera, flirting with the Misses R——, admiring the Misses Planters, going to the balls, and lounging at his excellency's levees—not forgetting to follow up Byron's precept, by bestowing a few daily curses on those eternal streets of stairs—it became time to bid adieu to the joys of La Valetta, not very deeply wounded by the numerous fair archers, ever on the look out in Malta to secure a heart, or an establishment, and who in spite of the monastic scene around them, evidently have their ideas set,

Less on a convent than an epaulette.

A coronet is out of the question, unless, as Moore says, it were a “corona muralis” for some feat performed on the walls of stone surrounding the hearts of the military. Only think, such of my readers as have beheld the run, the rout, the rabble, and the fuss, following a pair of epaulettes, more especially if gracing the shoulders of an honourable man—what would be the sensation produced by a coronet? Scarcely less, I imagine, than that produced by the regent's big bomb, which Counsellor Jekyll, I think, thus apostrophizes,—

Maids of honour should kiss it, and pages should fear it,
And as for a Smitch,* Sir,—he should not come near it.

But to return. One morning, towards the close of September, in the year—never mind the year—H. M. S. Talthorpe unfolded—to speak in classically poetic phrase—her snowy canvass to the breeze, and bade a long adieu to

* Smitch,—a term of abbreviation signifying a Maltese.

Malta. Immediately on our going to sea, the studies of the midshipmen, which had been interrupted during the ship's stay in Malta, were renewed. From nine o'clock till half-past eleven, navigation and French were drilled into us on alternate days. Dinner took place at noon (think of that, fashionable men), and from one till half-past two, universal history and British law employed us. I never met with any ship where the captain took so much pains with his youngsters; and every month an examination was held in the navigation department. They certainly *ought* to be clever lads; if they *are not*—why “no matter,” to use the words of the immortal Best.

“Neville, keep this washing-place for me, will you?” said Humbug, one morning to his messmate Neville, going on deck, and leaving his towels spread out on a gun-tackle, beneath the screen on the main-deck, which the captain had allotted for our ablutions.

“Very well,” said the other, “I will.”

“Come, I shall sheer these traps out of the way,” said Jennings, coming up, and attempting to occupy the place which Humbug had arranged for himself.

“No, Jennings,” said the trustee, “I cannot give you up that place.”

“*You* give me up! I like that; who asked you?”

“Certainly not yourself; if you had, it would have been to no purpose; it was left in my charge by Humbug.”

“Pooh! I will have it,” returned Jennings, who could have eaten the other in two mouthfuls, so great was their disparity of size.

“Very well,” replied the lesser one; “if you must have it, take it; but not peaceably while I can defend it.”

“Get out of this, youngster,” said Jennings, half in fun, flinging a spongeful of water into the other's face. It was returned instantly. Jennings lost his temper; a battle commenced, in which the latter, being so much stronger, soon had the other under him, where he appeared likely to get what is called a good thrashing, when in came Humbug.

Now between Humbug and his trustee there had long been an alliance, offensive and defensive, against this very madcap Jennings (who was fond of what he thought play, but what in reality approached nearer to bullying), by which

they were bound to support each other in any attack or war with Jennings. In such a case as this, therefore, where the quarrel originated solely in defence of Humbug's rights, he was doubly bound to give prompt aid. But no such thing ; he merely stood afar off, waving his towel in a most laughable manner, and saying,—“ Oh, now don't, don't Jennings, hit poor Neville !”

“ Oh, you donkey, why don't you help him ?” said the spirited little Goldsmith, springing on Jennings ; but it was soon ended. Judas Iscariot heard the rout, and placed both the combatants on the bit-heads for punishment. In two hours, when they were released, they were the best friends in the ship.

In a few days after leaving Malta, we ascertained the destination of his Majesty's ship Talthorpe, to be the Grecian Archipelago.

Among the first islands at which we touched was that of Milo, presented, I believe, by the Greeks to Prince Hamilton, and by him refused of course. The most ignorant of the islanders could scarcely be brought to believe that England contained a greater personage than Captain Hamilton—for six or seven years the senior officer in the Archipelago ; at the entrance of which this rocky isle is situated. It is the next thing to uninhabited. A few fishermen's huts, and the somewhat better abodes of the Greek pilots, congregated together on the summit of a high hill which commands the sea, named the Crow's Nest, is, as far as I am aware, if not the only, at least the principal town on the island.

It has a wild but calm appearance, that same crow's nest, gilded by the last ray of the setting sun, its windmills moving slowly to the evening breeze, while, spread around the base, softly rolls the unregarded sea. I would I were like thee, reclusive from the waste of life, and soaring above those warring tides, that make such frequent shipwreck of our true happiness.

After the lays without end, and prose-works without number, that celebrate the beauties of the Grecian islands, it is not without some disappointment that a stranger makes his first acquaintance with them in the month of October. Instead of the clear and cloudless sky, the deep blue sea, and

an atmosphere regulated to eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, the scholar is surprised to find himself in a land of mist and drizzle, which last in the most unclassical manner for two or three months; while the ocean, or mill-pond, as those sinners the Bardi call it, far from slumbering like an unweaned child, shakes his mane in a style at once uncourteous and unkind, and not at all to be desiderated by those whose entrance is still recent upon a marine existence.

There is a wild ecstatic joy which the sailor's life affords, that the shore can never give; and it is in the Grecian Archipelago that this is more particularly felt, when the evening sets in, the sky one wide-spread sheet of azure, the sea its calm unruffled mirror, over which your ship can be barely seen to move, while at a distance of six or eight miles reposes the land our boyhood has been taught to revere—a land which sent forth heroes, round whose brows our prejudices and our passions have twined the brightest bays of immortality.

As Rogers tells us,—speaking of Italy,—when sitting on our schoolboy forms, how little did we deem this hour would come, or that we should behold the self-same scene as that which gilded the last moments of the immortal Socrates; that the same blue breast of waters would bear us in the same bay which beheld Grecian freedom triumph over Persian multitudes; that we should tread the same steps with Demosthenes, and ramble over the hallowed island, where, weary of the persecutions of his enemies, he converted his instrument of punishment on them into the surest means of refuge from their enmity—the poisoned quill, dreaded by those who had writhed under the torture of its sting, beloved by him whom it served to guide to greatness and to rest. Who on viewing these scenes, would not feel himself above the herd, to whom land is land—it matters not whether Beachy Head, or the Tarpeian Rock—the Acropolis of Athens, or Timbuctoo?

And this is Cape Colonna! It wants but little fancy to restore the broken pillaged columns to their earth-born grandeur, and to behold the train of nymphs with garlands on their heads, and offerings in their hands, proceeding to the sacrifice of the virgin goddess; while, mellowed by the distance, and undulating along the wave, fancy can distin-

guish heaven-sprung sounds. Swiftly the scene changes—the last, long, glowing tint of a departed sun has vanished.—The temple stands forth in all its ruined majesty to the winds of Heaven, now whistling round its sacred fragments!—Clouds are flitting fast and far along the late pure Heavens.—The sea curls up in angry violence, and sends its dashing spray upon the altar, where once the Grecian priest burnt sacrifice.—Anon, the eye descries the battered hulk of a vessel; her masts are gone; her rigging and her sails are flying to the breeze—no soul is seen on board—she drives towards the shore with irresistible fury—a moment more she strikes; a wild and piercing shriek is heard. The shipwreck and the fate of Falconer gleam sadly on the mind, and all is changed once more. The sky and waves are as they were. A lonely figure stands on the unroofed aisle, as if mourning over the glory of a departed dream.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
Where nothing but the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep,
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,
Dash down yon bowl of Samian wine!

Who would not roam to Greece, if but to let his eye-beam rest on the spot where Byron died? But the rock before me!—Alas! it is but the same grey, hoary Cape Colonna, alone, unheeded, a secret spring that can awake to reverie the visionary mind.

Among the numerous creeks and corners into which our pirate-hunting led us, was the romantic harbour of Poros, the island which contains the ashes of the Athenian orator, Alexander's greatest foe. It is little more than a rock; but the scenery to be found on that and the adjacent part of the Morea, is most exquisite. The high and uneven hills are interspersed with vineyards, where the grape-bushes are planted in rows, appearing at first more like currant-shrubs than aught beside; these also generally fill up the valleys, while upon the mountain-side are to be seen, in enchanting and wild luxuriance, the olive and the lemon, the orange and the citron; while not unfrequently, the strawberry arbutus and geraniums may be found growing like mere weeds upon this genial soil. On the summits of the highest hills are

perched small huts, white-washed,—the Grecian churches. The ornaments within these are as inconsistent as any other features of the Grecian character. A gaudy gilded picture hangs over the entrance, sanctified by a rudely carved cross of wood. Within, more of these daubs may be found; and, suspended from the ceiling are several tumblers, three-parts filled with water, on which a stratum of oil buoys up some floating light. At one end stands the altar, with a chalice for burning frankincense. The doors are always unclosed; and though there is nothing valuable to abstract, it nevertheless shows that in a land of universal thievery, and in the midst of chaos and disorder, the house of their God, and altar of their religion, are sacred still.

Nor even in this wild and distant spot are all thoughts of Old England absent. Here and there a little yellow-blossomed furze, brings back the barren commons of our native shore,—but no soft eyes to cheer them. Occasionally through the bushes may be seen a petticoat; but while you spring forward to pay it some slight adoration, it is gone—or, worse, turns out to be that magic garment drying on a briar—too great a stretch for the imagination! In sober truth, very little can be said for the Greek women; often have I turned away in disgust, as memory recalled the angelic description of Haidee; their figures are neither sufficiently tall nor slight, they know not the use of corsets; and though this takes much from the danger of tight lacing, it spoils the figure. Their eyes, I think, are rather small, and their plump and oval faces are deeply dyed from exposure to the sun. It would, however, be very unfair to take this as a portrait of Grecian female beauty. The rarest and most beautiful plants generally require the highest culture; and thus, the higher rank of life in which a woman moves, to a certain grade, the greater chance she will have of being handsome, inasmuch as they are never submitted to anything which may injure that precious boon of nature, female loveliness.

To say nothing of the luxuries which wealth bestows, the indolent state of inaction in which we naturally like to live, though it ruins the health, yet throws over the female face that vague, bewitching veil of softness, that makes man gaze with a feeling of idolatry,—breathless, lest he ruffle a single

charm. In Greece, there are very few families of this description.

In the harbour we found H. M. S. Cymbrian, Captain Humbleman; and as she was almost the only ship of any note on that part of the station, the officers of both vessels showed a mutual desire to cultivate an acquaintance. The Cymbrian had long been employed on the Mediterranean station, and I therefore knew the greater part of her officers, when in the Niobe; but as the Talthorpes were all strangers, that knowledge had yet to commence.

I have seldom met with a ship which could boast in the aggregate so pleasant a set of officers as the Cymbrian. The captain, who had seen much service, seemed to delight in their amusement, and forebore to harass those under him by any duties which were not strictly called for.

He never troubled friends or foes with his garrulity, but came at once *ad rem*; his was a lot that seldom falls to one in office, universal esteem.

There were only two points which might be called in question. His kindness might now and then be said to degenerate into indifferent ease, and he sported Marsala and water in preference to lighter wines; so that he whose stomach, as Le Sage would say, was not drilled into bibbing that heart-burning mixture of grape-lees and brandy, stood very little chance in a drinking-bout with Captain Gong Humbleman.

After a few advances on either side, the Talthorpes were voted by the Cymbrians to be the best set of fellows on the station, and the Talthorpes returned the compliment most willingly. But mind, reader, this only includes the midds of both ships. To kill time, a cricket-match was appointed; and at nine in the morning, the officers of both ships being duly accoutred, and prepared with provisions, as well as with a large quantity of wine and sprits, proceeded to the ground on the Morea side of the harbour.

On our road I had an opportunity of witnessing the peculiar method by which the Greeks thresh their corn. They are ignorant, it seems, of the construction of a barn, but, when the season arrives, they select a flat piece of ground, generally near the sea, and exposed to the breeze. A large stake is driven into the ground, and four, five, six, or even

eight horses are yoked together abreast. One flank being secured to the pole, and the other led by a boy, the animals are made to describe a circle round the stake, whose diameter is more or less, according to the number of horses used. Beneath the cattle the corn is laid, over which their feet exercise an action correspondent to our flail, while behind comes a boy with a goad or whip to impel them forward; and though in some measure a living threshing-machine, it was, when I left the country, unvisited by the menaces of "*Swing*." Having undergone this process, the corn is finally winnowed and ground, but is too intimately mixed with sand in the first instance, ever to become wholly free from it. It is, therefore, a rule never to close the teeth in eating Greek bread.

Having partaken of as much as was intended of our newly-instituted Olympian games, the chiefs reposed themselves in their tent, while the younger part of the community sought their amusement without;—Captain Humbleman, supported by his old friend, Marsala and water; Captain Sawyer preferring the more rosy tints of Burgundy.

"Sawyer," said the former, after sipping a due portion, "fine set of young men, your youngsters—very fine set of young men, indeed."

"Yes," replied Captain Sawyer; "I am rather particular about them, though they do give a man a *monstrous* deal of trouble sometimes; which, were it not for the recollection of our own youthful vagaries, would try the patience more than it already does. But, on the score of personal appearance, I think the gentlemen of the Cymbrian may more than match any ship on the station; still, perhaps, I have somewhat the advantage of you on the whole; for, taking your youngsters, Humbleman, at an average, they are three years senior to mine. I think from seventeen to one or two and twenty, makes the run of yours—excessive ticklish age that to manage,"—swallowing down a glass of Burgundy, and snuffing,—“whereas, you see, mine are all between fourteen and nineteen—troublesome enough, I assure, even though there are fewer of them.”

"Ah, Sawyer," returned the other, emptying his tumbler, and replenishing the same, "you're a younger man, ye see,

and can afford to pay more attention to the subject—worry my life out—good Marsala!—Salvo's*—no, no, I keep the ship up here among the Cyclades—less likely to inflame their fancies than the Maltese or Smyrniots. In my young days I never found much to admire in rocks and stones."

"A very good plan, certainly, Humbleman. I only see one objection."

"What's that?"

"Why you keep your own fancy as cool as those of your midshipmen."

"Hah! *not quite*, but *we* never think of those things; better for duty; follow my plan, Marsala and water," again filling.

"The plan, Humbleman, is excellent; but Marsala is rather too strong a wine—for my gustation, substitute Chambertin."

"Strong, my dear sir! weak as seltzer water. Sawyer, here's glory to ye; there's nothing else left for me to wish you—habit, sir, is second nature."

"True," and a smile curled round Captain Sawyer's mouth.

"Well, now," said the senior, whose heart was barely beginning to feel the kindly influence of the grape, "this cricket is a noble game,—very, very noble game; your youngsters play excessively well (mine play better though, *aside*); I vote we play here often."

"I should like it very much," said the junior captain.

"Agreed."

"Then we lie here and play cricket for the next month. Never smile, sir, no joke. Not a bad bat myself in olden time," (taking a stride across the tent!) "ah! that cursed wound of mine!" (suddenly reseating himself;) "shan't be able to run much, but then I can see the sport,—noble game of cricket!"

"Very noble, sir," said Lieutenant Straw, entering the tent, who seldom lost an opportunity of displaying his ignorance and stupidity. "Very ancient too, I understand, if my memory serves me. The ancient Greeks were very poetical,—I mean to say partial to it. Now, I dare say if

* A wine-merchant at Malta.

the ground could speak, it might inform us that some ages ago these worthies of antiquary——”

“Antiquity,” said some one helping him.

“Ah, yes, antiquity; well those chaps might have had some half a dozen innings on the same spot.”

“Cricket, Mr. Straw!” said Captain Humbleman in surprise.

“Cricket, Mr. Straw!” echoed the schoolmaster, “in what book did you see that?”

“Homer,” replied Straw, with the most unblushing impudence, though he had most probably never looked into that author in his life; nor indeed by his conversation, into any other, unless it were Kitchiner’s Domestic Oracle.

“Here is a small edition of Homer, perhaps you can point out the passage,” giving him the volume.

“I hardly know,” said Straw; “I am afraid I cannot hit on it at this moment,” staring at the text as learnedly as one of his porcine brethren might be supposed to do at the alphabet. “No,” he continued, turning over the leaves without reversing their position (it had been purposely put into his hand upside down), “but I remember it very well.”

“What was the word used?”

“Oh,—cricketus,” replied the lieutenant, with a face extremely puzzled.

“That’s not Greek!” continued the pedagogue, very pertinaciously.

“No!—may-be not—but I’m positive, I recollect.”

“Very singular indeed; you cannot mean the Discus, surely?”

“Ah, yes, to be sure, that’s it, Dixus, I knew I had heard of it before.” And without giving his persecutor an opportunity of further exposing his ignorance, he darted out of the tent, and with his usual familiarity began to play with the midshipmen around him, as though they had been his equals, till at length getting him to an uneven part of the ground, they surrounded, and commenced pelting him with stones. Furious at this, he took by storm a small hillock on which several were assembled, and commenced laying about him in good earnest. Unluckily, the chief burden of his blows fell on Ginhouse, of the Cymbrian, a strong, stout fellow, who, placing his rank in the distance, began a Cornish

wrestle with the huge carcase of his opponent, and grappled him round the waist. The other mids immediately closed on their friend's behalf, some seizing the lieutenant by his coat-tails, some placing their backs against him, and their feet set on the rock, others climbing up and hanging on his shoulders, like the Lilliputians attacking Gulliver. The combination of force proved too much for Straw, and his feet tripping on the brow of the hill, he and Ginhouse, still undis severed from their fond embrace, rolled down together.

At every turn, when Ginhouse was under, an expressive "Oh !" forced its way out, as it were from the heavy pressure of incumbent weight. Suddenly their progress was impeded by the stump of a tree, when their bonds parted, and each came singly to the bottom of the hill. Ginhouse now started up, and joining in the hurrah of victory raised by his messmates, the discomfited lieutenant went off in high dudgeon.

On our road back towards the ship, we halted to finish whatever potations remained at a well. It was of singular construction, and served to water a melon-garden. On its brink was erected some wooden machinery, on which were hung a series of earthen jars, turned by the rotation of a mule, causing a constant flow of water into the main branch of a set of channels, which intersected the whole garden ; a plan which might be adopted in England with great success, both as to beauty and convenience.

It was a lovely spot, and spoke truly of Eastern scenery, if we except the mids, who came staggering from the vicinity of the well, as though it had overflowed with *eau de vie*. Numerous were the congratulations passed between us relative to the month's cricket forthcoming, as we pulled on board the Cymbrian to wassail it out with them. Samos wine, Dutch hollands, Jamaica rum, and Havannah segars, all held forth their fascinating charms in the larboard berth of H. M. S. Cymbrian. Great was the adoration paid to them ; it would, I am sure, be a unique scene to introduce thee to them, reader, but I know not whether satisfaction would be the result of the interview ; take a sample.

"Cavendish, hand me that water-bottle," said T——, pointing to a decanter.

I did so ; when pouring a few glasses of rum into a large

Jamaica vase, he filled it up with the liquid I had given him; then rising, spoke, "Gentlemen and brother officers, I wish to propose a toast."

"Let's have it!" shouted one and all.

"It deserves a stronger beverage than this, but my nerves——"

"Oh, never mind your nerves; where's your toast?"

"The eternal friendship of the Cymbrians and Talthorpes!"

"Hurrah!" was the echo, and down went half the contents of T——'s goblet.

"Un—commonly strong," said he, taking breath, and pouring in some more of the water. In ten minutes he started up very furiously: "I will sing a song—none of your servile copies for me; a man's nothing if he can't sing a song extempore." And without more ceremony he commenced.

SONG.

In women's eyes
The nectar lies
With which we drink to love
But friendship's soul
Is in the bowl,
Jove's nectar from above.
Who would not drink dear woman's sigh,
And spurn the sober vine?
Warm from her heart fresh passing by
With love and life, nor doom'd to die
Like joys that spring from wine.
Here east and west
Yield forth their best,
A moment's bliss to crown;
To woman still
One goblet fill,
Love's pangs moment drown.
But love lies o'er the distant wave,
Bedimm'd its beauteous ray;
Those who for passion wildly crave,
Come pledge, "Here's friendship to the grave!"
'Twill smooth our darkling way.

"Shiver my timbers! I won't sing any more," exclaimed T——, abruptly breaking off, and raising the glass to his lips; but little was drank; the seat of reason had been

inundated by his late draughts ; his eyes twinkled in their sockets for an instant, and down he sank, vase and all, under the table.

“ Hurrah, T—— ! hurrah for your Pegasus ; don’t let him cast a shoe.”

“ Why, carthe that fellow—he’s a nath’ral fool ! there’s my Grecian drinkthing-cup smathred ; how has the fellow got drunk ?” cried out the owner, an irritable, lisping Welshman.

“ How, indeed ?” thought I, for I had been sitting at T——’s elbow, and had not noticed him drinking any quantity for such results ; but on taking up his *water*-bottle it was explained—the contents were Dutch *schnaps*.* Having carefully conveyed him to the boat, we departed ; and, as we pulled towards the Talthorpe, one of the senior midshipmen, who never could refrain from moralising when a few sheets in the wind, held a most eloquent discourse over his prostrate messmate, who, still poetically inclined, was bellowing most lustily ; but one of the youngsters stopped his mouth, and nearly stifled the poor fellow.

“ Now, is it not horrible,” said the moralist, pointing with his finger, and clipping the king’s English not a little, “ that T—— should be—I—say should be—with such a fine voice ?—What is he—now—now what do you think he is ? Why—he—is—*pro tempore defuncto*. Shocking ! oh, my heart—is—in—the grave—with T——, and I must—pause till it come back to me.”

Here we arrived alongside ; the quarter-master came into the boat, in order to sling the temporary defunct with a rope and hoist him out ; but the moralist stayed him.

“ Quarter-master——”

“ Sir !”

“ Now take—great—care.”

“ Yes, I will ; I know all——”

“ You do not—you do not understand.”

“ Oh, yes——”

“ Yes ! d—n you, sir, hold your tongue ; you do not, I tell you.—Take great care—of him—greatest possible care of him—who knows what may be the consequences ? He is—I say he is *pro tempore defuncto*.”

* Hollands, some degrees above proof.

CHAPTER XXII.

White is the glassy deck without a stain,
 Where, on the watch, the staid lieutenant stalks;
 Look on that part which sacred doth remain
 For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
 Silent, and feared by all.

CHILDE HAROLD.

EARLY on the ensuing morning a signal was observed flying on board the Cymbrian. The books were quickly brought upon the capstan, the signal code referred to. It was—"Prepare to be——" "Ashore at the cricket-ground," re-echoed every one, "of course." "There goes up the rest of the telegraph! What is it?"—"at sea in half an hour."

"Holloa! your Marsala cask's dry, old boy," said the clerk, who possessed humour of the same stamp as the commodore's cask.

There was no reprieve, and as H.M.S. Talthorpe was the smartest ship on the station, in less than twenty minutes we were under sail and passing the Cymbrian's quarter.

"Sawyer," said Captain Humbleman, hailing, "cruise between Ægina and Hydra for a week, till you see me."

"Very well. I can touch at some place for fresh beef and veg——"

"Oh! no, never mind that. The master of the transport tells me that your salt junk is very good—two years in cask—only been out to the West Indies once in the Fly; but she lost three parts of her crew by the yellow-fever, and so it came home again—no infection, dare say. If you do catch any pirates, you know you can fricassee a few of them for your own private table. I'm told they're very good eating—don't vouch for the fact, as Horace Smith makes Cobbett say. Good morning!"—and away we went to sea.

The next morn was the Sabbath. My watch relieved the one in which Neville was a youngster, when, to my surprise, at five o'clock, I found him walking the deck, instead of being in his hammock.

"How is this, boy, that you are here?"

"If you mean such a trivial thing as, why do I keep eight hours' watch, while the rest have only four?—I

answer, because it so happened that, while my old watch-mate, Lackit, was snoring, Mr. Willstand and myself held a long discussion on the weather-gangway, on Byron's Faliero. What would the consequence have been, had he succeeded in overthrowing the oligarchy at Venice? Having called the mate of the watch and Judas Iscariot, I returned, to follow up the discussion. Just at this moment, Cavendish, up came old Judas—"Mr. Neville, why did you not tell me that land was in sight?"—"I had forgotten it, sir." "Then stay up till eight o'clock; and forget it's a punishment, will you?"—"I'll try, sir," I replied; "but I had rather forget it altogether." Now the rogue, if he had any conception of *dry* humour, would have sent me down to my hammock, considering I have only had three hours' sleep to-night, instead of keeping me to paddle about in the water while these fellows are holy-stoning decks. Look at the old rascal there, munching his figs; he always comes up here with his pockets full. Ah! who would come to sea when he can drown himself in a horse-pond? Time, you old sinner! depart, and make room for breakfast," continued Neville, "while we are here lounging on the booms."

"We shall soon be relieved," said I. "Never cast a thought to load him, and he quickly brushes by. Are you strong on the chest, Neville?" pressing his Flushing jacket, as he was lying near me.

"Yes, I believe so—why?"

"Because I once saw a juggler support an immense weight on his chest. Try how many shot you can bear, without flinching, in the same position."

"Very well; you get some of the eighteen-pounders."

I accordingly placed five or six on his chest; and we were talking very busily as to placing any more, when Stretcher's voice was heard, calling "Mr. Neville—Mr. Neville!"

"Oh! quick, quick, Cavendish; take these confounded things off," said he, not daring to answer or spring up, without discovering to Judas what we were about, which would have brought the pair into a scrape; myself for idling on my watch, and he for not walking the deck, instead of lying on the booms.

"Quarter-master, go down and bring up Mr. Neville"

"Here I am, sir," he replied, at last freed from his load, walking towards the quarter-deck from the lee-gangway.

"What business had you off deck, sir?"

"I was not off deck—I was on the gangway;" which was perfectly correct.

"Then, why did you not answer me? I see how it is, you were not on deck."

"Yes, I was, sir."

"You were not. I shall report you to the captain;" and, nodding his head, old Judas went down the hatchway, as much as to say, "look out for a squall!"

"There, my juggler, Manvers Cavendish, juggle me out of this scrape, if you can."

"I'm very sorry, my dear fellow! What had you better do?"

"Stand the brunt, sir; stand the brunt."

The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away."

"But why not tell him how it was?"

"Psha! then he will have us both. No; if nothing very serious arises out of it, I may as well take a few hours' mast-heading, and make no further fuss on the subject. If you are particularly anxious to have your share of it, you can keep till ten o'clock to-night in the first watch, instead of my taking the deck at eight."

"Very well, be it so."

When we next met, it was shortly after divisions—"Well, Neville, are you not mast-headed?"

"No."

"Have you seen the captain?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Enough."

"But no punishment?"

"A little. I have to stay up till sunset on the poop."

"What a silly fellow you are, not to explain it!"

"The thing is past."

"Nothing like determination: but if you go to the fore-scuttle as soon as I go down to dinner, I will send the servant with some viands and a tumbler full of wine."

Accordingly Neville repaired to the rendezvous, received the supplies, and sitting down on the fore-bitts proceeded to despatch them, in the middle of which operation he was interrupted by the youngster of the watch running forward,—“Neville ! Neville ! here’s the captain coming.”

“Is he ? I hope he’s not hungry,” redoubling his celerity, and finishing the wine to make sure.

“Neville ! Neville ! he’s coming forward on the weather gangway.”

“Oh, say I’m at dinner.”

“What a ninny you are ! he’ll find you out.”

“Nothing more natural. He said I was to remain on deck till sunset ; but that’s no reason why I should starve. No, no, *dum vivimus vivamus—carpe diem*. What hour of the day is to-morrow ? here, boy, take away the platter.”

It vanished, but not before Straw, who was the lieutenant of the watch, had caught a glimpse of it, and the fact found its way instantly to his superior : at sunset the prisoner was relieved. I kept his watch till ten, when he resumed it until twelve. In the morning a strange sail was observed. The captain made his appearance on deck ; and taking the signal-man’s glass, found one of the lenses cracked. An inquiry was made who did it, when Straw said, “I dare say Mr. Neville, sir. I observed him looking through it yesterday.”

“Send down for that young dog,” said the captain.

Neville made his appearance, thinking it was only a continuation of the yesterday’s punishment. It was in vain he assured the captain that he knew nothing about the matter, for to him it was perfectly new. Straw, for some purpose of his own, most probably as having broken it himself, persisted in his declaration, and the youngster was doomed to undergo a second day’s restriction. On questioning him, he assured me he knew nothing whatever of the matter. As he observed, it was a ridiculous charge ; he was said to have broken this glass on the afternoon of Sunday ; it was constantly used for fifteen hours till Monday morning, and never discovered till then, when the fool of a lieutenant could find no more likely person to bear the blame than a boy who had been asleep during the time of the accident. Straw was notorious for sitting in the hammock-rails and

taking a nap ; perhaps in one of these he had fallen, glass and all, and now found how convenient it was to have a scape-goat.

“ Well, Cavendish, if they are determined to give me the *otium*, I shall add *cum voluptate* to it. Here are my keys ; will you go down to my drawer, and bring me the first and second volumes of Gil Blas ? When Le Sage is devoured, I have Humphrey Clinker, and Roderick Random ; I am more particularly inclined towards food for the mind, because the captain a few seconds since, doubly interdicted any food for the body.”

“ How ? ”

“ He said to me, ‘ Now, youngster, I tell you what it is ; you shall have nothing but bread and water. You weathered me yesterday, but if you do to-day, my name’s not Sawyer.’ He said it so good-naturedly, that I had nearly mustered courage to explain ; but then I recollected, that if sent down, I should have to go to school, instead of meeting the Archbishop of Granada on paper. I think I shall have a pleasant time of it ; the day is fine, and the breeze refreshing. But I strongly except against the captain’s regimen ; for Le Sage talks of such savoury stews that ’pon my soul ’tis very perplexing—bread and water ! I could almost say with the master, ‘ the same to yourself, Captain Sawyer, and see how you like it.’ ”

“ Never mind, Neville, trust to me for a breakfast ; ” and descending, I brought him up the books, and watching the opportunity when the captain descended to his morning repast, I slipped below, and bearing back an enormous sandwich of fresh meat, deposited it in the hammock-netting, within Neville’s reach, while the latter gradually sidled up, and thus addressed it,—

“ Bread, beef, and butter, you weathered me yesterday ; but if you do to-day, my name’s not Neville—bah ! there’s the captain’s scuttle open ; I hope he is as well employed as myself.”

The leisure of this penalty came well upon a batch of fresh books from a young friend in the Cymbrian, which, had it not been for the time thus afforded, he might have found much interruption in reading ; but now placing his volume under the lee of the hammock-netting, and putting his elbow

between the officers' view from the quarter-deck, as though mournfully gazing astern, the youngster turned over his pages as contentedly as I might have done when lounging on one of the captain's sofas in the cabin below, to which he had very kindly given me free access. Every now and then the ship was put about (tacked); and as soon as things were settled, Master Neville shifted over his book, and proceeded.

It was customary on board the Talthorpe, on the arrival of each Sunday, to have prayers; and Captain Frederick, who, like his brother, read remarkably well, always officiated. Stretcher himself was what the orthodox clergy would style a professing Christian—the evangelical, a carnally-minded Christian; and myself, who am not *au fait* at these theological distinctions, no Christian at all. He therefore could not enter into the spirit of this arrangement; but it being a part of his duty to get the church rigged, he bustled about it as he did about every thing else. The seats were made by capstan-bars laid over buckets, sufficient in number to accommodate the congregation,—in the centre of which, a stool, surmounted by a writing-desk, and covered with a union-jack, made the pulpit, and here you might see the traitor-apostle, once a-week, swearing away in high style. One phrase, in particular, he was very partial to, if he saw the men lounging on their road. “Come aft, here, to church, you d—n—n rascals, or I’ll break your G—d—d backs.” Then presently you would hear Twyndle singing out on the lower-deck, to tantalise him, “Yes, yes, get up there, you scoundrels, or I’ll break your backs: yes, break your backs.”

Now Judas was very jealous of having his particular mode of swearing pirated by any one, and he generally retorted, “D—their bloods! Mr. Twyndle, you break their necks, I’ll break their backs.”

“Ah, to be sure, and I’ll make soup of them,” retorted the master, who had a word for every one.

So much for church-going afloat. In the afternoon the youngsters had to show their logs, read their lessons, and repeat their catechism.

On the sixth day, as we were cruising off Hydra, a Greek boat containing two chiefs came alongside, and desired to

speaking with Captain Sawyer. One was an old man, simply attired, supported upon two pillars of flesh. His *capôte* was slung across his shoulder, depending behind, below the bend of his knee. He wore a blue jacket; its only ornament a scarlet braiding; he possessed a venerable-looking countenance, and was on the whole that sort of person which, had you met in the Mall, you would have been tempted to put a shilling in his hand, just begging he would get a change of linen. His companion appeared in years to be his son, in apparel his master. A new scarlet cloth cap, with a gold tassel, adorned his head. On his shoulders he wore a jacket of the same rich materials, also braided with gold. The waist was enclosed in a leathern belt, duly gemmed and studded, holding a silver-sheathed yataghan, and a superbly-mounted brace of pistols. His *capôte*, of the finest texture, in colour brown and red, was hung in the most approved Parnassian style, while the garments which enclosed his nether limbs had, for a rarity, been bleached as white as Hydra's houses. Beneath his knees came the favourite colours again, scarlet and gold, where embroidery had done her utmost; but as for his feet, I grieve to say it, reader, his right shoe had a hole in it, while the little excrescence that peeped out seemed to aver that its owner wore no stockings! Still there was one thing wanting—how to employ his hands? Play with the hilt of his pistols? No. With the handle of his yataghan? Too strained. With a Bond-street switch? Not the thing in Greece. No, reader; even here was this paragon provided. In his right hand hung a string of amber beads, which his left continually counted as he walked the deck, looking at his well-furnished body, and showing his—empty cranium.

Now, had this man appeared in the aforesaid Mall, he would instantly have been surrounded and hailed as the Persian Ambassador—with the exception of the hole in his boot, and sockless foot. But Martin's best jet, and a boy to apply it, might have obviated this. As it was they were shown down into the captain's cabin, and after half an hour's conference, all three returned on deck; the captain, to the astonishment of every body, speaking earnestly, with the distance of respect, to the old man, whom he conducted to the side, and bowed out of his ship in the first style, while the junior followed behind, utterly unheeded.

They had no sooner departed than the dirty old sinner turned out to be the Greek Admiral, the far-famed Miaulis. The younger man was but a nameless, brainless, Grecian dandy.

The ship's head was immediately put about, and all sail made ; apart, the captain " stalked in joyless reverie," with an air of mystery.

" Where could we be going ?" was the cry ; " what might have been the wondrous intelligence ?"

" Why," said one, " I think war's declared with the Porte, and we're going to batter down the Dardanelles."

" Pshaw !" interrupted the other, " you know Athens is besieged. While the inhabitants sally forth, we are to warp in close to the shore, land the marines and small-arm men, and assist to cover the debarkation with our broadside—fact ; look down into the gun-room, take but a glance at the fearful countenance of old Hoskins, the officer of marines, what dreadful preparations he is making ; why he's actually—honing his pen-knife ; and there are the gunners, too, for the last three days, making wads on the main deck. Ah ! it's all up with us."

On arriving off the island of Poros, instead of continuing our course towards Athens, we turned aside, and ran in to communicate with H. M. S. Cymbrian. We did not anchor, but the captain reappeared on board, and in ten minutes we heard the pipe, " All hands up anchor," and their capstan moving round to the air of that most approved and fashionable bravura, "*Fiddle dum dee.*"

Something awful was evidently about to take place, and conjecture rose with uncertainty, which was not doomed to be allayed until the afternoon, when we were informed that the noted pirate, Zacca, after having been chased from one port to another, and outsailing every ship on the station, was at length within our grasp. He had taken refuge with his corvette in the harbour of Hydra ; but having embroiled himself with the inhabitants and authorities of the place, they grew magnanimous, and resolved to deliver him up to British justice—such as it is.

Every thing was prepared, and the plan laid to cut his vessel out from under the batteries with our boats at night. This was however abandoned, and in its stead it was re-

solved to enter during the day, and carry her off, *nolens volens*. I shall say nothing of the numerous puffs and airs, calms and cat's-paws with which Æolus tormented us. We towed, and rowed, and pulled, and Heaven knows what beside. When noon arrived, being monstrously famished, we were sufficiently mortal to take what the far-famed Dando would have termed "a slight repast;" and, somewhat comforted by the patience thus afforded, I cast my eyes around me, and beheld that every breath of air had died away, and the boats, nearly twenty in number, were fastened on ahead, to drag our "bark" along the yielding tide. The Cymbrian's signal-lieutenant was sent on board to render every assistance to our mid of the bunting, George Green, in order that no mistake might occur. A generous, spirited, excessively pleasant, well-bred fellow, was the signal-lieutenant. I loved the man for the soul he had for music. He was fond of conviviality, as may be guessed from his cognomen, "Lushington."

In the morning we had been joined by H. M. S the *Gewgaw*, Captain Mouthey, and she also sent her boats to unite with the rest.

The first-lieutenant of the Cymbrian, a thorough officer, had the command of the rest, among which were *Willstand* and *Straw* of the *Talthorpe*, and the Honourable — *Willslay* of the Cymbrian, a half-brother of Lord *Clearall Pinchit*. He possessed some good-nature, and more malice; moreover, he was insufferably arrogant and overbearing.

At half-past two the boats had towed us within a few hundred yards of the forts.

Hydra, like the generality of Greek towns, is built on the side of a hill, which Dame Nature has kindly hollowed into a basin. This harbour is guarded on the east by a small fort, on the west by a mole, and several larger forts, it being the principal part of the town. From the circumstance of each row of houses standing higher than the other, this town presents "the fairest mark to throw a shell in," as Byron sings of *Ismail*. So far from offering any opposition, the inhabitants of the town all left their houses, and crowded down to the rocks, outside the batteries, to behold our entrance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

He was a pirate ; as good a man
As ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

Not slightly amusing was it to behold the various groups and costumes of men, women, and children, standing, sitting, and smoking, with the utmost nonchalance, as though we had come in to make a gala day for such a set of ragamuffins. Every prominent point likely to be injured by our fire, windmills, embrasures, and the like, were thronged. The Greeks had been so long spared in their peccadillos, so frequently left unpunished, that they could hardly bring themselves to imagine we were in earnest. This exposure of their persons, therefore, was quite unintentional, and recalled very strongly the account of Lord Exmouth's attack on Algiers, where his lordship was obliged to mount a gun, and wave to the people to get out of the way.

While only enabled to see our bow and broadside, they retained their position ; but on the instant that an alteration in the ship's course exposed to their view an anchor depending from the stern, they became convinced of our intentions, and an immediate flight took place. By this time we had arrived in the desired position, which was directly across the mouth of the harbour. The stern-anchor was let go, and a warp being carried out ahead, was made fast beneath a fort on the eastern side, while the signal was given for the boats to board.

" Hurrah ! my boys, who'll be in first ? " was the half-uttered cry from all, rowing with the same energy as if for the prize at a regatta. But the first-lieutenant of the Cymbrian, in his six-oared black gig, outstripped us all, partly of course owing to the deference paid him as commanding officer.

As soon as his boat approached, he sprang from his seat, and, with a drawn cutlass in his hand, mounted the vessel's side. Four of the largest boats all arrived at the same time, and proceeded to board, on the bow, gangway, and quarter. Foremost among which was the Talthorpe's

barge, containing Willstand and myself. The commanding-officer's head no sooner appeared above the vessel's bulwark, than, with all the impudence imaginable, three pistols were presented at him and discharged, one of which appeared to have taken effect in his head, and the other two balls came rattling down among the boats. This was the signal for vengeance. The Talthorpe opened fire from one of her quarter-deck guns, while the officers and boats' crews kept up a quick discharge of musketry.

Luckily we were wrong in our conjecture. The lieutenant had not even been wounded: he gave an extra wave of his sword above his head, and then fell pell-mell among the defendants. Close after him mounted Willstand, and then came myself.

The first thing I beheld was an impending tomahawk descending on the head of the Cymbrian's lieutenant. In a moment, Willstand, who observed the action, had laid the assailant bleeding on the deck, from a neat wound somewhere in the neighbourhood of the atlas; so said the doctor.

The ship was now our own, without a single man on our side even wounded, except Jennings, who, being the soul of mischief, had no sooner arrived on board, than he proceeded to take a shot at something; no matter what, a goose or a Greek, 'twere all the same to him. He soon espied one of the latter animals making his escape overboard. "Oh, you runaway vagabond, stop," cried Jennings, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a cocked pistol in the other, taking a hop, skip, and a jump to reach him. But it would have been a queer Greek that owned no fright at such an apparition, and the one in question drew from his belt a reeking carving-knife, flung it at Jennings, and then leapt overboard. "Hope I don't intrude," cried the mid, skipping in vain from the culinary weapon, for it raised the skin of his right-hand thumb. Giving it a sort of flip, and popping it into his mouth, away he flew again, bellowing forth, "If ever I do another good-natured action, if ever I do—Oh, you brute, you're gone," looking wistfully at the departed Hydriot, as he dived through the clear water; "but I'll have a pop at you;" and, having discharged his pistol, he picked up the carving-knife as a trophy.

On going below, a gun was found shotted and pointing into the hold, with the intention of sinking the ship in extremity. This was immediately dismounted, the cables cut, the prize towed out of the harbour, and in ten minutes not a boat was floating in the lately crowded bay. We had possession of them all. But where, you ask, are the slain Greeks?—Come on board the Talthorpe with me.

The boats pushed off from the ship,—the pistols fired by the pirates were returned by musketry from the boats. At this moment a shot was discharged from the window of a *café*, and in the next an eighteen-pounder from our quarter-deck broke in upon the silence of the coffee-cups, and sent the old building tumbling in on them. The chain which had bound the seamen or marines on board, was loosened,—*pop, pop, pop, rap, rap, rap*,—resounded along the rocks; and so eager were the men on our main-deck to have a hand in it, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be restrained from firing, even though their shot would have killed more John Bulls than Hellenes. Any poor wight who happened to show himself was picked down *instanter*; much to Captain Sawyer's annoyance, who gave loud and repeated orders to cease.

One midshipman in particular persisted in paying no attention, and continued blazing away as coolly as if in Laing's shooting-gallery.—“What's that fellow's name?—Sir, Mr. —, you young bloodhound! cease firing directly, and make your men do the same,” shaking his gold-laced cap at him, till we all expected to see it flying at the midshipman's head.

It is astonishing and lamentable to see the thirst men have for slaughter; but we want a war to rub our itch for glory. The fate of one poor fellow, which I learnt from those on board, was very lamentable. A spectator, he had been standing behind a sort of bastion, when the *melée* commenced; and instead of remaining under its cover, he got frightened and took to his heels. His road over the rocks lay through what had once been a covered way; but time and neglect had partly demolished the wall, so that here and there came an exposed gap of from twenty to a hundred yards. It appears, that from his running we had taken him to be one of the pirates, and as such considered

him fair game. Consequently his appearance at one of these breaches was the signal for a volley from the marines, who were waiting to have him. Every ball that was fired could be seen taking effect, by the splinters of mud, stone, or mortar that it made around him—still he was unhurt. It was horrible to see the poor wretch running for his life—what must have been his situation! for an instant he stumbled—fell on his knee—a shot took a splinter from the wall close to his head—another flung the dust into his face—again he recovered himself, and pursued his flight for a little distance, protected by the wall. This was not to continue long; he had no sooner emerged and begun to climb the rocks, where his whole person was exposed, than he was again assailed by a merciless shower of balls—he faltered and stooped for a moment, as though to kneel upon the rocks. But, alas! the vital spark had been too rudely dealt with; a ball had struck him—he lost his balance, tottered backward, and, streaming with blood, came rolling down the rugged descent. His feet now remained uppermost, and the rock, on which part of his body reclined, was dabbled over with the ruddy fluid. Slowly the ensanguined stream of life welled from his wound, and bathing its owner's face in purple, ebbed in a little rill towards the sea:—

There sank as brave a Galiongi
As e'er at Mecca bowed the knee.

This was more than enough to disgust one with the “trade of war.”

“Well, youngsters,” said Stretcher, with a demoniacal grin on his countenance, to two boys who were looking on, not much amused, “the first time you’ve seen blood spilt on purpose—this is a trifle—lots more of it before you’ve done.”—“Yes,” whispered one to the other; “if you were there in his stead, ’twould give me some pleasure to take a pop at you.”

Notwithstanding the numerous and angry threats of the Greeks to send a fire-ship among us, we passed that night in security, with our prizes at Garden Bay—excepting, by-the-bye, an alarm of Straw’s, who, perhaps, having drank too deeply and gone to sleep in his favourite hammock-netting, rather too soundly, was infected with the schoolmas-

ter's phantasmagoria, and awoke, vowing that he perceived a brûlot bearing down on us, laden with forty flaming flambeaux. On nearer inspection, however, this apparition turned out to be some Greeks in a bombard, flaying a pig by torch-light.

By the most accurate accounts on the next day, the numbers of those *hors de combat* amounted to seven and a half—nearly; the latter fraction being caused by a cannon-shot entering a tailor's workshop, and putting an end to four schneiders; and we ascertained, that had the project of cutting her out in the night been executed, it would have been at a considerable loss; there being assembled on board, to defend her, no less than ninety ruffians. The pirate Zaccha, I had nearly forgotten to say, escaped. He was seen leaving his vessel on the approach of the Talthorpe armed to the teeth, and splendidly habited. It was all, however, blood poured out in vain; for, on the prize being sent down to Malta, she was detained a twelvemonth. The prisoners, having been fed at the expense of government, and gained the benefit of learning Maltese, were then sent up the Archipelago, in order, I suppose, that they might commit fresh piracies, pillage, and even *rapine*, with impunity. This is the course extended to all. So much for British justice in foreign colonies, where the lives of English subjects are too often allowed to be sacrificed with impunity.

Our next destination was Corfu, where we had the delight of lying in quarantine during the whole of our stay. This, however, consisted only of ten days, five of which it rained incessantly, two were fine, and during the remainder it continued to blow such an unceasing gale, that great difficulty was experienced in riding it out, with two anchors ahead, and a hundred and eighty fathoms of chain cable.

These unfortunate *concatenations* were in some degree made up to us, by our being able to lay in a store of fresh provisions, among which the Corfuot bread, of triangular shape, and the excellently-preserved salt butter, from Trieste, ranked as articles of high consideration. I beg your pardon, reader, for talking of such subjects; but I cannot help indulging myself in the reminiscence of those days, when such articles were to be prized, sighed for, and not obtained.

The allowance, be it known to the polite world, which England the great—she who gives millions to placemen, and who pensions with thousands the sons, uncles, brothers, cousins, mothers, aunts, and sisters of our cormorant “*secretary birds*” *—I say this great state, which is nothing if it owns not the first navy in the world, and rules the sea with iron thunderbolts, allows to her maritime officers and defenders the following sumptuous breakfast: an inefficient quantity of black tea, of almost the lowest quality, no milk, an insufficiency of sugar—and that a very course description—with biscuit, which not unfrequently is in such an advanced state of decomposition, that it gives birth to animal life. In plain English, you have to watch very narrowly the bread you intend to eat, or the inhabitant animalcules would walk away, house and all, on their backs. Moreover, there is no butter!

“Can it be believed?” I hear some of my readers exclaim.

“Go to sea and try,” I respond. The meal of tea is simply breakfast over again, and dinner is on the same magnificent scale. The pay of a youngster on first joining is not sufficient even to defray his mess-money, being much below that of a common lacquey; and this is the existing state of H. M. navy in the nineteenth century! Proh pudor! Look at an ensign in the army, wretchedly as he is paid, yet even in his case behold the difference.

To return, we sailed for Corfu with infinite delight—so delightful, indeed, was the anticipation, that the night before our arrival at this port the caterer of the berth was heard to exclaim in his sleep, “Soft tack,† German butter, Westphalian hams, and lemon brandy. Oh! oh! oh! my Heavens, oh!”

In commiseration of those of my brother officers, whose lot it is (and like Mrs. Lot of old, it is a very salt one) still to exist upon such fare, I think it right to bring forward these facts, as I am sure there is one who would willingly earn the fame of remedying them, provided they were brought before him, and the alternatives suggested.

While my retired state allows me leisure for the amuse-

* For a beautiful wood-cut of this bird devouring a snake, see the “*Tower Menagerie*,” a work lately published.

† Soft bread.

ment of my pen, I indulge my humour, if only for the sake of contrast with former constraint, much in the spirit of a certain boatswain, who, to do him justice, must have had some considerable knowledge of human feeling.

This man had just been paid off from a large frigate, commanded by some tartar, who made no scruple of sending for his warrant-officers at all hours of the night. This slavery, therefore, was past; and having done with superior officers for the present, our boatswain might sleep the night out in security. But this was not sufficient for this moral epicure; and to enjoy the luxury to the utmost, he gave orders to his boy to come and shake him by the shoulder every morning at three o'clock, saying, "Sir, the captain wants you on the fore-castle immediately." Accordingly the boy called him, as he desired, when he gruffly growled out,

"Holloa ! holloa ! what's the matter now ?"

"Captain wants you, sir, on deck directly."

"Are you sure he wants me ?"

"Oh, yes, sir, wants you very bad indeed."

"Is there a h—l of a rout up there ?"

"Yes, sir, a terrible fuss, surely : there's the fore-yard gone in the slings ; the gammoning of the bowsprit stranded ; one of the cat-heads carried away, and the starboard bow-port stove in."

"Then you're positive he's hard up for want of me ?"

"Yes, sir, sure."

"Then go and d—— his eyes from me, boy, tell him I won't come !"

CHAPTER XXIV.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I know thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

ADDISON.

ON the tenth day the gale departed, and so did we, without my being able to get ashore and renew my remembrances of the many pretty faces I had so often seen when here in

the Niobe. I shall not soon forget the evening of our first entrance. We had a nice old signal-man, who was rather poetical; and having stumbled against Gray's *Elegy*, it struck him, on hearing the numerous chimes, that these must be the *Corfu* bells, that

Toll the knell of parting day.

But to return from the Niobe to the Talthorpe. On the Wednesday following we were off the island of Paxo. The day had been cloudy, but the weather was moderate. Towards eight o'clock, I was pacing the deck with the mate of the watch, Neville I think; while Captain Sawyer and the officer, Bob Straw, were walking on the other. We had been standing on the lee-gangway, mutely gazing on the waves, which, agitated by our bow, came rushing past in angry foam. In idea, I was revisiting spots now absent—reacting scenes for ever flown; but the affections and feelings of a former day seemed fresh as the breeze that played in my face, or the newly-disturbed froth on the billows beneath me. It is a hard, hard lesson to teach the heart forgetfulness! Not all the pleasures of my profession could draw the soul from its once fostered feelings of early attachment. I could almost believe that there is something in first-love beyond the mere force of an affection that is past; and, once withered, it becomes, in the beautiful words of Moore—

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting.

It is almost in vain that other and more powerful attraction may be sought: this feeling maintains its character to the end; and, in the midst of enjoyment, in the turn of the waltz, while yet the arm encircles the heart of another, a sigh will burst forth to the remembrance of joys that are—oh! fatal word,—now gone for ever!—perhaps owing their charm to the impossibility of their recall.

“Cavendish, your thoughts are sad.”

“Not so sad as yours!”

“How do you know that?”

“Because I am older; and life, as far as I have found it,

contains four stages of the feelings. The first and earliest is glory; the second is moody melancholy; the third is love; the fourth is humour: a little hysterical it may be,—but nevertheless, 'tis humour. These are the grades and changes which have taken place in my feelings, and I am barely nineteen! Now, yours must be an earlier stage. Have you passed through glory?"

"O yes; sick of it long ago."

"Then you are in the second stage."

"You are right; I never observed this. But will it bear the test withal?"

"O no!—some may be of slower growth, some quicker; but I think those who are rightly constituted, and thrown on the world at an early age, will find its truth. At first we are naturally aspiring; that is glory. Disappointment succeeds, begetting melancholy. The heart, now softened, tunes to love: this withered, shows how light the joys of the world are; and so we turn to mirth—laugh over the achings of a withered heart, and jeer at all!"

"And which, Cavendish, since you have experienced each, do you esteem the most?"

"Love, decidedly, Neville—love! It unites all four, more or less; humour less, perhaps, than the others."

"Then, according to your account, that is yet to come. As you say, mirth is hysterical. After all, what is this life? 'Enjoy yourself here, and be damned in the next!' says the priest. 'No,' rejoins the sceptic, 'we are ascetic in this world; and, should the next be an ideal one, your labour is all lost!' 'Then keep a middle path,' says Solomon. 'I cannot do it!' cries human nature. 'Look around you,' whispers thought; 'behold there is nothing but temptation and weakness without; sorrow, sin, and shame within!' And can *man* whose powers of thought *must* be employed—can he be happy? Poets of the east, 'tis only in forgetfulness—Contentment!—insipid milk-and-water word, I hate thee! Look into the breast of him who owns it: there shall be found its shadow only on the surface, beneath some flimsy veil of ignorance or pretence, to cover the deep stings of thought and memory. That veil is—Sadak's long-sought treasure!"

"Watch, shorten sail!" shouted Straw; and away sprang

my fellow-philosopher, as mate of the watch, to superintend the duty on the forecastle ; and, having nothing better to do, I followed him.

“ Man the top-gallant clue-lines and jib-down haul!—Hands by the to'-gallant sheets—to'-gallant and jib halliards!—In to'-gallant sails!”—Obedient to these orders, down went the top-gallant sails, and swiftly they were taken in. Still the squall increased ; and from the quarter whence it came, the heavens were all darkness—the sea one wide unbounded view of boiling surf ! Meanwhile, Neville and myself were expecting the order to haul down the jib, for the boom which supported it was bending like a switch. The squall became more violent. “ Watch, reef top-sails !” was the pipe. Straw had evidently forgotten the jib, which, standing such neglect no better than a damsel of seventeen, became overpowered by its feelings,—burst its o'erstrained heart ; and then, as is usual in such cases, away went the very stand and stamina of its life. The jib and flying-jib booms came floating alongside to leeward, still attached to the ship by the appending gear.

It was no hour of mirth—gust after gust succeeded one another with augmented violence. Neville's station was now in the main-top, and he hastened there to get the sail reefed. Crash, crash, crash ! was the continued sound around us. Each sail splitting into a thousand fragments, made pennons for the roaring tempest.

“ Ease off the lee fore-brace,” shouted the boatswain. The captain of the after-guard was about to execute the order, when a still more terrific gust came ; the rope tore through his hands, and the fore-topsail yard was snapped in the quarter.

The gale had now arrived at such a degree of fury, that the seamen were unable to lay out on the yards. Every thing presented a scene of horror and confusion ; the latter solely from the stunning noise of the sails, and the increased darkness of the night. “ All hands shorten sail,” cried the captain. The main-top was my station ; I repaired there, getting thoroughly drenched on my way, from the spray, which was now one continuous sheet of vapour.

On reaching the top, I beheld a view which imagination can never conceive, or experience wish to realize. The

sails were one complete set of shreds, the ship was lying almost on her beam-ends, while the channel to which the rigging was secured, interrupting the flow of water, as it was turned off her bow, sent it rushing through the gangway-port entrance, flooding along the quarter-deck. If the eye looked down, it was to see ourselves suspended over the angry waves beneath ; for, owing to the prostration of the hull, the masts were projected over the leeward side—if upwards, the scene was almost as appalling ; and superstition might picture to itself, as its glance was directed to the black and frowning quarter whence the hurricane came, some demoniacal forms of malice—the oriental genii of the damned, the fabled foes of man, from whose unrelenting lips issued forth the blast which was to annihilate us. If, stricken and subdued, the sight rested on objects more immediately around, it could only behold men, whose childhood—boyhood—manhood—had been spent upon this element, shrinking into themselves, and clinging to the mast, paralysed at a sight such as none had seen before.

While the squall lasted thus violently, reefing the sail was out of the question ; it would have been sure destruction. Silently we gazed on the distracted ocean, momentarily expecting it to become our noteless tomb. “ Such,” thought I, “ was the end of the Algerine*—such will be the *finale* of the Talthorpe.” Then rose in magic stillness and beauty before me, the garden scene at Naples. The window, half repelling, half admitting the moon’s ray, throwing into alternate light and shade the lovely, gentle figure of her I beheld there. The tempest was unheeded ; I could but hear the ringing cadence of her guitar, and the far more rich and melancholy melody of her voice. With swift but natural transition, memory now led me to the last interview, where I beheld her drooping, like the azure gentianella that folds its beauties from the world before it pines away.

“ Yes, yes, Letitia ! ere I sink upon that briny couch I will fold its wave to my bosom, and think my arms encircle thee. Around me are life and death, and yet what are

* She was upset in one of these “ white squalls” in Garden Bay. Every soul perished. So much for ten-gun brigs.

they? what further do I know of them? I can meet death without playing the coward, and pass through life without playing the knave." Some involuntary impulse compelled me, as it were, to turn my head—what did I gaze on?—What!—no, it could but be a phantasy; yet fancy owned in those features the woe-clad countenance of the marchesa. Away! it could not be; and rousing my spirits, which this ideal object had palsied, I sprang out to the earing and commenced reefing the sail. The fury of the hurricane had passed, and the men quickly followed my example.

Meanwhile what was the scene in our berth below! Two of the mids were playing chess, the others fighting old battles, and discussing wine and water. Presently they felt the old ship heel on her side considerably. It was only a sudden sea—but no; she continued to yield to it, till at last the horizontal had approached so near the perpendicular, that glasses, books, desks and chessmen were flying across the table towards the altered centre of gravity. Hark!—yes, there are the sails splitting with terrific sound, while the roaring of the wind through the rigging prevented any thing more from being distinguished. Every one was hastening towards the deck in the greatest hurry, and the boatswain's pipe of all hands to shorten sail only expedited them the more.

The ship by this time was in such a position that it was with the greatest difficulty, and only by clinging to the pillars or "stanchions" which supported the main-deck, that you could get forward. As the first rush towards the hatchway was made, the school-table slipped from its situation (it was suspended by iron supporters over-head), and sliding between two steps of the quarter-deck ladder, completely barred any further advance. By a singular coincidence (I am rather inclined to be superstitious, and have noted it down in my collection as an omen of the future) the schoolmaster, who had somewhat less self-possession than the rest, was the first to scamper on deck. At the identical moment, when his head was barely on a level with the wood-work of the hatchway above, the table, either knowing its master's phiz, or it may be by some strong magnetic attraction, or wishing to hint its claim to be saved, or desirous of punishing its president, or perhaps as a token

(as I said before) of what was yet within the womb of time—I say, whether it was one or all of these reasons which led to the result, I know not ; but this I tell you, forth flew the table with indecent rage, at this crisis, and taking the pedagogue under the chin, pinned him to the opposite coaming* of the hatchway, seeming to entertain no small intention of hanging him. Ducabore finding his course, and the organs of respiration thus impeded, began to kick and fling about in the most approved Newgate manner below, as his head, just appearing above the surface, grew black as night : while with open mouth and distorted features he vainly endeavoured to explain his situation.

* “Why the deuce don’t you get up, you stupid fool?” said one beneath, hitting him a blow in the side. “Get up, Ducabore, you donkey, why do you stop up the gangway in that manner?”

“Pull the fool down,” said Doykes, laying hold of the unfortunate hang-dog’s coat-tail, which, proving very fragile, came off in his hand. The ship was now struck by a heavy sea, and the impetus being continued to Ducabore’s head, it slipped from its position, merely having the animal organs slightly scalped ; the table being also released, it affectionately followed its master even to the ground, imagining that since he was not to be hung, he might yet be decapitated.

But this was not to be ; drowning seemed his reserve, for knocking down some half a dozen others around, they all rolled into the lee channels, where the water was bubbling up from the scuppers and ports to nearly the depth of eighteen inches. Here their misfortunes ended, and scrambling on foot again, they at length reached the deck, where the fearful height to which the waves had suddenly reached, increased still more awfully the scene of disorder already described.

Even old stagers were staggered, while the new hands opened their eyes to see, ears to hear, and lips to pray. No time was however lost, or even misused ; old Stretcher was quite in his element, and was literally, to use a seaman’s expression, “as busy as the devil in a gale of wind,” while the captain fully proved himself a match for any situation ; indeed, had it not been for his voice, I know not how we

* Coaming, a raised edge—a border.

should have put the ship to rights again. Old Stretcher, it is true, was bawling his lungs out through his speaking trumpet, but roaring in the same bass key as the tempest, his voice was drowned; whereas the captain's, being several notes more in the tenor, could be distinctly heard from the contrast.* John Roy, whose activity and knowledge of his profession yielded to none, was sent into the foretop, in order to get the sail unbent, send the topsail yard down, and get it replaced; which he accomplished of course; while the captain, Stretcher, and Willstand, gave him the necessary directions from the forecastle. You ask, perhaps, where Straw was?—pooh! he returned, to be sure, to the quarter-deck, to counterbalance his inutility by making as much noise as possible.

“Mr. Stretcher!”

“Sir.”

“Make the ship snug, call the watch, and splice the main-brace, all hands.”†

As Jack has, from time immemorial, found it necessary to treat resolution, we could not think of remaining at sea after such a squall, and a few days more found us at anchor in the bay of that far-famed island Ægina.

The total remains of Grecian naval supremacy consist of a few scattered barks, which are traders in port, and pirates at sea. The inhabitants of Ægina are, like the rest of the Greeks, sufficiently low, Heaven knows, to warrant the supposition of their progenitors having sprung from ants. In the harbour we found the Cymbrian; and having made a shooting party, we set off to take a view of the temple of Jupiter, of which Turner has made so beautiful a painting, assisted of course by the writer's and painter's privilege—the imagination; “*Poeticis et pictoribus licet.*”

Still, however, the site of the ruin is very grand: romantically situated on the brow of the mountain, looking over the harbour in the southward and westward direction, from hence you may behold “the gulf, the rock of Salamis.” The Acropolis of Athens is not, if I remember aright, to be seen, being too far to the northward. Around are piled

* This was powerfully recalled in reading “Anne of Geierstein,” the opening scene on the mountain.

† Serving out extra spirits to the crew.

Nature's richest architecture, masses of rock, from whose crevices spring forth a fine shrub, somewhat like the eglantine, with many others equally beautiful. While we were all busily employed in viewing with veneration the remains before us, so often rendered sacred by the fumes of sacrifice, when seers drew omens from the mutilated carcasses of animals, making war or peace as these dictated, without the trouble of securing borough-interest and gaining a majority, our attention was arrested by a low sort of yell, and two animals rushed from underneath the ruins. One of the party immediately fired, and the rest gave chase. Shot after shot was discharged at them, and one of the beasts fell, but, rising again, secured itself in a cave among the rocks. They had both escaped: those who saw them declared they were jackalls, but as my glance at them was very imperfect, I could not determine to what interesting class the fugitives belonged.

Our chase had brought us to the edge of a valley, securely sheltered within which was a monastery—no bad sight to hungry sportsmen.

On arriving at the building we found the monks perfect patterns of poverty and dirt. Their reverences humbly assured us that as holy men they had nothing to offer, besides some stale bread and Grecian cheese—alias, English chalk.

This was very distressing; but Willstand being sufficiently a man of the world to understand their meaning, entered into a conversation with one of them respecting ancient coins, taking care to pull from his pocket some Spanish dollars in company with the antiques. The monk put forward as interpreter, with true Grecian instinct, inadvertently took up the silver image of Carolus, for which he owned a vast predilection in preference to the iron Spartan money. He then recollected that they *had* some goat's flesh sent by the merest accident for the superior, and a flask of wine that *came* for a sick brother. Accordingly we entered, and were supplied with a tolerable kid-pasty, and wine in abundance, when myself and two others having wandered into some part of the building, sacred from the gaze of intruders, we met three of the prettiest Grecian women (almost) that I ever saw. They in their turn were nowise disconcerted, but seemed rather to admire the

change of English faces, since they freely bestowed a parting embrace on each; which we, as thorough travellers, being well acquainted with the manners of the nation in which we were, as well as recalling the proverb of "Do at Rome," &c., repaid by a shower of paras; I, Manvers Cavendish, being satisfied in my own mind that Boccaccio has written truly, but in vain, since the life of a holy friar is little altered for the better:—I don't see how it should be.

Shortly after this we returned to the outer harbour of Poros. While lying there, Lord Cochrane, who commanded the Greek frigate,* came in and anchored at night. The row and the riot were inconceivable, but he had effected a great deal with Greeks. His frigate had been built in America, and was, without exception, the noblest I ever saw, christened, I believe, in the language of the country,—“Hope.” Alas! it was to hope they trusted too much. Such a ship was almost thrown away upon the Greeks. There was also (in the other harbour) an English steam-boat, as perfect a disgrace to England as the frigate was a credit to America; the frigate being adequate to do every thing but speak, and the steam-boat being able to do nothing else. The Greeks tried to make her “go,” but she—laughed at them.

CHAPTER XXV.

The tale is founded upon circumstances now less common in the east than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the “olden time,” or because the Christians have better fortune or less enterprise.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE GIAOUR.

A DAY had long been named for swearing Admiral Lord Cochrane and General Church into their respective commands. The former as generalissimo and commander-in-chief of the sea and land forces, the latter as general of the army under his lordship. Every one wished of course to behold the inauguration, which was to take place at the little village of Damola, situated on the rise of a high mountain in the Morea, about six miles distant from Poros, and

* Since blown up by Admiral Miaulis.

three from the sea. All the chiefs of note were there, from Prince Mavrocordato to Mr. Castles. His lordship seems to be one of those on whom, like Scottish Mary, Time forbears to lay his hand. His age appeared to be turned of forty. A penetrating gaze—a set of features somewhat sun-burnt, but expressive of humour and resolution, decorated by that sort of hair which the northerners denominate sandy (perhaps indicative of the fire which burn within), completed his intellectual representative—denominated the face. His person was well made, though tall. General Church also *had* an exterior; but as he is nothing near so high in the world of note, and was much about the same as other men, I shall not take the trouble to describe him.

As a piece of courtesy, his lordship asked the chiefs whether he should swear his allegiance on the bible or the sword. The latter was deemed, under all circumstances, as most fitting; and that was chosen. When the ceremony was over, the crowd dispersed, and in the evening Neville and myself dined in the cabin with Prince Mavrocordato.

His highness spoke Italian chiefly, and sometimes French; seemed a mild, sensible, kind old man, while the only thing that struck me as singular, was the duty of his Arnaut slave, who waited on him after dinner with his two pipes; first lit the tobacco with a few whiffs, and having drawn it from his mouth, and passed the end through his fingers, it was immediately transferred to the lips of his princely master.

“D—— me, there’s a great deal in habit!” whispered Stretcher, touching my elbow. The mouth-pieces are of amber, the chief recommendation of which is that moisture instantly dries on it; hence this custom.

Shortly subsequent to this, Lord Cochrane sailed on an expedition against Alexandria. His force consisted of two fine brigs, besides his frigate; and on reaching the harbour, he had proceeded past the forts which guard the entrance, when the breeze failed. Annoyed as he was, there existed no alternative; he therefore ordered the brigs to be set on fire, and allowed to drift in as close as possible. One of them drove on a shoal, the other fastened to a small vessel, which it consumed. In the meantime an English man-of-war brig lying there became alarmed for herself, and hoisted her topsails to the mast, ready for decamping; and

Lord Cochrane, seeing that envious chance had baffled his intrepidity and skill, was obliged to ensure his return by departing at once. The plan in boldness scarcely yielded to any, even of that officer's exploits, and was on the point of being crowned with success. Had the fire-ships drifted into the fleet, or had the wind served, we should have been saved the battle of Navarin, since none of the ships had any powder on board with which to defend themselves. Neither were the batteries supplied with ammunition. Not that this takes away from Lord Cochrane's merit: he was unaware of the fact.

It is very sad that our service should lose an officer of such approved talent—such skill—such daring. Hopes *were* held forth of his reinstatement. Since this was penned, a tardy act of justice has restored to our navy one of the brightest ornaments it ever possessed.

The next day the pacha commanding the silent batteries was *mutely* served with a cravat for his negligence.

Reader, didst ever see Smyrna? Perhaps you have—perhaps you have not. If the former, you will be glad to renew your acquaintance with it; if the latter, you may not dislike a glance at it. 'Tis a monstrous pretty place—to my feeling. There's pride at morn, and joy at noon, and sadness for the eve, when the sun yet lingers to depart, and touches, with his richest ray, the numerous tall minarets, soaring above their low-born neighbours, from the mosques of Allah, which form such a marked and beautiful feature of this oriental place; and "haughtily they plead" for the tenets of Mahommed. When the ear is saluted with the solemn and melodious sound of "Allah hu" it recalls so strongly, so sorrowfully to the mind the departed spirit that "built itself a home" amidst these sunny climes of enthusiasm, and whose pictures bear such an undeniable stamp of likeness and of truth. Who that ever sojourned on its classic ground could disown a love of Turkey? its soft, enervating, luxurious customs, are enchanting; and the breast might be pardoned for wishing itself a monarch over such a set of men, necessarily the finest (physically speaking) nation in the world.* Turkey is almost one unvaried field

* Since this was originally written, I have noticed in a recent review of the Hon. Major Keppel's "Passage of the Balcan," a passage

for improvement and glory. Yes, yes, this is the land ; how can you quarrel with a spot in which you get

All kinds of luxuries for fees
So small they're scarce detected :
Where man may love and live at ease,
And madness is respected ?

No Brompton villa here to terrify a man ; no lawyer's suit "*de lunatico inquirendo*," because you help your mother with some money ;* no constables come prying to your house, to lock the owner in his chamber because he wears a broad-brimmed hat. Oh, no ! nor legal man dares poke himself betwixt your better half and self, because you have strange fancies in your brain. 'Tis true there is no *habeas corpus*, and the sultan takes queer notions of making his subjects shorter by the head ; but, nevertheless, Turkey is a very pleasant place—if you conduct yourself properly—as I always make a point of doing.

Smyrna is situated on a gentle rise, gradually meeting the water in the form of a crescent, where it terminates in a quay, continued round the port, not less, I should think, than a mile in extent. On the right is the Turkish burying-ground, announced by several large groups of cypress, pointing in solemn sadness to the heaven above ; a ramble among which is as melancholy a pleasure as Smyrna affords. On the left (this is viewing the town from the sea), or south side, are the numerous consulates and houses of English in which he says the Turks are a weak race. With due deference, I differ ; he may have had better opportunities of judging, certainly. Those I saw were superb men, never less than five feet seven, well made in proportion. Reason bears out this view ; their laws of plurality of wives and unbounded concubinage make them so ; for we know that though in Europe (polite, I may say) a man does not always choose a wife for her beauty, yet that quality generally determines his choice of a mistress ; we also know that these last in Turkey are mostly tall and beautifully-made Georgians and Circassians. Now, for obvious reasons, the offspring would be more likely to spring from these ; and it is only fair to suppose they would take after their parents—how can they help being a fine nation ? Their clothes augment their *bulk*, it is true ; but this I know, I never saw finer figures or finer limbs—such calves and legs as the men have—"Enough to make a chairman stare," says the song.

* The reader will remember the trial of Davis, and also the broad-brimmed hat story.

residents, Mr. Worry to boot; to whose dinner I intend to take the reader—when he invites the author. On the brow of the hill which overlooks the town, are the ruins of an old castle, of which time has scarcely left a legendary tale. The bay is constantly full of merchant-vessels from all quarters of the globe, the Turkey trade being well known as one of the most lucrative that the mart affords;—witness Morden College on Blackheath, for decayed Turkey merchants; and which, it is said, could never find more than three to relieve!—but can this be believed within five miles of LONDON?

The day after our arrival we were duly visited by Proveit, an old Jew, who makes no inconsiderable profit by bringing on board those Turkish bits of finery most likely to entice the taste and cash of poor John Bull. Such are, otto of roses, Turkish boots and slippers, turban caps, musk, beads and ornaments, musk-rats' tails, and many other items; quickly may be seen gathering round him the officers and men, who, though widely separated by distance from those ~~the~~ heart own dearest, still select with pleasure some slight memento of a foreign land for loves or wives or sisters. It is, however, chiefly the midships that are his customers, the men being somewhat less alive to the feeling; and the higher grades of officers having it in their power to go ashore and purchase the articles from a larger choice at the bazaars.

Some short time previous to our sailing for Smyrna we had received on board, as a great favour, a mid from the Cymbrian, named Eglintoun, a fine young man, of considerable promise. To delineate his qualities, I need only say that, in the navy, where there are so many points for officers to disagree, Eglintoun had won the esteem of all. The older members of the berth regarded him as an intelligent companion; the youngsters as a connecting link, who was inclined to prevent the tyranny which that place is too often the scene of. For instance, in many ships, the oldsters compel the junior members to *leave their mess-place to go to bed*, on the instant that the bell sounds eight o'clock. Boys of fifteen years of age I have seen treated in this manner; a minute's delay producing a sound thrashing. Lads, who, at their own homes, never thought of retiring till ten, were thus replaced in an *iron* nursery. And why, let me ask:

Simply for this reason—that those who stayed behind might have the fuller opportunity to indulge in conversations of obscenity and profanity : not that the morals of the youngsters might be spared—no, no ; but lest their tongues, following the examples of their seniors, should repeat their language, and discover their practices to the captain ! One single glance shows that this piece of tyranny *must* be a constant source of bickering and feud ;—nursed till the boys gain the strength of men, without their reason, when a revolt takes place, the just weight of the seniors is lost, and license takes the room of oppression. I have *seen* this, and know it.*

Foremost in this mode of proceeding was Ducabore. He took peculiar delight in nursing and repeating morceaux of sensuality ; but then—oh ! clever man !—he always spoke in French—before the very scholars, mind you, to whom it was his duty to impart that language ! So much was this man esteemed, that the youngsters wrote a ballad on him, the opening and historical stanza of which was as follows ; though its truth may be rather apocryphal, being a quiz upon his dress and manners:—

AIR—“ *I'm a roving lad.*”

Oh, he was a ranting dog's-meat-man,
 Though he'd only one eye the women to scan ;
 As a convict grey his life began,
 Then from door to door as a postman ran,
 And yet was a tearing dog's-meat-man.
 A gallivanting dog's-meat-man,
 While the fish-hags cry, as they lift up their fan,†
 “Get out you brute of a dog's-meat-man !”

Twyndle, Roy, Green, Regent, Thread, Eglintoun, Jennings, and myself, composed the liberal party, and excellent messmates they were. Among ourselves “the dog's-meat-man” was obliged to drop, in a great measure, his official character ; and, at the time of which I am now speaking, I think it would have been very difficult to find a berth of greater unanimity, or a set of junior officers more deserving the pride their captain ever felt for them. Nor can too much praise be awarded to him, for his *parental* care ;

* See Notes on Naval Reform, at the end of the volume.

† Also styled “the paw,” or “flipper,” meaning to say, the hand.

while it can only be regretted that he should have been surrounded by creatures, who in no small degree perverted his intentions by their falsehood in act and word.

Knowing the danger attendant upon a fair countenance in these regions, he never allowed his extreme youngsters to go ashore without an oldster to take care of them.

The third or fourth day after our arrival, Eglintoun and myself went on shore in the morning, intending to spend the day agreeably, by seeing whatever was for sight; and after dining at the "hotel de l'Europe," make our entrée at the cassino ball given in the evening. It is most amusing to observe, as you stroll along, the numerous dresses that assemble at this place. First, stiff as steel, in brass and blue cloth, come the Austrian officers;—next, all bows and motion, may be seen the French;—following, you have the Armenian, with skin as smooth and beardless as a female's; while on his head is worn a box, covered with a gaudy serge, and having all the appearance of an inverted pyramid. No sooner has he passed by, than you espy a Turk—a true believer, every inch of him!—a fellow who would refuse to laugh, even if you read him Bulwer's Paul Clifford!—yes, stupid, stern, and most sublime—all hair and turban—very little to be made out about his face, save a pair of piercing black eyes, with a long protruding nose; making, as Jerome Buonaparte says, such expressive countenances; though I think they would be improved by having a little of the nasal prominence spoke-chafed—I don't mean pulled.

The inseparable companion of the Turk is his pipe; and as smoking out of the pipe of another is considered a proof of the greatest friendship, any stranger, European or not, if too economical to buy tobacco, may take a chibouk from the mouth of the first man he meets, and puff away with the utmost composure. I have often smiled to think what treatment a Mussulman would meet with, who attempted to take the yard of clay from the mouth of an Englishman, or the dudeen from the lips of Paddy. Lastly, you stumble against an English mid, all madness,—a British merchant, all pomposity. To the first, Turks, Jews, Christians, and women, all look for love or money (the last for both)—but as to the merchant—they might as well skin a flint. At the billiard-table you may find the embroidering American, who "calcu-

lates that his backee is 'nation good,' and if you manage to escape fighting a duel with *him*, you must have either an infinity of cowardice or good sense. Brother freemen, this is a besetting sin among your officers ; and I tell you so, from my respect for you.

In short, you find Persian, Swede, Hindoo, Negro, Spaniard, Italian, African, French, English, Prussian, Austrian, German, Swiss, and Pole ; nay, I doubt not, but with perseverance you might even get hold of one of the Anthropophagi. Thus a Smyrniot need not depart from his own door to behold a sample from any nation in the world. This I know, I met the man of the moon *twice* ; now think of this, for a *fact* !

CHAPTER XXVI.

Various their climes, their customs, and produce.

RASSELAS.

READER, wast thou ever in a bazaar ? “ Oh, yes,” you say, “ in Baker-street, Oxford Street, and the Soho—.” Phew, unworthy to be dignified with the appellation—mere boxes of finery.—I mean to show you a real oriental true bazaar ; so let us saunter on.

First look above ; you see that the soft light and warmth of the sun are admitted, though his scorching noon-day glare is shut out by a canopy of canvass, stretching from side to side,—the sides themselves being formed, in some places, like the temporary booths of a fair, and, in others, in a more substantial manner. These you perceive ramify in various directions, like the streets of a populous town, some branches being devoted to the sale of particular articles, such as the cloth-bazaar, the morocco-bazaar, and so on ; and some which have stands for fixed commodities. Nothing is wanting, except pretty faces,—these Turkish monopolists secluding their women so jealously, as to cause quite “ a famine in the land.” This is very sad, and at any moment but this —However—

This stand in the broad alley before us is, as you may observe, the property of a pipe manufacturer. Here are bundles of the straightest cherry-sticks, in all the beauty

of their highly-glazed and madder-coloured barks, also branches of the jessamine-tree, brought to this perfection of growth by the stationing of so many girls in the gardens where they grow, with the sole employment of training the sprouts in the most direct possible manner—just as some mammas are said to do with their fair shoots in a certain country in Europe, with the same results—to be made hollow-hearted by the world hereafter, while the most definable thing that fills up the vacuum is but the smoke of vanity, drawn forth from the central fire of passion, by him whose interest is served thereby. When these branches—to resign all metaphor—have reached the thickness of the middle finger—more or less—they are cut into lengths, of from eight feet to one and a half; those of the cherry-tree are highly glazed, those of the jessamine allowed to retain their rough cuticle. The purchaser having chosen one of these, it is drilled with a steel wire, and the bowl and mouth-piece adapted; which tit-bits you may procure at a price varying from five pence to five guineas.

Next door behold the corner stall of our friend, Jew Proveit, where ottos, musk, &c. abound.

Here we stand before a stall of oranges, citrons, melons, pomegranates, and grapes in profusion,—do not taste the latter, they are seldom good. Indeed you rarely obtain a grape on this station grown in the open air,—if we except the Muscatelle,—which is much worth eating. This fruit, throughout the Mediterranean, has an odd harshness, which maturity does not seem to soften. English hot-house grapes far excel them.

Hark! is not that an oriental sound which strikes upon your ear, making you believe you have dropped asleep over the “Arabian Nights?” See, it comes from the tray borne on that man’s head, a *jet d’orangeade*, caused by placing six tumblers in a circle, successively struck by a revolving clapper, the whole turned by some simple hydraulic power. Such a thing in London would make a fortune.

Here we have arrived at the booths of the Armenians, which are built to be stationary. Behold the owners, with insignificant countenances, sitting cross-legged, thinking of nothing but devotion to their trade; being in the line of

furs, cloths, silks, crapes, &c. This is a sombre, dull-looking part ; let us quit it.

Ah, here we have something far more gay—two of the three prismatic colours are in abundance—red and yellow. This is an alley of Turkish boots and slippers. Fancy what an adorable little foot to find its way into such a tiny morocco case—without a soul, 'tis true ; for that villain, Mahommed, denies *all souls* to mortal houris, whether for their bodies, dinners, or feet. I wish he had been subjected to the fire of an English female coterie, composed of five-and-twenty unmarried females, each of fifty years. I could even pity Mahommed in such a situation :—but to the diminutive boots ; gaze on them, and then ask yourself

What grief could ever rankle
Before a petticoat with such a peeping ankle ?

Now we pass to something brighter still, but far less lovely. These are the abodes of those who deal in swords and other instruments of slaughter, and with them may be seen mixed up a stand or two for eastern jewellery. Here we arrive opposite a man cutting up Turkish tobacco, much in the same way that a groom cuts cinquefoil—by a machine ; the latter for horses, the first for mules—no offence to my friends of the turban.

After turnings and windings innumerable, we once more breathe the open air. We are in the midst of a square in the centre of the huge bazaar. Before us, in oriental grandeur, soars a mosque of white marble. The body, corresponding with that part of an English church, is ornamented with pillars ; but where our tower would be, you behold a light and graceful minaret, around which the sculptor has turned a sort of wreath. It is surmounted with a small square platform, whence the muezzin summons the followers of the Prophet to their devotions.

On one side of the square is a department of the bazaar which would prove a strong attraction for the fair sex. Within it we find the merchants of Bursa, (also styled Prusa,) whose silks are manufactured at the place of that name, near Constantinople.

Behold, before us are spread out the gorgeous patterns of the eastern loom ; cream colour, scattered with gold—purple

with argentine tissue—lilac with a crimson wave, beside a host of others on which shine forth resplendently every tint that can delight the eye. All their patterns consist of curiously-directed lines and figures. Their notion of religion forbids them to copy nature for fear of breaking the second commandment. It was thus my old drawing-master accounted for the abortions of my early pencil.

“Come, Eglintoun, take up thy purchases, and let us find some brat to carry them.”

“Right, Cavendish. We are not in the West End; and this sun forbids one to drag anything forward besides oneself.”

Having committed the articles to the charge of a boy, and desired he would conduct us to the “Hotel de l’Europe,”—for it is impossible to retrace your way amid these interminate intricacies, where every thing is a scene of glitter—we sauntered slothfully along, “well pleased with all we saw.”

While on the road to our hotel, we arrived opposite the public baths. Such a luxury, after our walk, was not to be resisted; and, having sent our little porter forward with his burden, we entered. The Turkish baths are divided into two departments, respectively appropriated for either sex. The first room is of a very large size, fitted up in the most luxurious manner—sofas, carpets, divans—every appendage of eastern comfort for those who choose to pay the sum, a mere trifle. The walls are generally papered in the Frank style, representing different scenes, such as the Persians proceeding to offer sacrifice to the rising sun in the temple at Balbec. At the entrance is a *café* on a small scale; pipes and hookahs unnumbered, coffee, sherbet, and ice in abundance. In the centre the sofas are congregated together, and so arranged that he who is reclining on one is perfectly screened from the observation of the others. Here you unrobe; a dressing-gown, or large shawl, is provided, and you follow a conductor through a door opposite to the one by which you entered. You then find yourself in a stone room, whose temperature is fifteen degrees higher than the last. A moment’s pause accustoms you to the change, and on you proceed into a third, several degrees higher still. A second pause and you enter the bath. It

is a large vaulted stone chamber, nearly of equal size with the first. The roof is pierced with numerous holes of a peculiar star-like shape, and as you look through the dense steam with which the place is filled, at the blue firmament above, it presents the idea of a gauze robe flung over an azure-spotted dress. At first the extreme rarefication of the air is such that the lungs feel unable to inhale a sufficient quantity. This soon wears off, and as the eye becomes accustomed to the greyish light, it discerns a stone compartment in each corner containing a flat board, elevated at one end, and a pipe of hot water to be used at pleasure. At the end of the apartment is a bath with apparatus for refilling. The pavement, which is also of stone, inclines towards the centre, where plays a fountain of warm water, under the fall of which may be seen reclining a denuded Turk; at a little distance from whom is placed the glass of his hookah; the flexible pipe being made water-tight, lies on the stone, and communicates with his mouth, every five minutes sending forth the ambrosial fumes of the eastern weed; and thus he enjoys the very acme of Turkish indolence and delight.

Each new comer secures to himself (if unoccupied) one of the corner compartments, and laying himself at length on the board, first ascertains that the water is not too hot, and then putting his head under the stream, allows it to flow as undisturbed as the waters of Elle. Who could move a finger for himself? No man who has a true poetical idea of luxury. Oh, no, there are some half-a-dozen Nubians very willing to wait upon you. The finite process is shampooing, which consists in being decuticlized, and having every joint in your body stretched till it cracks again.

The bath is now over, and, wrapt in your mantle, you return to dress on the sofa, taking your pipes and coffee, or iced *sorbet raisiné*. We preferred the latter. Our bath being finished, we dined, went to the cassino ball, and returned on board once more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

But sleepless nights and heavy days,
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
That would not yield—nor could forget:
Which when it least appear'd to melt,
Intensely thought—intensely felt;
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close.

PARASINA.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong.

Soon after our return on board, Eglintoun, to the distress of every one, was taken ill, but it excited at first no serious apprehension: however, far from recovering, he grew so much worse, that his life was considered in danger, having been first attacked with a severe rheumatic fever, which ultimately degenerated into an eruptive disease. The captain thinking that more attention could be shown to him in the hospital, desired that he might be sent there; but the day proving bleak and boisterous, combined with his precarious state, to render his removal unsafe. On the captain being made acquainted with this, he gave orders to have the invalid placed in his cabin, which was wholly given up to him, in order that the noise and bustle of the steerage might not affect his recovery.

The generosity of this sacrifice is much augmented, when we consider that, owing to the supposition of his having contracted the illness on shore, some vague and indefinite rumours were circulating through the ship; first, that his disease was the small-pox, and next (which was far worse), the plague, cases of which are constantly to be found in the suburbs of all Turkish cities. In short, every kindness which the captain could think of, or the surgeon suggest, was paid to Eglintoun, but all in vain. Within, I think, ten days of the night on which he might have been seen ashore, in all the joyousness of health and spirits, an inanimate corpse was all that remained of the fine, generous, noble, and gentlemanly Eglintoun. The sails had been loosed to dry, and the men were aloft furling them at half-

past one, when he expired. Liked as he had been in life, he could not fail of being regretted in death ; and of all my messmates, whom the chances of war and sea have snatched away, I have never seen one whose loss was more felt. To me it brought reflections more sombre than, perhaps, to any one else ; for conscience told me, that had even-handed Justice decided the question of sudden death to one of us, Cavendish, and not Eglintoun, would now have been food for worms.

The night was among the loveliest that those regions can display. Not a passing breath awoke the sleeping sea ; not a single cloud shut out an iota of Heaven's brightness, which now hung forth her every lamp to deck our ill-used world in all the beauty of a paradise.

The ship's company's hammocks had been piped down, and I was lying in the netting, plunged in thoughts of sadness, convinced in my own mind, that were the bosoms of all on board laid bare, none would be festered by an arrow whose barb was rankling deeper than in my own. Eight o'clock struck, and Neville came up to relieve the deck.

" Well, Hearty, what are the orders ?" was his inquiry.

" The same as usual, only that bundle of Eglintoun's clothes must not be touched by any one."

" Why not ?"

" Because I believe there was a slight touch of the plague in his complaint, and they are to be burnt to-morrow."

" Very well : when is Judas to be called ?"

" Five to-morrow morning ;" and Hearty being relieved, he went below, while the other youngster remained in charge of the deck.

" The Gewgaw frigate was lying in the harbour, and every night at this hour her bugles were accustomed to play. After several airs, they finished with " Home, sweet home !" Having been abroad and out of the way of hearing it, hackneyed as it was in England, it yet possessed for me all the charms of music which Miss Paton had brought out ;* and the remembrances and feelings awoke

* I believe in the opera of Clari.

by its pensive melody were heightened to the utmost, as it came gently swelling over the silent water at this peculiar moment, when one of us had been suddenly gathered to the gloomy dead, after an alienship of four or five years from his native country.

There is no remedy for grief like tears; they lift us "far above the madding crowd's ignoble strife," more especially when brought forth by music; and I never have felt ashamed of them; though human nature is such that it instinctively conceals its deepest, and therefore its truest, emotion. Covering my face with my hands, I indulged in a complete flood, and each tear felt as though it were a drop of agony departing. Suddenly I heard a sob from the opposite side of the quarter-deck. Surprised, I raised myself slightly to take a glance, when I beheld Neville leaning his head on the bulwark, listening to the same sounds as myself, and apparently with the same emotion. Had I known no more of him than the rest of his messmates, I should have been surprised. Among them he passed for a light-hearted, merry boy, while with his superiors he was a proof of what prejudice can effect. All the follies and thoughtlessness of a boy of fourteen were magnified into crimes; and while Stretcher, and Straw, and Cantall made him a butt for their tyranny, the schoolmaster, pretending to be his friend, was, perhaps, his most inveterate foe. Nothing but garbled and mis-stated reports reached the captain, who, in reality, knew as little of the boy's actual disposition as he did of the man in the moon. This, however, was not the first time that I had found him in private, sorrowing over those things which in the berth he affected to laugh at.

The reader may recollect that he was placed on the poop for doing that which he had never dreamt of; and in ships, as elsewhere, when any poor devil seems to have his head under water, every hound hastens to keep it there—if they dare; and having once hit upon a scape-goat, the four reptiles crowd upon it all their acts of tyranny. The primary cause of complaint against him was, that he always forgot to execute the orders entrusted to his charge; and scarcely day passed that he had not eight hours' watch to keep instead of four for this supposed neglect; while the truth was, he had been so harassed and bothered and calumniated,

that a memory not naturally imperfect became utterly confused. In his watch, Straw was the lieutenant, he was mate, the responsible person to the first-lieutenant (the officer of the watch being responsible to the captain), while Lackit the youngster was two years older, and had been two years longer at sea ; so that taking every other question out of the case, it was cruel to make a youngster, who had only been eighteen months at sea, bear the burden which should have fallen on one who had been three years and a half.

Lackit, also, was one of their butts ; in a far less degree, because, when any thing goes wrong, it is visited on the mate of the watch. Besides, Lackit showed less resistance, and was not, therefore, so well worth their while. Amiable sportsmen ! flying shots alone are worthy of them. However, out of the numerous acts of tyranny practised by Straw and Stretcher against this youngster, take the following, which happened while we were lying at Poros.

One morning, while we were busily employed watering, Neville had been sent away in the cutter at nine o'clock, to bring the water on board, and see that the men attended to their duty. The sun was very hot, and the service not quite so pleasant as walking the deck under an awning. This he continued to do, with the intermission of the dinner hour, until five o'clock, when the boats were hoisted up, and the ship's crew were piped to tea. By the regular course of duty it became his watch from six to eight ; but it is a general rule, that those officers shall never be expected to keep their regular watch, who have been employed on service during the hours which are allowed them for repose below. Straw, of the two faces, was the officer of the watch ; and on his sending down Lackit to summon the mate of the watch, Neville sent up to explain this.

"It's all a d—— lie," was the officer-like reply of the man in question, who forbore to make any inquiry from those who could inform him. "Lackit, go down and tell Neville he shall come up here directly, or I'll send the corporal of marines for him."

Lackit accordingly descended, and delivered the message to his watch-mate, who, being very tired, was lying on a chest near me in the steerage. "If Mr. Straw doubts my statement," was Neville's answer, "let him ask the first-

lieutenant. This is merely one of his pitiful spite; as if you could not keep two hours' watch without me. If I were to go to old Judas, I suppose it would only be one piece of tyranny backed up by another.

"You may be pretty sure of that," returned Lackit; it will only be making matters worse; you had better come up at once."

"Please, sir," said the corporal of marines, coming down, "Mr. Straw desired me to say, that if you did not come up at once, I was to bring you up whether or no."

"Here's honour for ye," cried the youngster, making his way to the quarter-deck, while I followed, somewhat curious to see the result.

"D—— you! you little blackguard!" said Straw, directly he had reached the hatchway, "what do you mean by not coming up to keep your watch?"

"I was on duty, sir, the whole of the day."

"It's a lie, sir; if you had not been on duty you would have been at school."

"Yes, sir, but there is a wide difference between being at school, under the half-deck, and fagging in a broiling sun; besides, all that I had to do in school would have been over at half-past two o'clock, whereas I was kept in the boat till five."

"I don't believe it."

"You had better inquire, sir."

"Don't talk to me. Get up on that spanker-boom immediately. This is six o'clock; you don't get off till ten."

"But, Mr. Straw——"

"Get up, sir, directly. Here, corporal of marines——"

It was useless to remonstrate; Neville ascended his place of punishment.

Not long after this, the captain came up and walked the deck with Straw: of course he observed Neville, and never dreaming that bullying had usurped the place of just punishment, he made no inquiries that went further than the officer of the watch, with whom he was walking, and who was too much interested to let the truth appear. Instead, therefore, of this being of any service to the youngster, it only led the captain to conclude that he had been engaged in some fresh

mischievous. In a fit of folly and anger, the boy took his knife, and scraped off some of the black paint, exposing to view the white coat beneath for the length of an inch, in breadth perhaps a quarter, knowing this would annoy old Stretcher, whose hobby it was to be always daubing and painting every thing around him. At ten o'clock he was released to go to his hammock, to be called again at four, to keep the morning watch.

At seven I went on deck, and Willstand also happened to come up and look around him, as he frequently did; we were chatting together, when Neville joined us.

"Well, Neville," said Willstand, "how did your mare go last night?"

"Rather sorrily, sir; and had it not been for some dirty Straw, I should never have ridden at all."

"Indeed. Why Straw's risen a rank then; I thought it had been fodder, only food for asses."

"Yes; generally it does go in that line of the creation; but, like other things, it varies very often to the mule, and sometimes to the high horse; though, in my opinion, *that Straw* is only fit for the pig-sty."

"You see, Cavendish," said Willstand, turning to me, "Neville feels he is in Attica. When were you on shore last, boy, on leave?"

"A month before the ship left England."

"Since that is the case, I suppose you will have but small objection to coming with me to-day; I am going to shoot."

"Oh, I shall be delighted, sir."

"Here, Mr. Neville," said Straw, singing out from the taffrail, where he had been napping, as usual, "did you do that?" pointing to the scratch on the boom, which he had just discovered.

"I did, sir," was Neville's reply.

"Then get on those bitt-heads; I'll report you to the first-lieutenant, you scamp; I'll get you flogged."

"If I am flogged, you are shot, *l'un et l'autre*," returned Neville, walking away as he muttered this

"What is that you dare to say, sir?" inquired Straw, fuming up to him.

"What I dared to think, and that is more," replied the youngster, facing about with a coolness that brow-beat the lieutenant.

"Get on those bitts."

"I will;" and accordingly he mounted.

"What's the matter?" inquired Willstand of Straw.

"Why, that good-for-nothing young blackguard told me a whole pack of lies last night, and so I stuck him on the spanker-boom, which you see he has spoilt entirely," pointing to the paltry scratch.

Willstand was silent. It was not in his power to interfere with his senior officer, which Straw was, even if he had thought there was another side to the question, and could, therefore, only regret that a youngster whom he was inclined to befriend, should have laid himself open to a petty tyrant.

Presently Stretcher made his appearance, and Straw having formally reported and enlarged on the offence, the former desired Neville to get down from his *post*, and walk the deck, saying, "You shall not quit the quarter-deck till four o'clock this afternoon. I see you can't tell truth even by accident."

"*Tu quoque!*" (you also) was Neville's only reply, doing as he was bid.

"What's that he said?" inquired Stretcher, quickly, of his brother-classic, Straw.

"Oh, he said he'd poke ye," returned the latter.

"D'ye think he did?" said Stretcher, in a rage. "I'll have him put under arrest, and flogged."

"I won't be sure," said Straw, "it's not worth while to make so much fuss about it. You can say what you like to the captain, you know; for instance, that he's a good-for-nothing, mutinous scamp."

"Ah, so I will," rejoined Judas; I'll teach him to say he'd poke *me*. Insubordinate little brat! the captain doesn't lick them half enough."

"Neville," said I, "you, of course, mean to speak to Captain Sawyer, and explain these things?"

"How?"

"Why, by pointing out the system of villany that these men are pursuing."

"What chance have I, a boy, against those men, grown

grey in such tyranny? These fellows have had the captain's ear too long. How should one be believed in preference to four? That the junior officers would not support me is very evident; they know very well the conduct of these men, and, had they been inclined to expose them, they would have done so before now. It is only natural they should shrink from embroiling themselves, unless for their own good. You know what an uproar it would create in the ship. I could not prove charges by myself, and were I to fail in bringing them home, it would only be making matters worse. No; I must trust to chance to deliver me from such an infernal bondage,—death, any thing. Oh! it is enough to drive the sanest persons mad, to stand by, and see their fame, life, character, all that is worth caring for, lied away like this. I ask you, Cavendish, is it not enough to pervert the best-disposed boy in the world, to be driven, oppressed, and calumniated as I am?"

It was too true. If the captain could once have been brought to see the real characters of those who surrounded him, they would all have been sent to the right-about instantly; I believe that his love of justice was such, he would not have seen a soul in his ship wronged willingly; but how to convince him was the question. How, unless the strongest proofs were adduced, could he be brought to believe that those men, on whom all his confidence had been lavished, were unprincipled ——? and that, in return for his kindness, they had thrown a veil over his eyes and led him into error? This might have been done, I am aware; but not by a boy of Neville's age.

Having been strictly confined to the deck till four, at that hour it became his duty to keep his regular watch till six, making fourteen hours at a stretch; and at midnight it again became his turn to keep watch till four in the morning, which Straw strictly enforced—that is to say, while not asleep himself. In the afternoon watch, from noon till four (which was also his), a boat was required to take the carpenters ashore.

Stretcher having called the mate, said to him, "Mr. Neville, you will take the carpenters ashore in the cutter, and come off again immediately."

"Very well, sir," replied the youngster, pushing off.

I happened to be on deck, and watched them landing. The moment after the last man had quitted the boat, Neville rose up and gave some order, when the bowman began to push off, while the men commenced using their oars to return: just at that moment the carpenter came running back to the boat, and spoke to Neville, who ordered the men to cease rowing, and the boat waited—but scarcely ten minutes, when the carpenter returned, gave some tools to the bowman, and they returned on board.

“Come on board, sir,” said Stretcher to Neville. “I thought, sir, I had ordered you to return the instant you had landed those men.”

“I was about to do so, sir; but the carpenter desired me to wait a few minutes while his men finished with the adze, as his mate wants one here on board, and they are using the rest on shore.”

“I don’t care, sir, what Mr. Bevel” (the carpenter) “told you; my orders were sufficient.”

“Very true, sir; but you are aware the rule of the service is always to obey the last order, and as Mr. Bevel is, by virtue of his warrant, my superior officer, it became my duty to obey him; and if not, you would have been obliged to send another boat, or allow the carpenter’s work to be suspended; and I thought that every order from a superior is to be qualified by the judgment of him who executes it, to meet the exigences of the moment.”

“Exigences of the moment! who gave you leave *to think*? There’s no such a word on board a man-of-war. You’ll stay up here till six o’clock.”

“But, Mr. Stretcher, you can refer to Mr. Bevel.”

“Hold your d—d tongue, sir; I want to refer to no one. I’ll teach you to obey orders: if I catch you off this deck till six o’clock, look to it.”

“Well,” thought I, “if this be not a devil, I never met one.” The youngster had no more intention of acting otherwise than for the best, than he had of flying. I was very much enraged to see such scenes going on before me without the power of exposing them; but I was, like their victim, nothing more than a boy. I therefore went up to console him. We were recently joined by Willstand. “Well, really, I do not know how it is” said the latter,

“that the midshipmen of this ship are always in hot water. I have been in many, and never yet found a set of lads who did their duty better. But here there is always some disturbance with them.”

“Neville,” said I, shortly after, stepping into the main-chains, “look what shoals of fish are swimming round the ship.”

“So there are,” returned Neville, stepping into the main-chains after me. Now the main-chains are constituted, by a ledge of the ship’s side, to which are fastened the irons which secure the rigging. So close are they to the deck entering-port, that the most scrupulous measure would bring it within three feet of the boundary of the deck, and on the same level, but overhanging the ship’s side. We had not been standing there ten minutes, when Judas’s voice was heard : “Where’s Mr. Neville ?”

“Here I am, sir,” said the latter, stepping before him.

“What do you mean, sir, by leaving the deck ?”

“I have not left it, sir, or, at least, not intentionally. I beg that you will not think so ; the main-chains, I considered, were not included when you spoke of quitting the deck.”

“No such thing, sir.”

“Of course,” said Neville, “you can decide best,” yielding the point to him. “Had I known such were your views, I would not have gone there. I have always heard the main-chains called on deck, and consider them as such.”

“It’s a —— lie, sir ; you did not.”

“It is true, sir ; I did.”

“No such thing.”

“Surely, sir, I must know my own ideas better than you can.”

“Hold your mutinous tongue.* You’ll stay up here till eight o’clock. I’ll break your heart, or break your spirit.”

“What was the result ?” you ask, reader ; why, that the youngster was obliged to remain walking the deck till eight o’clock, when it became his regular duty to keep watch till

* This language is out of character and truth ; it is far too gentlemanly and free from oaths for the general dialogue of naval first-lieutenants ; indeed, were it drawn to the life, no one would publish it, as no one could read it.

midnight; and now let us see how many hours he was spared for rest, and what length of time he was thus compelled to remain on deck.

The first day, watering from nine A.M. till ten P.M. *thirteen hours'* watch and six hours' sleep. On the next morning, from four A.M. till six P.M., *fourteen hours'* watch, and four hours' sleep—from eight till twelve; watch again from midnight till four A.M., *four hours*. Sleep, from four till eleven—seven hours, (on the whole) four hours off duty at school; watch from noon till midnight, *twelve hours*—seven hours' sleep. Thus, in the short space of seventy hours, divided into four intervals, this boy was compelled to keep *forty-three hours'* watch, had *twenty hours'* sleep, and seven off duty. And will a man be found sufficiently hardy or unprincipled to say, that a service in which such things *are* even *possible*, needs no reform?

At length a life of such constant tyranny and dread became a perfect burthen to Neville; he began to doubt whether he were in hell, or merely some terrestrial place of torment. He grew gloomy, forgetful and hypochondriacal; he had been worried out of all capacity for duty, like an animal baited into madness; and as I said before, this was not the first time I had come upon him unawares, indulging a grief in private, which he possessed too unyielding a spirit to show by day. "What a humbug—what a mockery is this thing which they call life?" said he, taking up Eglintoun's clothes. "Poor Eglintoun! another noble spirit less on earth!—Heaven knows I would willingly have exchanged lots with you! Who can look into the grave and ask it to yield forth its secrets? who can say why you are gathered to the tomb, yet in the bud and flower of life? No one can look around and think this is a world of chance, a godless chaos; and yet where can I find a reason that one who had every cause to love life should be taken from it, while another to whom it has become a curse, is left behind? I can see none—none—except it be to wake up contemplation in the minds of others; and yet who thinks or cares except myself, and for such a worm as myself? it could never be. Could I once bring myself to believe this world stood alone, without relation to past or future—that chance was its only deity,—if, I say, I could only believe this—not

another hour would I linger amidst a set of creatures I despise. Death is close at hand," looking towards the water, "it looks placid and forgetful. But it cannot be—who can behold the revolutions of empires and give such deeds to chance? Why, then, do I see cut off in youth's bloom, beings in hundreds, without having performed any one end that we can perceive? And are the many years of misery, perhaps in store for me, to end thus?—to leave their victim in a noteless, nameless grave; better far to finish it at once, and let the bitterness of time rush by in one fell sweep. But then the hope of future years still holds one back to life. O, that I could only call up some witch of Endor, to tell me what will be the end of all this jugglery! But while others go to mortal hags, I will question death, whether he claims me for a subject or not? Have I anything to bind me to life? No. Then this shall be the hazard."

Saying which he clasped the infected bundle in his arms, and thrusting his hand into the midst of it, replaced it in his bosom; as much as to say, "I will dare thee to the uttermost."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Coldly sleeps the fair-haired chieftain;
His the deep slumber that awaits the brave. OSSIAN.

A YARN !

EARLY on the ensuing morning preparations were made for interring the body of our brother officer with all the honours of war. As many of the officers, therefore, as could be spared, were sent ashore in full dress, with a file of marines, and two relays of seamen to carry the coffin, round which was flung that noblest pall—the union-jack, surmounted by the sword and cocked-hat of the deceased. We had no band, and could not, therefore, as is usual, accompany our late messmate to the grave with music; but as our boats passed a Dutch frigate, they played the Dead March. This was a piece of courtesy that every one felt to be very gratifying, and had the men been permitted to do so, they would have

started up and answered it by three cheers; this, however, would have been indecorous; the officers therefore bowed, and we rowed on.

On landing, we were met by some other boats from the English men-of-war lying here, together with the consul and vice-consul. Four lieutenants walked one at each corner as pall-bearers, then followed, two and two, the junior officers, and the rear was brought up by Captain Sawyer and a commander; the whole preceded by the seamen and marines. The English burying-ground was at some distance from the shore, and as we sadly marched along, now and then a Turk might be seen stepping forward to gaze at a spectacle almost unique.

Shaded with cypresses that grew in a neighbouring garden—running wild with thistles and long grass, which waved in rank luxuriance over those it hid for ever, the English cemetery appeared lonely enough to answer the description Rogers gives of the tomb of Caius Marius. There are a few walled tombs with slabs, but the generality of the graves were distinguished from the level around simply by a mound of earth, and the increase of vegetation. The service was read, the body lowered, the marines were ranged around, but—

No soldier discharged his farewell shot,

* * * * *

And we left him alone with his glory.

The notions of the Turks are so unaccountable, so much at variance with our own, and their feelings so jealous, that it was deemed prudent not to give the three last volleys, that tell the world a warrior is no more. I could have wished to explore the tombs around; but it was impossible to leave the procession, and we returned on board in our former order.

It was about this period that the news arrived of the Duke of York's death, and of those changes in the ministry which ended in Lord Melville having to quit office, and the Duke of Clarence becoming Lord High Admiral. This was the all-engrossing subject.

Such were the terms of gratulation on the quarter-deck: while among the men, the idea of a sailor, though a prince, being made Lord High Admiral, was the very thing that

tickled their fancies in the extreme. Happening to go near the fore-castle in the evening, and to sit down out of sight, I heard them discussing the matter as gravely, but with almost as little sense, as some of the late country members used on the subject of Catholic claims.

“ Well, ould shiver-the-mizen, good news afloat this morning. They’ve turned out the coot from his feathered nest, to put our grand royal swan in his place,” said the boatswain’s mate, slapping on the back the master-at-arms, (a methodist) who was busily smoking his pipe. “ Now I minds the Duke of Clarence main well, when we were both in the same fleet together, under Lord Rodney, and a game chap he was.”

“ Lord High Admiral !” replied the master-at-arms, slowly pronouncing the title, as if criticising its propriety. “ No, I’ve no objection to his being called High Admiral, but I doesn’t like to hear a man called *Lord High*—no, that I doesn’t ; I considers it downright *impious*—that’s plain.”

“ Why, get out o’ that, you old methody psalm-singer ! you knows nothing about it. If so be as they’d call the other feller, Melville, Lord High, I knows as well as you can tell me that it would have been *impious*, or what-somdever you choose to call it. No, no ; none o’ that for us. I knows all about the Lord High ; here, who’s for a yarn, my boys ?”

“ That’s it ; give us a regular tough un,” replied half a dozen voices.

“ Then make a ring, my boys ; side out for a bend, there, you skilligalee ;” and sitting himself on his hams, in the midst of them, he began.

“ I spose you know before a man’s a man, he must be a boy. Well, my boys, this here Lord High was a midshipman once upon a time, and he’d just been paid off and gone home for a spree, just detarmined, as it may be to get into heaven* a little time afore he went afloat again ; well, he was living aboard the Windsor Castle ; I don’t mean the ship, but the big house there, that is somewhere in the latitude o’ Lonnon, with his father and mother—that’s the old King George, you know—though it does look summat

* Another phrase for intoxication.

queerish to me, that sich a mighty high fellow as the king should be father to any one, much less to a midshipman. But they tell me the old man's got a sight o' young uns. Howsomdever, there he was, living with 'em all, brithers and sisters, and a lot more o' great folk. So one day he goes to dine with his sisters, for ye see I'm not sartain whether he messed there altogether, or if he was only a—what's its name? Hang me if I don't forget it! What is that fine word, serjeant—you're a bit of a schollard—that 'em ere soger chaps calls it ashore?"

"Oh! you manes a horrorary member," said the umpire sergeant, with the face of a lexicographer.

"Ah! to be sure I do, bo. Well, then, I'm not sartain whether the Lord High was a reglar member of the sisters' mess, or, if so be only a horrorary member; but this I know, he was dining there one day, and, feeling rather dry, he looked about for his grog:—well, blow me tight, and bad manners to 'em! if they hadn't put not a drop o' grog on the table; no, nor never so much as a drop of wine! Well, ye see, there was the first leaftenant there, what they calls the governish; so he didn't say divil a word while she was there; but it put his pipe out, sure enough; and, as soon as ever he gets his sisters alone, he says to 'em, 'How is it, my girls,' says he, 'that you han't got no grog to your dinner?' So says they, 'The governish won't allow us any.' 'What!' says he, 'nor wine either?' 'No,' says they, 'not a drop o' wine, neither.' 'Not even so much as a drop of wine, neither?' says he. 'Why, that's a pretty go. I'll see whether you shan't have some wine for your dinner. Next time you axe her for some, and if she doesn't gid you any, you begin to swear at her; — her eyes, and tell her she's a cursed old catamaran. I'll tell 'e how to blackguard her fast enough. I'll see whether she shall start all the grog overboard, in that ere way!'

"So, next day, when they piped to dinner, they axes for some wine. 'Wine! my dears,' says the governish, 'you knows you mustn't have any vine.' Away they goes!—sich a hullabaloo!—'We will have some wine! d—— your eyes—you old chate-the-devil—!' 'Hush! hush! hush! Oh! for shame, my dears!' says she; 'how can you blasfame in that scoffigate manner?' 'Its d—— your manners,'

says they, 'you old hag!—gid us some wine directly, and none o' your slack!' My eye! she was off to the purser's steward, opened her spirit hatch, and out with her wine, in the twinkling of a bed-post, as ye may say.

"Well, they went on in this ere way for a week; she didn't dare to refuse 'em the allowance, or else they'd fall to swearing. At last she made a report of it to the queen—a sort of sea-skipper, I spose. She was aboard the old Windsor; and she wouldn't believe it at first; till, at last, the governish persuaded her to come and listen behind a curtain—that's a sort of flying bulk-head, you know. So, by-and-by, they axes for their liquor. 'No,' says the governish, I won't gid 'ee a drop.'—Look out for squalls. Soon as ever she said that, away they flew—all set-to with a will, and blackguarded the old soul up to the skies! Directly she hears this, the sea-skipper makes sail, and tells the admiral—that's the king. 'Well,' says he, 'this here is that midshipman Clarence's doing. Oh, those sailor chaps—what rum uns they be surely!—Enough to torment a fellow out of his life! What shall I do? He shall live upon bread and water.'

"So, sure enough, the king ordered a dinner of bread and water to be sarved out; and the Lord High was taken there to eat. 'Holloa!' says he, 'here's a pretty ban-yan day!' *He* eat bread and water! What! a tar drink *pure water*, without so much as a drop of rum to qualify it! No, no, not if he know'd it. No; he'd be d——d if he'd have any thing to do with it! Well, they tells this to the admiral (the king you know), and he comes and tells the Lord High, if he doesn't eat it directly, he'll send un off to the mast-head. Now," says the old seaman, very sagely, scratching his nonce, "blow me if I knows where their mast-head is, unless it's where the dog-vane twirls, over the chimney-pot! Lord High! yes, I think he would ha' been high enough, up there.

"Well, seeing there was no help for it, the Lord High fell to—eat the bread, drank the water, and then sung out for more. As soon as ever the second batch was finished, he turned round, fronting the old George; and giving his waistband a hitch, jist as that may be, he sings out, 'I wouldn't give a d— to dine with the king!'"*

* A current phrase at sea, to denote having made a good dinner.

"Hurrah! well, if that isn't a good un!" exclaimed the listeners, one and all. "And what did the old George do?"

"Do? why he laughed ready to split a-self, jist as you or I might do."

A vote of thanks was passed to the story-teller, and one of praise by general acclaim on the Lord High, all present declaring he was the chap for them; and far better were they pleased with this ridiculous story, than if they had heard of the Duke of Clarence being the most pious psalm-singer in the kingdom.

The next day I happened to be on the main-deck, when I met Straw, showing two merchants from the shore round the vessel. "This, you perceive, gentlemen," said he, "is the patent chain-cable."

"Ah, yes, patent chain-cable, very good thing," returned one of the merchants. "I believe Captain Brown invented it?"

"Oh, no, you're very much mistaken," returned Straw, "he only improved on it. The chain-cable, gentlemen, is of very ancient origin. It originated in the following circumstances.

"When Alexander the Great was besieging Troy, he came with a large fleet, and anchored off the walls. The *Troymen* seeing their town in so much danger, dived down off the walls, and cut his cables—for you see, gentlemen, they were made of hemp,—and his fleet went adrift. So he anchored there again with hemp cables, and the *Troymen* dived down once more, and cut his cables a second time. But now, sirs, he'd grown wiser, and, going home, he got all his ships provided with chain-cables; and the third time he came and moored his fleet with these before the walls, and the divers dived down, and turned all the edges of their knives as blunt as cask-hoops. They couldn't cut *these*, gentlemen, and the consequence was, the town was taken. He took the city next morning by a *coup-de-main*."

"They were great men, sir, those men of antiquity," said one of the merchants. "There was Pompey, you know, sir, he was king of Troy at the time you mention."

"Ah, to be sure," said Straw, "so he was."

"Oh, yes, sir, we have no men like them in these days,

Then there was his cousin, you know, Pompey's cousin, Quintus Curtius, who leapt into it,—let me see, what was it he leapt into?"

"The Persian Gulf, to be sure," said Straw.

"Thank you, sir; to be sure, so he did. You recollect that story, don't you, Mr. James?"

I could bear this no longer, but strode out of hearing to indulge in a hearty roar.

We now heard that Sir Edward Codrington had arrived in a new and splendid teak-built eighty-gun ship, and that he was making the most vigorous preparations for preventing the system of Grecian piracy, which had hitherto defied all attempts to arrest it; and, among other notes of preparation, that he had fitted up his barge with a mortar to throw shells, and that our old friend, Lord Clearall Eatwell Pinchit was on board, on his way to join the Talthorpe.

A day or two afterwards, our friends, the middies of the Cymbrian, gave us an invitation to make up a party, and ride from Smyrna to the village of Buja, dining on our return at the "Hotel de l'Europe." As I before remarked, the Cymbrians were remarkably fine young men, and just at that epoch of a boyish precocious manhood when the first emotions of gallantry fairly dispel the awkwardness of the boy, and while they receive all the strength of youth, refine its rudeness; and having a more indulgent captain and first-lieutenant than falls to the lot of most officers, but little bridle was held over their inclinations. Clever, generous, and spirited, they were the most likely lads possible to get into a *melée*, or fight their way out of it. Accordingly, before we started on horseback for Buja, we all strolled out in a party; after only knocking down some half a dozen people, and upsetting a vehicle or two, we returned to take a few glasses of claret for luncheon.

Five o'clock found us all congregated around the dinner-table, in the true uproarious midshipman style. Champagne was making its rounds very quickly, and every thing bespoke hilarity, when Master Bob Straw "just dropped in;" but he happened to be most intrusive.

"Ah, my boys, this is the time of day—how d'ye do, how d'ye do?"

'Will you take some wine, Mr. Straw?'

"Oh, no, thank ye, bo; I've just had some;" at the same time gliding into a seat, and filling for himself a bumper. "Glorious turn out this, my fine fellows. So you've been roystering rarely, have you? I advise you not to let the captain know any thing about it. Here, my lads, here's the health of the Cymbrians, with three times three."

The toast was enthusiastically drank, and the Cymbrians returned the compliment to the Talthorpes, Straw graciously smiling on the festivities of the evening. The champagne, he acknowledged was delightful; but after five or six glasses, he found it too light. The Burgundy was, however, unexceptionable; and that, in his opinion, was the true gentlemanly wine on which to get half-seas-over, and to that he devoted himself, till it was necessary that we should be deprived of his delightful society, as he had—oh, joyful chance of getting rid of him!—the first watch to keep on board.

As the old Talthorpe was going to sail on the morrow, we were obliged, though most reluctantly, to "break the links" and return on board; the hour was eleven. The party returning consisted of Green, Doykes, Jennings, Humbug, and myself. On arriving alongside, we found that amiable person, Mr. Straw, officer of the watch. "What do you mean by not coming on board before?" he inquired in a most imperious tone.

"Before, sir?" I replied, in astonishment. "Eleven is an early hour; besides, when officers are allowed to go on shore, the leave implies a sufficient confidence in them to remit the hour of returning to their discretion."

"Hold your tongue, sir," he thundered forth in reply, having recourse to his most favourite method—that of accusing a man to his face, and then telling him not to reply.

But he had no youngster to deal with, in me; "Gladly, sir," I returned, "would I do as you so politely request, since the conversation seems to be not quite in the same jocular strain, and even less consistent than when I had the pleasure of meeting you some two hours since at my own table; but—to be sure I may not have the advantage of such an education as yourself!—I have always understood, that when a man asked a question, he required an answer."

“What the —— are you talking about, sir?” said he, interrupting me in a great fury.

“A most unintelligible subject,” I replied, half yawning in his face—“yourself.”

Convinced of his inability to bully me, he turned to the others; “You will all of you consider yourselves under arrest, by the captain’s order.”

“Never do another good-natured action as long as I live!” muttered Jennings, in his madcap manner, springing down the hatchway. “Confound you!” mumbled old Doykes, surlily, descending. “Very well, sir,” sneaked out from Humbug, in tones of mean servility. “A very fine, cool night this is,” said Green, putting his hands in his pockets, and loitering with me on the hatchway. “Very,” I returned; “only the wind is rather strong, you see. They’re thrashing corn ashore, I should think, and it blows all the dirty chaff from the Straw in your face; but ’tis a lovely night, Green; don’t you think it must have been on such a night as this that Alexander the Great took Troy from that old Troyman, Pompey, while his cousin, Quintus Curtius, leapt into the Persian Gulf?”

I had mentioned this ludicrous story to Green before, and the mention of it now, brought on such an immoderate fit of laughter, that we were fain to leave the deck at once.

“Go down, gentlemen, go down; quit the quarter-deck instantly,” cried Straw, thundering in our rear, for he guessed we were ridiculing his ignorance. “Sentry, what o’clock is it?” coming down under the half-deck, and bawling as loud as he could, in order that the captain might hear him. “Seven bells,”* answered the sentry. “Mate of the watch,” affecting to think he was on deck, and could not hear him, “come down and mark when these gentlemen came on board.”

“Here I am,” answered the mate, who was standing beside him all the while; and Straw, taking the chalk from his hand, wrote, in the largest letters, the number of our transgressions, and placing the log-board in such a position, that the captain’s first glance would fall on it as he left his cabin next morning. At daylight the ship sailed, and in the forenoon we were all summoned to “the presence,” when the unfortunate Cymbrians got all the discredit,

* Half-past eleven at midnight.

“I see how it is,” said the captain, “those scampish Cymbrians get you on shore, and then they lead you into all sorts of mischief.” I, of course, thought what he said was uncommonly just; for how could such a lad as myself have got into a scrape (the Turk’s house to boot) unless I had been led there?

However, so it was; while Humbug, the cunning, was apostrophised as a poor deluded boy, whom we had led astray. Heaven knows, I would never have troubled myself to lead the mean-spirited animal any where—*except into a ditch*. Very evidently the grounds on which the information against us was filed, had been falsely given by some one: and as Straw had been seen for some time walking the deck with the captain, suspicion very justly rested on him: a suspicion, confirmed by the manner in which he received us on board. Thus, after having been the first, but two hours before, to drink our wine, and advise our concealing it from the knowledge of the captain, he was the very person who, in all probability, gave an aggravated account of it, and then enforced the commands of his superior in an uncalled-for, severe, and ungentlemanlike manner. I now felt the man was all that he had been described to me; and following Loredano, I took out my tablets before going to bed, and traced on them—“Double-faced Bob Straw:—an enemy—let no man think to earn that title of me with impunity.”

All the odium fell on Straw; for, with regard to the captain, we knew his sentiments pretty well on the subject before we started; his anger was, therefore, nothing out of the way. It soon passed off, however, and we were all released from arrest:—how, reader, could he long be angry with such a pattern of propriety as myself?

CHAPTER XXIX.

He must his acts reveal
From the moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death. DRYDEN.

WHEN we next fell in with the Cymbrian, it was in the Bay of Salamis, and the story having transpired of their lead-

ing us into mischief, we were from that time surnamed "the gentlemanly Talthorpes," which name found its way to England before the ship ; it was in contradistinction to "the scampish Cymbrians."

A few evenings subsequent to this, there was to be a grand sortie of the besieged from the Acropolis of Athens. We weighed and proceeded off the spot, while the Greek frigate was brought by Lord Cochrane as close in as possible, and, as was said, landed a detachment of her men to co-operate ; however, he was there himself, as well as General Church. Great things were to be achieved that day, millions of turbans were, in anticipation, strewing the plain of the immortal Marathon, while some Greek philosopher—remember I do not vouch for the fact—went so far as to publish a thesis, proving how the immense decomposition of Turkish linen would produce a crop of flax, which, with due dressing, &c. would go far to clothe the whole army, while the discomfited Mussulmen would be pursued o'er fell and flood, to the very gates of Istamboul. But, alas ! the speculations of Greek, like the expectations of English genii, could only conceal their falsity in theory. The event was, that the Greeks were so totally routed, that Lord Cochrane was obliged to betake himself to his boat, and even, it was said, wade to his waist before he could get on board. We now returned to the Bay of Salamis, where the accounts were as fluctuating as the English funds.

It has often surprised me to remark how some particular moment will cling to the memory ; a word or look—above all, a scene will often spring up to the mind, with all the freshness of originality, after a lapse of many years. I fancy now I can behold the very scene, ship, masts, and persons who stood around me one night, long, long since fled. It was one evening, during my watch, that several of the senior midshipmen, who were day-officers, and had no night duty, came up to take a walk in the fresh air, previous to going to rest, as was a general custom with them. The night alone inclined the human heart to be in love with all around it,—so calm, so fair, you scarcely deemed that human passions were at hand.

We were all laughing and joking at some stories which Twyndle had been telling, when the conversation turned on

the scene around us. Not long before this we had been joined by an old midshipman of the name of Clare, who, having some poetical elements in his composition, was enthusiastically attached to the Greek cause. "Cannot you fancy," he exclaimed, pointing in the direction of Port Leone, "that you now behold the Giaour—

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?

while such as this—

The lovely light
That best becomes an eastern night.

It cannot be, surely, that such a paradise as this should for ever be held under the yoke of tyranny."

"I think it very likely," said one; "for they say Athens is on the point of falling."

"Never—Fate will not permit it. What bet will you take that the Acropolis falls in my lifetime?" returned Clare.

"Yes," said the other; "but how long do you imagine that your life is to last?"

"Why, I am only thirty. At any rate, I may count on having fifteen or twenty years."

"Very well, I take your bet. What is it to be?"

"Why I think bets should always be in wine;—say a dozen of the best we have in the mess."

"Very good: that's a dozen of Burgundy. Now, then, Athens may fall as soon as it likes; I never thought to make so much by it."

"Ah! don't be so sure. But, if I have the bad luck to hop the twig, bury me here—aye, here, in the very scene which beheld the triumphs of Themistocles. Who would care to die, if buried here?"

"Very well, old boy, we'll give you a snug hammock and plenty of shot;" and, joking in this manner, they separated to retire to their hammocks.

At midnight, the mate who called the officer of the next watch perceived Clare's hammock empty; and thinking that he might have fallen asleep on the main-deck, where he had been seen smoking, the youngster proceeded there to awake him, and get him into his bed; for among the younger part

of the community, his kindness of heart had made him much liked. He was not to be found ; and, concluding that some very sufficient reason would present itself for his absence, they all went to sleep. At seven the next morning he was found a corpse ! It was supposed that he had fallen from his hammock, in a fit of epilepsy, into the cock-pit, over which it was suspended ; where he was discovered with his head bent under his chest, and the vertebral column so much injured, that life must have been instantly extinguished.

“ In the midst of life we are in death ! ” His messmates were all sleeping close around him ; but every one on board a ship has earned his repose too hardly to be awakened by any thing short of the quarter-master’s call for the next watch, or his hammock-man’s shake in the morning. One of the midshipmen heard a fall, and demanded what was the matter. But death is tongueless. No answer was returned : and, supposing the noise to involve a matter of no consequence, the questioner dropped asleep. How awful must have been the dispelling of that vision which dreamt of twenty years of life, and vanished in *two short hours* !

Clare had his wish ;—he sleeps amid the Isles of Greece. He was buried the same day at eleven, his remains being committed to the vasty deep, with the honours of war. On the next, at noon, his effects were disposed of by public auction (termed, “ sold at the mast, ”) according to the established rules of the service. I happened to be very unwell at the time, and the sale was carried on at the foot of my hammock. Instead of looking on every thing which belonged to the poor fellow with a sacred eye, as some tribute to his untimely end, many of his “ traps ” were received with a ribald jest, and unfeeling sneer. Surely the grave should hide our foibles, if it cannot conceal our crimes ! And what was the cause of this mirth ? Simply because the deceased had not the expensive fit-out which is generally considered necessary for a gentleman.

Foremost—nay, almost alone, in this cursed troop, might be heard the hellish yell and unmeaning chatter of Straw ; and, had it not been for his example, nothing of the sort would most likely have been heard. This alone would have

proved to me that he was a heartless, uneducated being—one no more to be compared with “the spirit that’s gone,” than a drivelling idiot is to a man of the most exalted talent.

Among other property there was a watch, which I believe the captain had expressed a wish to purchase for the cabin-door sentry. It was put up at a pound. “Five-and-twenty shillings!” bid the captain. “Six-and-twenty!” bid the purser. “Thirty!” advanced the captain. “Thirty-one!” said the purser. “Two pounds!” said the captain, not altogether pleased at the opposition; for I rather think he observed it was only meant to thwart him. “Two-pound-one!” returned the purser, who had no more idea of buying it than the man in the moon. “Fifty shillings!” advanced the captain. They hardly dared to go any further; and it was knocked down and handed over to its new possessor. “Here, Mr. Cantall, take this watch,” said Captain Sawyer, giving it to the master.—“Set it by your time, and then let the sentry at my door make use of it instead of his hour-glass.”

“Oh! sir, it’s good for nothing—it won’t go,” said the master, offering it back again.

“It won’t go!” said the captain, in surprise. “How do you know that, sir?”

“Why, I tried it, sir, this morning. It is of no use whatever.”

Captain Sawyer did not say,—you might have told me this—but he *looked* it; and, turning silently away, went on deck.

Scarcely could he have been out of hearing, when they burst forth into a loud laugh, Straw in particular exclaiming, “Wasn’t that selling him a bargain?” Such is the inconsistency of fools, almost wantonly insulting a superior to-day, to kiss (if he would have permitted it) the dust from his shoes to-morrow.

However, all were not alike, and some were yet found (among whom were Twyndle and Jennings), to bid against one another, for his private note-book, in order to return it unviolated to his friends. The auction, however, left such a feeling on my mind, that I resolved, were it my fate to follow Clare, that every article belonging to me should be

entombed with my body, rather than have it exposed to such a set of miscreants, in which feeling I was joined by several of my messmates.

Clare's private story was sad, and might find a parallel in almost every ship in the service. Of no family, he had entered the navy at the close of the war, been engaged in one or two actions on the North American lakes, and then, wanting interest to gain his promotion, had fallen into a state of despondency, and betaken himself to drinking, to chase away reflection. The consequences of this on board a ship are so subversive of order, that it must ever bring the offender into disgrace. While on the other hand his fragments, scraps of poems, and the remarks in his note-book, proved, that however misfortune might have perverted him, his original abilities and feelings were above the common run. The time that he had been with us was so short, that on the fourth day after his decease, except an occasional "Poor Clare !" you would not have known that he had ever belonged to us.

Within a week of his death, Athens fell. The dearest haunt of earliest muses once more bowed before the force of the Moslem.

Notwithstanding our affair with the Cymbrians at Smyrna, the friendly feeling between the two ships continued unabated, and for two days we had a regatta, or boat-racing on a small scale, not inferior for the spirit with which it was supported to any that I ever witnessed ; while the various prizes of money (from the captains' pockets) were distributed among the boats' crews who pulled. Besides this, we had another amusement (or rather duty, but it became the former), which was exercising the great guns at a target, when the captain generally gave from two to four pounds to the best marksman ; the consequence was, we were unexcelled by any ship on the station.

CHAPTER XXX

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;

* * * * *

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest ;

* * * * *

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around,
And thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

ROGERS.

As it is now fairly time that our narrative should turn to the principal hero, I need make no apology for bringing before the reader the proceedings of D'Aquilar since he parted. As the most authentic mode of doing this must naturally be from his own letters, I have thrown these, with as little alteration as possible, into the form of a narrative, by D'Aquilar himself, as follows :—

D'AQUILAR'S NARRATIVE.

After making in legitimate order the various points of land which mark old England's coast, we found ourselves once more anchored at St. Helen's. With what joy did I mount the mast-head, and, looking through the mist of a November morning, behold the well-remembered shore !

The various inquiries of those yellow-visaged rascals belonging to the quarantine, being answered, we were allowed to anchor at Spithead—the ship—but what's the ship to me or you ; then let her pass. We were paid off in due time, and as I afterwards passed and beheld her dismantled, with half her planks taken out for ventilation, I thought she looked “like Niobe, all TIERS.” This sounds less villanous than it looks, when written, but puns are my aversion, except when I make them, since I always compensate for the matchless atrocity of any by the unmitigated condemnation I pass on those of others. With his accustomed kindness, the captain offered his endeavours to procure me another ship, and had my name put down in the Victory's books, with leave of absence for two months.

Once more at liberty, my first thoughts were to see Letitia, and for that purpose I caused my more material substance, denominated body, to be conveyed to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, where she was residing with her uncle.

Unwilling to intrude upon her sorrow, without previously announcing my intention, I despatched a note for that purpose, and having taken up my quarters at an inn, I repaired on the ensuing morning to the post-office for an answer. While waiting at the window, there appeared a man who had seemingly witnessed about fifty winters. His attire consisted, first, of an undress naval uniform coat, of a most antiquated cut; beneath this a wine-spotted kerseymere waistcoat; and then a pair of pantaloons, of that abominable greenish cast of colour which the sea wears in shallow water, after heavy rain. White cotton stockings, brass-buckled shoes, a copper-headed cane, with a hole in it, through which pended a leather strap, with a brown black hat, having the appearance of a church-bell turned topsy-turvy, made up the remainder of his apparel. He was of small stature, and his countenance wore a most curious mixture of prying curiosity and pompous pusillanimity, while his thick lips, narrow forehead, and large mouth, like a farmer's gate, always ajar, announced some slight penchant for himself *et sa ventre*.

Having eyed me with a most authoritative, supercilious glance, he knocked long and loudly at the blank window, when the clerk, with wonder in his looks, protruded as much of his countenance as the space would admit. "Are there any letterth for Captain Grim Emmeth Humbug?" inquired the little man, with the most ludicrous affectation and lisp.

"No, no, captain; you know very well there *never are* any letters for you, only four times in the year, with your half-pay," responded the clerk, angrily, slamming the little door in his face.

"Fothfend my sthars," returned the captain, lifting the copper-headed cane, and rapping it against his lean, lank jaws, "whath can the admiralthy be abouth? One frigathe!—only one frigathe!—I thay, and I'd thscour the channel!"

"So I should think, Captain Humbug," I replied, as he

seemed to wish for my acquaintance, contemptuously looking, at the same time, on his diminutive figure; "but you forget the channel wants no scouring, since we are at peace now."

"Thtrue, thtrue, mosth respected thsir; I was aberrated ath thath momenth, as Mrs. Humbug would say. This is peachth—inglorious peachth; buth for thath, thsir," stopping short, turning round, and taking the lappel or collar of my coat in his hand, while with the other he wielded his copper-headed cane, "I would thcapture the French parthew—as Mrs. Humbug would remark."

"How do you do, Mr. Dillon? how do you do?" said a man who squinted, coming up to the captain, and then suddenly retreating. "I beg your pardon, sir, I took you for Mr. Dillon."

"Mr. Dillon, thsir!" cried the other, starting and sputtering with rage; "do you not know who I am? Fothfend my sthars," again advancing, and seizing the frightened squinter's coat by the collar, "I am Capthain Grim Emmeth Humbug, of his Britthanic Majesty's half-pay in in the navy."

"I humbly beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the other, getting out of his way as quickly as possible.

"Ith is mosth asthounding, respected thsir," said the captain, turning to me, "these people have no idea of rank. Would you believe ith, no lather than last nighth a crowd of miscreanths came running through the village, hooting and huzzaing in the most asthounding and disordered style, and the audacious villains threw a sthone—what am I saying?—not a sthone, buth an absoluthe fragmenth of rock, into my room—my salon a mungther, as Mrs. Humbug says. Do you know—but, lor, how foolish I am! you canth know—I' thell you, thsir," once more halting and taking me by the lappel, "it posithively came between my wife's lipth and her thaucer, as she was drinking her tea.

There's many a thlip
Thwixt the cup and the lip,

as Mrs. Humbug remarked ath the thime."

"But was it so large a stone as that, sir?"

"Large, thsir! why, fothfend my sthars, ith was of such

a size, Mrs. Humbug theclares she never saw anything to equal ith—quithe asthounding ! But here is my dumbsthile, pray walk in.”

“Thank you, captain ; but really ——”

“Don’t th menthion any thing—say nothing against ith. I pray you walk in ; you, ath any rathe, shall be safe from these miscreanths. Oh, the villains ! quieth, peacethable people to be ravaged in such a manner ! ith is asthounding ! But ith becomes the duty of H. M.’s officers to tholerathe no such proceedings, and if the mayor don’t thake nothice of ith, as sure as I shall geth my flag, I’ll lay it before the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Buth, pray walk in, thsir ; never say no thew a good offer.”

“That’s my plan in the present instance,” I was about to rejoin, for I wanted to get off and read Letitia’s answer, which I had obtained at the post-office ; but finding that I must either lose the principal button on my coat, or enter old Humbug’s dumbsthile, as he expressed it (though any other adjective would have been more appropriate for his style than dumb), I thought I had better consent to the former than spoil a new mufti coat ; I therefore entered, and was introduced to Mrs. Humbug.

She was a short, dumpy, woman, with small grey cat’s eyes. She had a lean turn-up nose, upon whose extreme point there flourished a bunch of those elegant little red flowers, called *pimpernels*. Her mouth, like her husband’s, was large, which she had vainly endeavoured to screw together for such a length of time, that at last it became one conglomeration of wrinkles, striking off from the centre on the radiating principle, like the sun’s rays from your own image in the water on a sunny day ; while the formidable bows of brown satin ribbon, and curls of false hair, were enough to frighten any one much less sensitive than myself.

When I beheld such a sight, I did not exactly like to run away, but I certainly did wonder what in the name of fortune had brought me into such a predicament.

After going through the usual tortures of a first acquaintance, where one has no sort of wish to form a second, I beheld the door open, and a servant advanced with a letter on a black tin tray. No sooner did Captain Humbug’s eye

catch the longitudinal form and large seal which bespoke it to be on H. M.'s service, than he darted forward, demanding through what channel it had arrived. "A boatman has just brought it from Portsmouth dock-yard, sir."

"I hope you're treating him well in the kitch—in the servanth's hall?"

"Yes, sir. Shall we give him some beer?"

"Beer, beer! yes, by all meanth; how can you athk me such a quethshion?"

"The key, sir, you got the key," muttered the servant, looking at me. The captain was perplexed; he turned to see if I observed him, and most maliciously I kept my eye fixed upon him, till at length he drew the cankered key of his beer-cask from his waistcoat pocket, and slid it gently into the servant's hand, looking intently on the seal.

This little degradation was soon forgotten, and summoning a double share of pomposity to his aid, he exclaimed, "As thure as I shall get my flag, here isth my appointment afloath. Now, no blubbering," to his wife, who showed no signs of sobbing. "We musth all thserve our counthry, when called for. Now, Molly," to the servant, "no tears, no crying; England expecths thath every man will do hith duthy. My wife, you pertheeve, thsir, isth a woman of the greathesth thsentimenth and feeling."

"Quite so," I rejoined, "and as I think the presence of a stranger is a restraint at such moments, allow me to take my leave." And despite of his hospitable invitation to despatch me at dinner—for two such mouths could have effected nothing less—I mounted my horse, and shaped my course for ——— villa, where Letitia was now residing with her uncle.

Following the servant, who announced my name, I found myself in an apartment partaking of a library and boudoir. One half of the room seemed to own the precedence of a literary bachelor, being in all that exquisite confusion which imparts such an exquisite feeling of delight to your true book-worm; while the other was veiled in that chaste softness and simplicity which carries to the mind a feeling of epicurean refinement.

Letitia was seated near a window, colouring some sketches taken in Italy. I advanced, and before she was aware, found

it to be her Neapolitan villa by moonlight. You, Cavendish, were serenading under the window ; I, it seems, had vanished in the distance, in pursuit of ——. She appeared rather confused, and hastily placed it out of sight. Her health seemed much improved, but the garb of mourning, and the melancholy tone that pervaded her countenance, made her features more lovely in their sorrow, than the most joyous face could have appeared in all the gaiety of woman's gayest hours.

Love will harmonize with any mood ; but I think the penseroso is most consonant to my feelings. Her welcome was kind in the extreme ; she seemed very glad to see me, and inquired whether Mr. Cavendish had not accompanied me to pay his visit. I then informed her that you had joined the Talthorpe, at which her expression betrayed regret. You see she does not forget the friend of her future husband.

Opposite to us, reading on a settee, was Lord D——, a benevolent-looking man, of some sixty summers ; with very good taste, he shortly rose and left the room. Something there is in Letitia's manner which I am at a loss to understand. I had always taken her to be a girl of warm feelings and lively impulse, but I never remark these now. I find in her no transport corresponding to that which falters on my lip and trembles at my heart on seeing her—but perhaps she feels too much crushed by poor Lady Carleton's death to rally back immediately, or get into her former spirits. Having acquainted her with my expectations of shortly joining another ship, I took courage to hint my hopes that my return would be gladdened by the possession of her hand.

“ I shall not touch upon my age, Ernest,” she replied ; “ you know the extreme youth and inexperience of us both ; nor need I remind you, who sympathise with me so deeply, that my best, nay, almost sole friend, is lost to me ; and until time has in some degree softened down the bitterness of that recollection, I feel my heart will be unable to expand its feelings sufficiently to embrace the numerous duties which you ask me to undertake.”

Such being the case, delicacy forbade me to renew the subject ; and after residing near her in constant intercourse for six weeks I took my leave, and must own that no incon-

siderable pang of disappointment was mine, when I felt the pure cold kiss she bestowed on my forehead, in lieu of mine so intensely impassioned, while a burning tear intruded on my eyelid, as the sense of joys departed, and woes in store, came over me. Notwithstanding her improvement in health, her friends are apprehensive that Consumption, that scourge of England's fair and blooming flowers, will seize her as his prey; and her physician declares that she is letting grief feed on her young life as fast as possible. This is a subject that wrings my heart—I leave it——

Does a man go to London, that populous mart of all nations and all things, through which flows one continued stream of living creatures, from whence thousands daily take their departure for ever, he meets some old friend he never dreams of, and at a moment when, had he been two minutes later, the man would have been off to—Heaven knows where.

Finding it necessary to remind those gents at the Admiralty that I wanted a ship, I started from Portsmouth, and was the next morning soundly reposing in Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street. By noon my breakfast had been devoured, and myself on the road to Lord Melville's office; when, what should I meet in Whitehall, but—an—apparition!—yes, I can call it no less. A huge camlet cloak, apparently about six yards in diameter, with a still more huge cape, reaching within two feet of the ground, half smothered, half displayed a pair of legs, cased in white kerseymere inexpressibles, with a gold-laced seam, met at the knee by a pair of hessian boots, with a gold tassel. The figure loomed in breadth about five feet four, in height about four feet five. Over this Athos of Camlet came a little, pompous, insignificant, pouting face, while the whole was surmounted by a dashing new beaver cocked-hat, about eighteen inches high, and bound with the same costly materials as the inexpressibles' seams. It was shipped a little askew, or, as we say, on a wind. The left side of the cloak was protruded by the brazen scabbard point of a uniform sword, while the falling and receding half on the right hand displayed—what was it? it was—it was—coppernicum! and he, the little man within, that this mountain gave birth to, who should it—or rather who could it in possibility be, but my old friend, Captain Grim Emmet Humbug!

“Blessth my thsoul, thsir, who’d have thoughtth it?” said he, extending his arm, coppernicum and all. “Fothfend my thstars, whath broughth you here, thsir? Jacobth, my thson, don’t pull my rocquelaawth so hard.” This latter sentence was addressed to a rosy, chubby little rascal behind, who was riding his mother’s umbrella cock-horse, as the saying goes, at the same time pulling at his father’s cloak for partial support.

“I came up to get a ship, sir.”

“Oh, thsir,” returned the captain, drawing himself up as stiff as Punch, with ineffable contempt, “ish that all? If you were to behave yourself, I could give you a vacanthy in mine, H. M. S. Welladay.”

“Indeed!” said I, bowing, and wishing him good morning.

Having seen the First Lord of the Admiralty, and had some farther conversation with the pompous captain, it became a settled point that I was to join H. M. S. Welladay. In a fortnight my adieus and respects had been paid to my family, and I was moored in the coffee-room of the George, over that which weary nature craves for, after a long journey. On arriving on board my ship, which was a seventy-four, the first sight which struck my eyes was the first-lieutenant, Mr. Bulldog, cuffing and swearing right and left.

“Squeak, you young *beggar*, squeak!” he cried, seizing a midshipman by the throat, and holding him in that manner till nearly suffocated; then throwing him on the deck, “There, you d—— young son of a gun, say your prayers! Well, what the h—— are you looking at?” addressing me, for I stood perfectly aghast at such a sight.

“I am looking, sir,” I replied, “out of pure astonishment. I therefore beg leave to give you that note, and retire below.”

“D—— your blood, sir! stay here,” he returned, tearing open the letter, which was from Captain Humbug. On reading this, his countenance altered. “Will you dine with us in the ward-room to-day?”

“Allow me, with all respect, sir, to be excused, and, at the same time, I beg leave to remark, before you repeat the free use of oaths to me, that among the articles of war may be found one which prohibits all ungentlemanlike language,

under pain of being cashiered by sentence of court-martial."

I did not wait to see the effect of this speech on the lieutenant. It was quite enough for me to see the dismay painted on the visages of those around, and I therefore descended to the gun-room. The ship had been some time in commission, and was now nearly ready for sea. Accordingly the greater part of the officers had joined. I had been informed on shore, that the mess contained one or two obnoxious fellows, in the shape of old passed midshipmen, some of whom do nothing but swear and grumble throughout the day, and get tipsy at nightfall, more especially vowing vengeance and hatred against any lad of family, if they imagine his interest will gain promotion, before their length of servitude. This is another product of the infamous state of our naval promotion, and one which, however reprehensible, is, after all, but too natural. To return. These fellows wished to rule as absolute monarchs over the hobbadehoyes—that is, mids, of the same standing as myself, neither youngster nor oldster, too strong to be bullied, too juvenile to be the ascendants.

Having begun my career in the ship, by giving a rap on the knuckles to the first-lieutenant, it was not likely I should allow myself to be brow-beaten by these old buffers, sometimes the most ignorant, bigoted creatures in existence; and opening the gun-room door, which I of course left the servant to shut, I sauntered along with all possible carelessness and freedom, took a chair, and seated myself at the dinner-table. They all stared; no one spoke. Taking out my snuff-box, and looking into it minutely, I said aloud in a measured tone, "Gentlemen, my name is D'Aquilar. I have just come down"—here I paused, took a pinch of the powdered tobacco, and returning the box to my pocket, looked wistfully at nothing, as if in deep thought, and then proceeded, "from the skipper to join the ship. Steward! knife, plate, fork, and tumbler. Mr. Caterer, I'll thank you for a slice of that roast beef before you. Heh, there, my fine fellow opposite, my friend and pitcher that is to be, pass that bottle near you. Here's a lufftacle's commission for one and all of us, full allowance, and no banyan days. Don't stare, youngster, don't stare," to a mid whose eyes, in

common with the rest, seemed starting from his head. "Every man for himself, you know, and the devil take the hindmost ! I say, my boys, does your first-lieutenant take you all for pigs, that he squeezes your throats till you squeak ?"

"Squeak ! yes," mumbled an oldster, "his name's Bulldog ; he knows how to give young rats a shaking, ay, and puppies too," casting a glance at me.

"Ah," I returned, "I understand ; but old buffers, having arrived at the hoggish state, are, I suppose, exempted. Very right too, because their hides are so tough, and heads so thick, that very little impression could be made on them. 'Pon my soul, you *youngsters*," laying particular stress on the last word, "are a devilish good-looking set of fellows. I expected as much from what the sweet souls told me ashore. D'ye get much leave ? How many watches are ye in ? Come, there are a good batch of us. My mate, there, over the way, with the curly hair,—do me the pleasure to take wine. Steward, bring me the wine."

I naver hard o' sich a thing, sir ; there's noon in this mess, I'm thinking," answered the functionary, who came from the north.

"Heaven defend me, sir ! which ?" I replied, with my Irish brogue, making the youngsters laugh for the first time during the last six months. "Never mind, my pigeon, faith sure, and we'll imagine it.—Here, steward, take away this reeking mixture," handing away the rum-and-water I had mixed, and barely tasted, on first sitting down.

"I say, Sawney, where's the doctor's mate ?" demanded the quarter-master, coming down from the deck.

"There he is," answered the steward, pointing out a conceited little man in spectacles. "Plase, Mr. Doctor's-mate, you're wanted," said the quarter-master, going up to him.

"Doctor's-mate !" re-echoed the little man, starting up, and even deserting his beloved friends, knife, fork, and platter, "who calls me doctor's-mate ? D—— you, sir, I'm not a doctor's-mate," cried the little man, waxing as hot as possible, "I'm not ; I am an assistant-surgeon by the last Admiralty regulation. Boy, hand me the navy-list."

"Yes," continued the quarter-master ; "but when I entered the sarvice you were always called doctor's-mates—a

very good name ; I sees no 'cashun to alter it, sir. What's a name ? They calls me tattered, tazing Tom ; but I'm Tom Luffalong, quarter-master."

Another messenger now came in, to know why the doctor's-mate had not made his appearance on deck, when there was a man with a broken leg, bleeding to death ! " Ah ! good ;—compound fracture, I suppose—tibia, perhaps fibula, too ! " and away started the doctor in joy at the prospect of taking the rust off his implements, which he hastened to get, repeating to himself " compound fracture !—must be a knife case."

" Beg your pardon, sir," said tazing Tom, the quarter-master, arresting him, " but if so be as it's a knife-case, may be you want a case-knife ;" tendering his own huge chopper of a thing, that hung in a laniard at his waist.

" Out of the way, you scoundrel !" kicking tazing Tom.

The victim of the surgeons being despatched, a formal complaint was made to the first-lieutenant, that quarter-master Luffalong was drunk. Upon this, two marines were sent with a naval *habeas corpus*, *i. e.* a pair of bayonets, to bring the logician before him. " How's this, sir, that you are drunk ?—the assistant-surgeon says that you insulted him."

" Oh, no, sir ; no such thing whatsomdever, your honour : you mustn't be led astray that way, by his report. It's perfectly a mistake, your honour. Now, your honour, that gemman" pointing to his accuser, " is an edicated man. I won't say he shows it ; but I knows it. So am I, your honour, an edicated man ; but not so large an edication as he, 'cause as how I got my larning at Oxford—that's to say, I was quarter-master of the Isis, fifty-two ; whereas, that gemman was doctor's-mate of the Cambridge, seventy-four ; so your honour must make allowances. But, as to drunk, your honour—beg your pardon, sir, that's utterly impossible, 'cause I never drinks no spirits whatever—rum, gin, and brandy excepted, as our parson says ! As for *water*—can't be that, your honour—I *never tiches it* ; but, that *tay* ! (tea),—beg your pardon, sir,—that *tay* !—it's absolutely ruinous—I can't abide it—it makes me as nervous, sir, I can't stand still, sometimes—my hand shakes so, I don't know how to con the ship ; and (hiccup), lord, sir,

how I do (hiccup),—terrible bad—surely. Beg your pardon, your honour—I hope you don't touch tay! But as for my being drunk, sir," shaking his head like an owl, "I ha'n't been three sheets in the wind, saving yesterday, when I was cook o' the mess, for these three weeks—more's the shame! Beg your pardon, sir—but a sailor's no sailor, as you may say, unless he gèt's drunk once a-week, to keep the steam up, when he goes ashore on leaf, once a-week on a Sinday."

"What do you mean, sir, by all this rigmarol?" thundered the lieutenant, trying to bring him up for the twentieth time. But Tom was somewhat of a favourite among the officers, and his manners were so droll, that none of them were sorry to hear him talk, provided themselves were not the objects of his ridicule.

"All that I mane to say, your honour, is—beg your pardon—that I'm as sober as a blind fiddler's dog, and as stiff as a church; so much for not drinking any of that tarnation tay this week! I'll walk a plank, if your honour likes it!"

So saying, his defence, which was uttered with the gravest volubility and maudlin quickness, being ended, he was desired to walk on one of the narrow planks, without deviating beyond the seam on either side. Having accomplished this, he turned round, saying, with a twitch of his waistband, "Beg your pardon, sir—I told your honour how 'twould be;—ye see I'm as sober as a jidge." He then gave his frontal lock a pull with his finger and thumb, made a scrape with his right foot, and was allowed to take his departure; having been cautioned not to be too free with his tongue or his tea.

But no sooner had he got beyond hearing of the quarter-deck, than holding out his hand, with a broken finger, to some of the seamen, he exclaimed, "You may do very well for a first-lieutenant, but you can't make tazing Tom drunk without the licker."

CHAPTER XXXI.

If that rebellion
 Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
 Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
 And countenanced by boys and beggars,
 You reverend father then had not been there.

SHAKSPEARE.

D'AQUILAR'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IN a few days after my arrival on board, H.M.S. Welladay, with a crowd of sail, and a stiff breeze, was passing the Royal George's red buoy at the rate of nine miles an hour. There is a dull, heavy aching at my heart, Cavendish, as my eye involuntarily wanders towards the isle which contains my dearest earthly treasure ; but a pinch of princeza is between my fingers, and I think what, after all, matters it, how a man lives, or where he dies. The tomb—the tomb is alike the goal for all : some reach it by a path bedecked with flowers, while others wend their way through thorns. Is it worth grieving, hoping, caring for ?

And now, after all this moralising, I ask myself, can I tear ambition from my bosom ? Hardly.—Can I tear hope ? Barely.—Can I tear love ? Never. Then why waste time in moralising, since however well we know the weakness of our hearts, we still pursue them.

Our destiny is South America ; and before I return, I hope to have plucked the Hesperian fruit—in other words, to have an epaulette on my right shoulder. Or what business have I with three cousins, members of parliament for their fathers' boroughs ?

Very little occurred on the voyage out, except some nocturnal gambling, *pour passer le temps*, and a general broil or so between the oldsters and the hobbadehoys, respecting the propriety of the latter leaving the berth at nine o'clock, when the captain allows them till ten, which broils ended in the victory of the younger party, by the decision of the captain, who very justly said that his majesty had made no distinction between young or old, in giving them their quarters, and it was therefore only right that they should equally

enjoy them. Hence arose a most inveterate jealousy—not affecting me much, if I except a very determined engagement with the doctor's-mate. We were sitting near a port; some angry words passed between us, and he was eyeing me most maliciously through his gold spectacles.

I imagined he directed his gaze towards a freckle, which these warmer climes had implanted on the end of my nose. Now, consider, was not this too gross a breach of privilege to pass unnoticed? Very decidedly it was, and I therefore drew such a false medium from his sight, and committed it (the pair of aureant spectacles) to the mercies of the fishes, remarking at the same time, "Gould is the root of all evil, Mr. Mangle-worse-all, as the old ballad says." Much more followed, untold in story, and unsung in song.

Among other nice little amusements was that of swopping. By-the-bye, among the gentlemanly Talthorpes, you had none of this—I'll describe—it was conducted thus:—

At seven, we all gathered round the mess-table, and each opening his desk, commenced "Swop, swop, who'll swop?" demanded a dozen voices. "I!—I!—I!" answered as many more. "What's the go?"—"A gold watch, a hone, a case of nautical instruments, Inman's Tables—last edition."—"Who said Inman's Tables? I'll swop for them."—"Very well, what will you give?"—"A new watch bill, never written in, a silver pencil-case, and two packets of ink-powder."—"Oh, that's not enough; consider fifteen shillings, prime cost."—"Well, I add half a dollar."—"Done!"—"Stay, I cry off; they're gone in the binding: d'ye see anything green in my eye?"—"Swop! swop! who'll swop? here's a bran new spirit case to hold three gallons, a conjuror for making coffee in the middle watch."—"Arrah, now, if I won't swop my chest," cried a young Irishman, going beyond them all in his enthusiasm. "What for, Pat? a lolly-pop?" inquired one. "Oh, to be sure he will, he'd sell his mother for a bit of barley-sugar," answered some one for him; "would'nt ye, Pat?"—"None of your pattering me, now, or I'll be giving ye a whapping—if I don't, bad luck to me! and that's leaving out the s, by the powers."—"Ay, ay, Pat, my boy, but adding the s makes it plural, and two can play at that game."—"My honey, so they can, and a

mighty pretty little game it is, sure ; let us have a tich at it, hearty ;” and the Hibernian, who was the most irascible son of the Emerald Isle that I ever met with, gave the other mid a violent blow on the face. “ Clear for a ring ! clear for a ring !” was the cry. But so eager were the combatants to deface God’s image, that they waited not for these preliminaries, and immediately fell-to with a will ; while the neutrals, or rather lookers-on, for every one sided with one or the other, made the desired circle.

“ That’s right, Pat of the bull-corner, tickle him up under the ribs,” sang out one party. “ Go it, Johns—now for his knowledge-box,” resounded the other. “ Hah, my shaver, but ye caught it now, or it’s no fault of mine,” shouted the Irishman, as the ensanguined stream rushed forth from the nasal caverns of his antagonist, who, reeling, fell to the earth—that is to say, the deck.

Mangle-worse-all, the assistant-surgeon, was at hand instantly, and, though not liking to risk his own sacred person in the perils of combat, could yet behold the wars of others with great stoicism, and much magnanimity ; and having introduced some lint into the bleeding orifice, as a styptic, away they went again, hammer and tongs, while the clamour exceeded every thing, except a midshipman’s berth—to beat which, the devil let loose in a theatre, with St. Paul’s trunk-maker to help him, would have monstrous hard work.

At this crisis a voice was heard at the door, near which I stood, leaning against the mizen-mast. “ Open the door directly,” said the speaker from the outside, not very well distinguished amid the racket. “ Oh, you—stay out and be ——, you can’t come in now, till the sport’s over. Ay, you may kick and be diddled !” returned a mid.

At this I heard the steps retreat. In a few minutes the right-hand door was tried on the other side of the deck, and which was seldom used ; that also was secured ; and Paddy having been floored in the second round, the third had just commenced with redoubled ardour, as the odds in favour of the Hibernian had fallen. “ I bet five to three on Johns ; who’ll take ?”

“ I—I—.”

“ Done, with both of you.”

Crash went the right-hand door into fifty splinters, and trooping through the breach came six marines, who formed the body-guard of no less a personage than Captain Grim Emmet Humbug, closely attended by his first-lieutenant.

Imagine to yourself the Roman senators, when the Gauls entered their forum,—you have at once before you the appearance of the middies, when the shade of Grim Humbug appeared. Too warmly, truly redolent of life to seem quite statues, and yet too still and breathless for animated creatures of passion. The Romans were taken for tutelary gods—these, doubtless, for the inhabiting fiends. Slowly the bared and brawney arms dropped from their attitude of defence, while the fist gradually unclenched; and first, each casting a glance at his antagonist, transferred his gaze to his superior, as much as to say, “I wish it would all turn out a dream.” The senators were insulted by having one of their beards pulled. These, by Captain Humbug seizing the Irishman’s ear.

“Blessth my thsoul ! fothfend my thstars ! whath do you mean by all thisth ?”

“Which, arrah, my jowl ? we meanth to be fighting.”

“Jowl, thsir ! did you addressth thath word thew me ?”

“Devil a word of it, your honour ; it was only myself I was talking to at all, at all.”

“Oh, thsir, and sinthe you meanth to be fighting, pray, thsir, may I ask whath you meanth to be fighting for ?”

This was a hard question to an Irishman ; but after rubbing his noddle, and looking at his foe, who was getting on his jacket, he replied, “An save the soul of me, sir, if I know any thing about it ; it was all for a little private amusement, sir.”

“Privathe amuthementh, thsir ? are you noth aware it is directly in contradiction to the articlesth of war ? Do you know, or do you not, thath ith isth breaking through every law of the thservice ?”

“Is it breaking through the law you say, Captain Humbug ? Faith, my jewel, in ould Ireland it’s *that* makes the fun of it.”

“How dare you talk to me of fun, thsir !—when you thstand there imbrued in the incarnardine hue of the gore

of your fellow-creaturesth?—if I hadn't very strong nervesth, thsir, I should be obliged to go away."

"Arrah, by J—, sir, I should like to see you at it, sure." But the captain did not hear this, and, turning to the other combatant, he began,

"And you, thsir, whath do you think of all thisth?"

"I think nothing, sir, as Shakspeare says in Hamlet."

Seeing what a glorious opportunity was afforded me for working mischief, I thought the ould country's fame was concerned in letting it slip, and accordingly taking up a book that lay near me, while the others were all busily employed, I gave it a slight jerk, knocking one candle down, and, putting my hand on the other, I thus extinguished both, leaving the gun-room a complete den of darkness. Previous to this, however, I had ascertained Bulldog's position, and hitting him a blow under the ear with my left hand, so as not to be seen, it sent him reeling into the midst of the contending parties. In a feigned voice, I shouted, "A goose, a goose! pay him, master tailors!"

A hint suffices for the wise. In an instant the vacant door was blocked up, and the daring eight were set upon by the whole hive. "Now my lads, Newgate's a-fire, cripples are cheap, out with your handkerchiefs, and belt the sodgers. Bang the empty bottles, they're only marines."

"Whack, whack," resounded the blows of the knotted handkerchiefs; "smash, smash, rattle, rattle," went the desks, which, lying open at hand upon the table, were seized, regardless of the consequences, and contents thrown pell-mell upon the heads of the intruders. Books were flying in every direction; octavo, duodecimo, and heavy quarto. Poetry, neither soft nor enchanting, but very forcible; rhetoric, that found its way to the head, battered the body, but touched not the heart; Bibles and "Common Prayers," that failed to illumine the darkness of such a reformation, and log-books that now only kept the "*dead reckoning*."

"Give it them right and left—the skipper's gone, and the first luff's escaped; whack the sodgers, my true jackets of blue."

"Fothfend my stars; I do protesth, gentlemen, I am Captain Grim Emmet Humbug; and if you do noth in-

sthantly releathe me, I'll writhe to the Lordsth of the Admiralthy, and—and—cashier ——”

“You lie, you lie, you tinker,” answered some mid, who had the captain under his feet. “I'll whack you, I will; take that, and that, you know you're only corporal of marines.”

“I am noth.”

“You are, I see your stripes.”

“Alasth! alasth! I feel yours; but I astnure you I am not the corporal.”

“Don't cram me; you smell of pipe-clay;” whack, whack, “you'll be as fat as a hog to-morrow, corporal.”

“Thspare me, in mercy thspare!”

“I'll see you —— first, you're spare enough already; you want a little basting, so hold your jaw.”

“Oh! the lordsth of the Admiralthy——”

“You be smothered, master corporal, like a horse in a ditch, and the Lords of the Admiralty too; here's a whack for their sake. I wish I had that secretary here, I'd soon knock a commission out of him. Hurrah, my hearties, now or never; go it Charlotte,—up to your eyes in fun,—hit 'em hard, they won't swell,—down with 'em, they've no friends,” were the cries which towered above the rout.

“Gentlemen, I'll mast-head you all; I'm Mister Bulldog, your first-lieutenant.”

“Oh yes, don't you wish you may get it?—that's a thundering yarn of yours, my pigeon; we know who you are very well,—you're only the drummer-boy, so mind your drumsticks, and none of your gammon.”

“Gentlemen, upon my soul and honour, gentlemen, I am your first-lieutenant; feel my epaulette—feel my epaulette.”

“D—— your epaulette, it's only a worsted shoulder-knot.”

“My eye is out,” groaned Captain Humbug, as something hit him in the face; then falling to the ground, amid the din was heard the melody of a musical snuff-box, to the tune of “We're a' noddin'.”

Meanwhile the six marines had vainly endeavoured to use their muskets or find their way out. Very luckily they had no bayonets, and the evil genii of mischief forgot to remind any one that all the uniform swords were hanging up abaft.

Still the work of jobation proceeded. When, alarmed lest the captain (for whom I had *some* regard,—*ecce signum*,—as he was a warm-hearted man, though endowed with much folly and vanity) should be seriously injured, and determined to escape at once, before I was caught, which would not have served my turn near so well, I crept up to the broken door, while the two sentries were wrestling with some other would-be fugitive, who had more strength but less cunning than myself, I managed to slip out behind, and, making no inconsiderable fuss with my fears for the captain's safety, I procured several lights, and, accompanied by the whole *corps militaire*, I led the way to the larboard, or left-hand door, which the reader recollects had not been broken, leaving the other one for my messmates to make their escape. In a loud voice I demanded that the door should be instantly opened, or I would force it. Suddenly the racket ceased, a rush was heard, but no answer; and having waited till I thought the offenders had all sneaked off, I ordered the marines to break down the door with the butt-ends of their muskets. It was soon shivered, and we entered. The first sounds that struck upon our ears were the musical notes of the snuff-box, "We're a' noddin', nid—nid—noddin'."

The sight was unequalled: benches, chairs, stools, books, desks, muskets, quadrants, sextants, cups, tumblers, gore, ink, and marines, strewed the deck. Here was a watch spinning away without its case—there a case without its works. Fragments of every thing might have been found, except a midshipman; not even the ghost of one was to be seen; nought but their deeds of darkness. I never beheld any thing like it.

In the centre of all this chaos, under the table, were two individuals, sadly worn and battered, mauling one another with all the strength and furor of two old women; we directed the light of our lanterns towards them, when lo! behold! there lay Captain Grim Emmet Humbug, close engaging Lieutenant Bulldog, his first luff-tackle, and second in command.

The captain's head was supported by the loins of a dead marine, around his right wrist was wrapped the tail of a mate's old coat, while his hand contained the before-mentioned musical snuff-box, still playing; and with all his re-

maining force, he continued to strike its corner against Mr. Bulldog's face. His left hand grasped the skeleton of a tallow candle, with which he was flagellating the legs of his antagonist; Mr. Bulldog was lying with his head in a quadrant case, his legs mounted over the captain's body, which were used to kick his superior's back. His left hand held a patent silver inkstand, this he had emptied into the captain's bosom; while in his right there gleamed on high—what was the awful weapon?—an ivory paper-knife! Virulently was he trying to dig it into the captain's side, as if with the idea of transplanting his vitals.

“Blessth my soul!” roared forth the captain, in accents of pain and surprise; “ith that you, Mr. Bulldog? I didn't expecth thisth ath your handsth. Thsir, you've broken every rib in my body.”—“A thousand pardons, Captain Humbug; is that indeed yourself?” returned the other. “You've broken the bridge of my nose, and ruined my sight for ever with that cursed musical snuff-box. I always did hate that infernal jingle of sounds. But I am very sorry to have hurt you, Captain Humbug: I took you for a midshipman.”

“Oh, those midshipmen! I always thought that Heaven, to punish my thinth, would betray me into the hands of those Phillithtinth. They have done for me; I shall never thurvive this night. Fancy how thocking it will seem in the Portsmouth and Hampshire Telegraph, copied from that, perhapth, into the Morning Post, that a captain of my name, rank, thtanding, and proximity to his flag, was set upon and murdered by his own midshipmen—ungrateful rascalth! But they thall all be hung or shot. My dear Mrs. Humbug, what would she say?” and muttering that sacred name to himself, he was borne to the threshold of his cabin, which he entered, leaning on my arm.

Captain C——g, the handsome, talented, and thoroughly good-natured C——g, son of the orator and statesman, happened to be a passenger on board, and was reading in the fore-cabin, as we came hobbling in. “Holloah, Humbug, is that you?” he cried, looking up from his book at the figure of misery before him, dripping with ink. “I thought, captain, you went down to stop the fighting, instead of intending to join in the *melée*.”

"I—I am a murdered man, I call you all to witness, as sure as I shall get my flag: but what do I say? I shall die a captain; why, I might as well have died twenty years ago. They shall be punished. What would Mrs. Humbug say?"

"Why, were she to see you now, Humbug," answered C——g, unable to restrain from laughter, "she'd say with me, that you're a prime fighting cove."

"Captain C——g, I take it as very unkind in you to sneer at my death in this manner. Forgive my starts, sir, you cannot imagine—surely you do not know the extent—of this piece of villany. I and the first-lieutenant, Mr. Bulldog, have been there upon, the poor man has been run through twice—myself, I think, three times. Moreover, he has received, I dare say, half-a-dozen pistol-balls in his legs; five of my ribs have been broken, I apprehend, and two direct attempts made to cut my throat, and can you wonder, after this, that I am expiring? I tell you I am dying at this very moment—dying, yes, dying from absolute hæmorrhage."

"Where, sir, where?" cried his steward, alarmed.

"You stupid fool, isn't it enough for me to know, to feel it is this? How should I know where? Send for the surgeon this instant, and tell him to bring his——"

"Medicine chest on his back," rejoined C——g.

"You're most unkind, Captain C——g; but I'll make all those midshipmen pay for it. I'll try them all by a court-martial separately, collectively, individually, concretely. I'll tell John Wilson Croker, dear old man, how they laughed at his respected name; and he shall hang them all, ay, all—if I only survive to-night,—that's the way. Could I only discover who put those lights out, I'd destroy him—I'd flog him—I'd put him in irons, this instant—Mr. D'Aquilar, I can rely on you; have you any idea?"

"My attention, sir," I replied, "was very deeply engaged at that moment. I would not, therefore, on any account, undertake to say who it was."

"Ah—I feel the warmest gratitude towards you, I'm sure; had it not been for your assistance I should now have been a corpse. Your bringing the faithful marines

and lighths, saved Mr. Bulldog and me—for all this, my dear Mrs. Humbug herthelf thshall thank you,—when I am gone!—Oh, dear! Steward, a glass of grog.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

I was set upon by some of your servants, whom, because I have in my just defence evil entreated, I came to make my excuse to you.

SYDNEY.

D'AQUILAR'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THE last word came forth with a sob—it was too affecting ; and C——g and myself made a quick retreat from the presence to the quarter-deck, while the surgeon having found that all the captain's bones were whole, and skin pretty sound, he was consigned to the soothing affections of sheets, blankets, &c., with a stiff glass of hot spirit and water to comfort him.

By this time the ship was in a perfect uproar. All the mids were gathered together abaft, bearing the most substantial evidences of having been concerned in the fray. “Now, my lads,” said one, “there is very little to fear, if we only stick by one another. Every one must say that he left the berth the instant after the lights were put out. If ould Flummery (the captain) should ask how we came to be so riddled,” pointing to the tattered hose—“mind that was done before we could get out. Then if they want to know who thrashed the skipper and first luff, bear in mind we must all think that to be a plot amongst those rascally marines, and above all, you know, none of us saw who doused the glims, or sung out goose, or knocked the first luff down ; and if he asks again, what we think of it upon the whole, why, we think it's a horrible shame.”

These being their private instructions, they were all prepared. Soon Bulldog made his appearance, and a lamentable one it was ; and as far as his battered state would permit, he cross-questioned the culprits, assisted by the second and third lieutenants. “Gentlemen,” said the first luff, “all your lives are forfeited to the service.”

“How so, sir?” they demanded.

“Can you ask that question? Are you not aware?—Have you not from this very capstan heard read over and over again the articles of war, that punishes with death even a hand raised to strike an officer? and here have you one and all set upon your superior officers in a manner the most mutinous possible.”

“’Twasn’t I.”—“Nor I.”—“I swear I left the place immediately.”—“So did I.”—“And I.”—Each stoutly maintained he had nothing to do with the matter, and affected to believe that the marines, whose heads they had broken, were alone in fault, and that it had been a thing wholly plotted and contrived by them. Thus they maintained it to the last—not once did they falter or contradict themselves.

“Well, at any rate,” said the lieutenant, as a last resource, “you, Mr. Johns, and you, Mr. Patrick Brawlagain, you cannot deny that you were fighting?”

“No, sir,” returned the former, “we do not attempt it. I am sure neither of us would be guilty of a falsehood on any consideration. Fighting is a very venial charge, compared with that of conspiring against you and Captain Humbug. For my part, sir, I hold both your heads so sacred I would not touch a hair.”

“Very well, gentlemen, in my own mind I am convinced you are guilty, first of mutiny, and now of falsehood; the whole of you, therefore, will consider yourselves under arrest, until our arrival at Rio, when you will all be tried by a court-martial. As to you two, Messrs. Johns and Brawlagain, I shall take the captain’s pleasure for your punishment.”

This being final, I was proceeding towards the hatchway, as I considered under the universal ban, when Mr. Bulldog laid his hand on my shoulder—a guilty conscience made me tremble.

“You alone, Mr. D’Aquilar, do I consider not implicated. On the contrary, I have to reward your zeal and attention in coming to our assistance; you will therefore do your duty as before.”

“Well,” thought I, “how monstrous civil a good thrashing makes a man! When I first joined, Master Bull, you could not speak ten words without swearing, but now

You seem to shine with smiles and thanks
To mids, with your *black eyes* for broken shanks."

Having gone into the cabin for two minutes to take the captain's pleasure for the disposal of the fighting pair, he returned to the quarter-deck, and ordered the pugilists to be mast-headed for the night.

"There's balm for bleeding bruises ; but up ye go, my lads," and they ascended. I remained on the poop with C——g, discussing the fray, and the punishments likely to ensue, when he promised he would use all his efforts to persuade the captain, that it would be better not to bruit the affair abroad by a court-martial. The assistant here came up to report that the marine who had served his captain for a pillow, had only fainted from loss of blood, and had thought fit to revisit this pale earth.

The mids had been at the mast-head very little more than half an hour. It was a dark and gusty night ; not a star was to be seen. The wind was somewhat abaft the beam, the mainsail brailed up, and the ship's way about seven and a half miles an hour. Suddenly a dark body was seen descending through the air, to leeward, from the top-mast-head. It was long in shape, it twirled evidently head over heels ; and with a shriek, borne on the wind, down it dashed into the depths profound—another shriek was heard, and a second followed in its delving course. "Hah ! they're overboard !" was the simultaneous cry from many mouths. "Watch, shorten sail, let go the life-buoy, clear away the quarter-boat !" And in as short a time as possible, the main-top-sail was hove to the mast, and the ship's way deadened, when the quarter-boat was manned and sent away. Poor Captain Humbug no sooner heard of the accident, than he left his warm bed instantly, and came running out half-clad on the quarter-deck, fuming and fussing about in a dreadful stew. "Alas ! that this should ever have happened. Whath thshall we do ? whath *thshall* we do ?" and he waddled about like a duck that required an accoucheur. "'Tis very lamentable, thsuch a dreadful nighth thew be drowned in, thoo ! Mrs. Humbug so averthe to lossth of life ! whath would thshe thsay ?"

After a long and ineffectual search, the boat returned ; a man was then sent to the mast-head to make conjecture

sure—they were indeed gone! The captain's warmth of heart, despite the thrashing he had received, was much affected by this catastrophe, and he seemed to feel it in its deepest sense. "Ah," said he to me, "I thsee my error, mosth resthpected thsir," giving me in his grief an appellation which the stateliness of his rank had made him in some measure forget. "If I had only thaken Mrs. Humbug'sth advicthe, and exthample, all thisth would have been spared me; exthalted woman! Whenever my dear thson Jacobth misthbehaved himsthelf, she used to make him walk up and down in the nursthery between two filesth of nursthery-maidth; now if I had only followed her exthample, and made thosthe thew walk up and down the quarther-deck between thew filesth——"

"What, of nursery-maids, Captain Humbug?"

"No, no, no, *between thew filesth of marinesth at divisionths on thsunday*—I say if I had only done thath I should have been thspared all thisth. Oh, Mrs. Humbug, I'll do ith in future," and he retired once more to his cabin.

These events took place on Tuesday evening, and the remainder of the week was passed in commiserating these unfortunates. "What will poor Pat's father say? he is residing at Rio, in business."

"Ay, and what will Sir Longford Johns say when he hears that his heir is lost in this manner?"

"Well, I'm very sorry for poor Pat, notwithstanding the fellow was always fighting with some one; he was very good-natured; and as for Johns, he was a generous, open-hearted fellow."

The death of these two had gone so far to appease the angry manes of captain and first-lieutenant, aided by Captain C——g's remonstrances, that they perceived the resuscitation of the story before a court-martial would only be giving their enemies a handle to quiz them, and (here was vast consideration) tend to lower the service; it was therefore given up, more especially as the families of the departed midships were great friends of Captain Humbug. It was, however, necessary to take some notice of the affair, and the offenders were therefore all fined in a sum of two dollars each (myself excepted), to buy two handsome lamps, which, by hanging in the room, would for ever prevent the recur-

rence of such a scene. Moreover, on Sunday morning, when the men were mustered in divisions, the mids were assembled in a knot, and while the faces of their superiors still bore those emblems of revolt—(so say the Tories, Lord help the silly ones!)—the tri-colours, they apologised for labouring under strong and erroneous impressions, that the captain and first-lieutenant were absent during the confusion which took place.

“Now,” said C——g to me, “I am much inclined with my father to be antithetical; and more truth would be found, I think, by reversing the position, and saying **that** the captain and lieutenant laboured under far more forcible impression that the mids were present.”

“Yes,” I replied: “but I rejoice it ends here.” For in truth I did not contemplate such a serious result: in short, like Johns and Ophelia, I thought nothing, when I extinguished the luminaries and knocked the first-lieutenant down—farther than doing the duty of master-at-arms, and having a “spree.”

The apologising ceremonies being over, the officers descended to inspect the lower-deck, C——g and myself following in their wake. Every thing was in apple-pie order, the captain was all smiles, the first-lieutenant all self-praise; when in going round the starboard wing, some sound attracted the captain’s attention. He stopped, when an Irish voice was heard, saying, “By the holy man, don’t be after kicking me so hard.”

“Who isth that?” demanded old Humbug, “who presthumeth thew be absthenth from musther?” No one answered.

“Who the devil are you?” fiercely echoed the first-lieutenant, springing into the tier, and pulling out some human animal by the leg.

“I say there, my jewel, you had better let me go, or I’ll peel the back o’ ye,” said the Hibernian, struggling and kicking with the disengaged foot. But it was useless, and in two minutes Patrick Brawlagain stood confessed before us.

“Why, Pat, is that yourself?—an’ an’t I glad to see you again?” said his countryman, the surgeon.

“Arrah, now, honey, can ye doubt it?”

“Fothfend my thstarths!—Blessth my thsoul!” starting

back in surprise, "can it be possible that he has risen from the vasty deep? How would Mrs. Humbug express her astonishment? Well, thsir, and what may you have seen in your travelst?"

This last sentence the captain uttered with a cool affectation of joking, which he meant to be appalling. "By J——, not much, sir, except a d—— big fellow of a shark, with the doctor's-mate's spectacles on his nose."

"I hope you brought them back," cried Mangle-worse-all, not clearly comprehending what had been said.

"Now, by St. Anthony, Mangle, d'ye think I'd go to rob a gentleman of his respectability, when he told me he'd turned philanthropist, called me too skinny to eat, and said, like you, that the barnacles were his only claim to philosophy. Faith, Doctor Mangle, but he looked so blood-thirsty, that I took him for yourself, and so didn't I come aboard late last night?"

"Here is Mr. Johns," said the first-lieutenant, who had ferreted him out from his concealment.

"Puth them both in ironst," was the captain's reply, stalking away with all the starchness of insulted dignity and wounded pride.

With some slight cross-examination, the following appeared to be the truth of the case. No sooner did the two pugilists find themselves in such an exalted situation as the mast-head, amid all the storms that usually attend mortals elevated to such high places, than they bethought themselves how to gain their release; for this purpose they procured from the captain of the top, in consideration of a pint of rum, two large swabs,* with a thirty-two pound shot attached to each. These, then, they had flung overboard, one after the other, with an accompanying scream; and in the hurry and confusion consequent, had slipped down and concealed themselves in the recesses of the cable-tier, where it was their intention to have remained until we arrived at Rio, and they could give the service the slip. Meanwhile they had some one in their confidence, who supplied them with necessaries from the mess. Luckily for them—foolish boys—they were found out—I say luckily, since they were only kept in irons for a fortnight, and then the affair died

* Sea-mops without handles, weighing about ten pounds.

away, with the latest mark of the captain's bruises ; succeeded by some other nine days' wonder.

Thenceforward I was esteemed the best-disposed, and most quietly-behaved young man in the mess—nay, I believe, in the ship.

Of all the scamps of middies that I ever met, never has it been my lot to fall in with those who exceeded the reefers of H. M. S. Welladay in mischief. They humbugged old Humbug almost out of his humbug. Satan himself could hardly have conceived more pranks than they put in play ; more especially did they direct their animosity against the captain's gastronomical propensities. He had, of course, a considerable quantity of live stock on board, chickens among the rest. To these the mids took so violent a liking, that they frequently stole a pair of fowls, cooked them on their conjurors, and devoured them in the middle watch. Precautionary measures being adopted against this species of kidnapping, their next plan was to scatter some crumbs before the hencoops ; and as the birds put their beaks out through the bars, these assassins stood by with a very sharp sword, and chopped their heads off.

Thus every third or fourth morning from six to a dozen birds were found decapitated. The captain, of course, could not consume them all himself ; the heat of the climate prevented them from keeping ; he was therefore obliged to give them to the ward-room officers, while his tormenters had the gratification of knowing that all his "fresh grub" would be out before we reached the end of our voyage. In vain did old Humbug storm and "prothesth it was *foul* play ;" that moved not the mercies of the gang below ; and during one middle watch, a hencoop, containing twenty or more of these delicacies, took its flight overboard from the poop—none knew how ; while the captain, awakened, was at his window, barely in time to view their departing, like a second Columbus' crew, on a voyage of discovery for another world.

"Whath isth thath ?" he exclaimed.

"Why, its a sign there is a devil of a squall coming," answered an old seaman, who did not recognise the voice, nor the quarter whence it came. "Don't ye see what a brood of old Mother Humbug's chickens there are floating astern ?"

"Who are you?—who are you? Whath! you thscoundrel, do you call me Mother Humbug?" cried the captain, in a passion, vainly endeavouring to look up and see who it was.

"By the holy man, it's old shiver-the-mizen himself!" exclaimed the startled seaman, getting out of the way as fast as possible; while the chick-owner came running forth upon the quarter-deck, in his nocturnal habiliments.

"All my thchickensth overboard! Heave the ship to—heave the ship to! Back with the maintop-sail to the mast! Lower a boath, and leth them be picked up immediately." Having given these orders, he retreated for a moment to his cabin, flung round him some further clothing, and then returned to the deck, his bare spindles knocking against one another with cold.

The boat was partly lowered, when a midshipman went up to him, and said, "I have made inquiries, sir, and find that those chickens are not your property, but belong to the lieutenants."

"Ah, ah!" said he, in great joy, then hesitating, "buth—still—I think they'd betther be picked up. Yesth, yesth, make hasthe about it." The boat was nearly touching the sea, and he was on the point of retiring to his cot, when the same midshipman returned to say that he had again been mistaken, for that the animals belonged to the midshipmen. "Oh! oh! thath all?" in an under voice, tossing his head up. "I—don'th—think ith's quithe righth to hazard menthsth livesth for a few chickens; Mrs. Humbug wouldn'th do THSO—no, no, hoist the boath up, make sail; theresth lots of salth junk in the ship."

The next morning Captain Humbug saw the caterer on the quarter-deck, and asked him how he liked his fowls for breakfast. "Fowls, sir," said the caterer, a little conscience stricken, "I assure you I have not been eating any of *your* fowls."

"I'm glad to hear ith, thsir, buth I alluded to *your* fowlth, which thook a fancthy to go to sea last nighth. Why do you sthare? I mean the fowlsth belonging thew your messth."

"Our mess? Captain Humbug, we have no fowls belonging to our mess."

“No poulthry belonging to your messth?” cried the captain, beginning to be alarmed. “No fowlsth belonging to your messth, howsth thath? howsth thath?”

“Because, sir, we can’t afford it.”

“Blessth my thsoul! blessth my thsoul! who did thosthe chickensth belong to lasth nighth? Wheresth the firsth lieutenant? wheresth the stheward?” The functionaries appeared before him. “Thell me, thell me,” he continued in an agony, “thew whom did thath coop of chickensth belong thath wasth losth overboard in the middle watch?”

“Why, sir, don’t you know?” both answered in a breath; “they were the last batch in the ship: and they belonged to yourself!”

Numerous bets were taken, and many lotteries made as to the exact time when we should arrive in port; but Æolus never having been asked on the subject, nor so much as a card left at his quarters, he turned crusty, and showed some inclination to thwart us, as you shall see.

On the —— of —— we calculated that we should arrive in Rio harbour within two days. Pleasure had taken a short lease of every heart; the idea of abandoning salt horse and swine, for fresh monkeys, kid, and beef, was as charming as usual, when the hour of eight o’clock brought with it a terrific squall a-beam. Away went our lighter spars, to’-gallant-mast, topsail and top-gallant-yards, flying jib and studding-sail booms, like so many reeds. Our course was such that we could lie very well for Rio, had it not been that the ship made eighteen inches of water in twenty minutes, and from one or two other little odds and ends, showed less disposition to answer her helm than the master thought necessary—hinting, moreover, the possibility of her broaching to the wind, in the trough of the sea.

In this dilemma, which was no slight one, the principal officers hastily assembled round the capstan, to receive the support of mutual opinions. “What would you wish to have done, Captain Humbug?” asked the first-lieutenant. The captain looked pale and confused, many thought frightened: but far be it from me to say such a feeling could find entrance into so diplomatic a breast. Casting a glance aloft, while they all seemed to hang on his words, then taking a squint at his quarter-deck guns, which were occa-

sionally buried in the briny foam as his ship yielded to the aerial pressure, he turned from them, like another Æneas, towards the clouded, lowering heavens above, and having breathed a sigh for the safety of—himself, he spoke. “I’m thsure I hardly know what thew thsay! Mrs. Humbug always recommended medithathion thill the violencethe of the thstorm was over.”

“Pooh, sir,” said Bulldog, for once teased out of the scrupulous attention he always taught his cringing soul to pay to any worm in office, “Mrs. Humbug can’t help us now.”

“I beg your pardon, thsir,” suddenly interrupted the other, angrily resuming his dignity for a moment; “her advicthe is thew me of the highest importancethe.”

“Look here, Humbug!” firmly said C——g, who had hitherto remained silent, but now saw how essential to our safety was some character that dared to TAKE the lead, for which his presence of mind and skill made him most fit; “if we come to the wind with such a sea as this, it’s a lost hope with us; we have no sea-room to scud—to beat off’s impossible; but we may stand for our port, if we could only get the ship to steer. This is only to be done by cutting away the mizen-mast, that’s clear—so its resolved on, d’ye see; and scarcely waiting for a reply, he commenced giving orders. “All hands down!—down out of the mizen-top!—clear away the mizen gear!—topmen in the lee-chains, cut away the laniards!—carpenters, stand by to dub the mast by the board!”

“Buth, Captain C——g, are you thsure?” interrupted Humbug, in great agitation.

“Oh! quite sure; don’t you see, it’s as clear as mud in a wine-glass.”

“Oh, no, no; I don’t see any thing of the thsort. If I only had Mrs. Humbug!”

“Oh, d—— Mrs. Humbug!” was C——g’s laconic reply; and seizing a tomahawk from over one of the guns, he sprang into one of the weather mizen-chains.

“Are you all ready?”

“All ready, sir.”

Chop, chop, chop, chop, were heard—four strokes—when, with a startling crash, the heart-of-pine gave way; the few ropes connecting it with the rest of the rigging

were snapped ; and the whole mass, yards and all, buried itself in the surging sea, while a few splinters only remained protruding above the deck. The ship relieved, began to pay off to the desired point, and regain a more upright position. It was a night of danger and anxiety to us all ; but the next day found us at anchor in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, with full liberty for those who were strangers to the station, to gaze at the enormous mountain surnamed the Sugar-loaf.

My first care was to repair on shore, and see my friend, Lord Alarmus, of Tou-chou memory ; for as Captain Humbug remarked, “ he wath tholding a thsituation of high diplomathic thrust at the Court of the Emperor of Brazthill.” I found him much to my liking ; and his lordship, was, *nem. con.*, voted a devilish good fellow.

As for H.M.S. Welladay, she has to get in a new mizen :—how, I care not a rotten nutshell, as the Romans say. What is such a paltry thing to you or me ? What’s Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba ?” Many of the most amusing things happened here ; which, as I have not room to relate, I’ll thank you to imagine. I can only now inform you, that the repairs having been completed, we were on the point of sailing, when one day the captain made his appearance on board, in “ full tog,” having been engaged in some diplomatic service on shore. After communicating with the first-lieutenant, he came down to lunch in the ward-room, where I happened to be. Hardly had he tasted the viands set before him, when we were all startled by the cry of “ Fire !”

“ Eh, what !” cried the captain, starting up aghast, and instantaneously relinquishing his knife and fork ; “ fire ! fire !—can ith be thso ? Blessth my thsoul !—fothfend my sthars !—whath, burnth alive !—deliver me !” Kicking down his chair in his haste to escape, and without casting a look at his new gold-laced cocked hat and sword, lying on a chair, which wooed him to remain, he fled upon deck, and, turning round when he reached the gangway, preparatory to running over the side and getting into a boat, exclaimed, with lifted hands and most rueful expression, to those standing around, “ Now, my men, if any of you have any possthible resthpect for your livesth, you’ll follow me ; for,

if Mrs. Humbug knew the danger we are in, there'sth no thsaying what might be the consequentheth!"

END OF D'AQUILAR'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

When eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart how swift ye flow!
Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF BREUNER.

OF all the hours in the day, sunset and moonrise seem most to possess some magic key, unlocking the pride, the folly, love, and grief, pent up within the human breast. If a man of feeling is ever virtuous, it is at such a time; and yet such light has shone upon some erring deeds.

Reader, you know the hour, so soft, so solemn, when earth, like a monster of gigantic beauty, sinks to repose within the Nubian embrace of night; well, then, it *was not* this hour, but the one before it, while earth was yet enjoying the golden beams of sinking Sol, that found Percy and Cleanthe sitting beneath the shade of a dark palm-tree, before their villa in the neighbourhood of Nice. More than two years had passed over the heads of this erring pair since last we parted from them. Did their affection still continue? *Mirabile dictu!* it did; yes, lived in all its former strength. And why? Here is the secret of love. Her's was a temper like the pliant plant, twining itself around a hardier stem, until the tree so grooves—bah! this simile is very trite,—well, like soft water freezing in a bottle, and then—the whole bursts! I might have known this—that won't do; no, I mean to say—that her temper was of the gentlest nature, and her heart more yielding still; that Percy was an enthusiast, a sort of half-cracked poet, that scarcely knew the bounds either of his hatred or his love. He felt how great was the sacrifice she had made for him; and that his present mode of proceeding was most censurable—*ergo*, the devil led him to continue in it. She deemed it even worse; grieved o'er her fallen state, from night to day, and

therefore doted on him more than ever. These were simply the plain facts of the case : I condemn them entirely ; but as I wish to lead none of my readers astray, I shall not mix up such proceedings with any "*sentimentalibus lachrymæ roarem*," although themselves discussed the matter with great pathos and poetical feeling. If you doubt me, reader, hear them.

"And will you ever love me, with a devotion as fervent as now?" inquired Cleanthe, looking up in her lover's face, and flinging her arms round his neck, as if she dreaded even the separation of a moment.

"My heart's treasure ! can you doubt me ? What hour, day, moment, has my affection flagged, since that which first found me breathing vows of truth and passion ? Speak !—none. Is there any earthly happiness for which you sigh ? If so, and my means can procure it, utter but the wish. You are silent—much do I dread that your innocent heart is wrung—but, dearest, cease that quivering lip, and let me kiss away that glistening tear. I know, I see, I feel, all that you have sacrificed for me. Not unmarked have I beheld a parent deserted, ties of kindred and consanguinity torn away, the opinions of the throng despised, the upbraidings of conscience stifled, a noble name sullied, and, worse than all, your own ideas of virtue violated. All this I feel, and have I not been every thing that man can be to woman, or woman dream of man ?—tell me where I have failed ?"

"No where, my Percy, no where ! each and all of those feelings have fixed their fangs upon me ; but it is not for those I weep ; they pass in comparison as nothing : the thought that shakes me deepest is, that you may cease to love me. I know what you will say, that I am foolish—I am weak—such was human nature ever ; but remember how capricious a thing is the human heart. Who knows or understands it ? Apathy will often succeed affection ; it may be your case ; and though you might grieve over it, you might yet be unable to avert the change. Then ask your heart if I have not cause to dread ?—As is the frail light plank between the mariner and eternity, such is your love, Percy, between me and all that is horrid, even in thought. Then will you ever continue it to me ?" and she

drew herself yet closer to his bosom. "Alas ! you cannot know," hiding her tearful face upon his neck.

"Dear, little fluttering heart !" was his reply, "even these, thy passing, fancied sorrows, breathe of ecstasy to me. Have not two years passed since you bestowed on me all that I sought on earth—yourself ? and is not my affection as ardent, as impassioned, as enthusiastic now as then ? Is not my attention as unceasing, my anxiety and kindness as great ?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then why allow a doubt to cross thee, when many marriage-ties are broken and disgraced before a quarter of that time has tried them ? Yet now, even now, to prove, if any proof be wanting—only express your wish, and that rite shall be performed, which makes us one—not in the sight of God—for in his sight we cannot be more knit than now ; but in accordance with the custom of weak, vain, erring man, the first to break the law himself enacts."

"Think not of it, dearest Percy, it is enough for me that you like it not ; in future I will call contentment to my bosom, to enjoy the flood of happiness now streaming o'er us."

"Do so, Cleanthe, and you shall have change of scene ; for even this can wear a sameness. Yes, this which woos me to forgetfulness of all save thee, and will ever be dear from the halo which the brightness of thy presence has cast around it ; here, with the placid sea below, the lustrous heaven, the scented orange, and myrtle-flower around, even here you can feel the want of change. It shall be yours ; we will take to our bark to-morrow, and once more behold thy native land of loveliness and song. But chase away these pensive thoughts ;" and he handed the lady her guitar.

She, after being asked in a manner so pretty and poetical, could do no less than sing, which, let me tell you, she did very sweetly. Being, like L. E. L., somewhat of an "Improvisatrice," she touched her chords to an Italian air, her words flowing in the same melodious language. To what were they addressed ? you ask. How, in such a situation, could she sing to aught except the setting sun ?

Having duly commented upon the sadness of her strain,

and said, in the words of Scanon, "a thousand fine things to one another," they retired to sup. I have not seen their major-domo lately, and therefore am unable to enumerate the courses, or declare of what they were composed, but simply wishing them now and henceforward a good digestion, I shall proceed.

Another week elapsed, and they had quitted their little paradise (how very foolish !) near Nice, to embark on board the Calliope, their yacht ; prior to their sailing, our loving friends, together with the elder Drinkhardson, who was, of course, a little in the wind, set off to view a monastery, not far from the town. Here, having entered the chapel, this amusing fellow beheld an Italian paying his adoration at a shrine, which contained some wood of our Saviour's cross (so said the monks). Now Drinkhardson could muster on an extremity a few words of Italian, which he generally mixed with French and English, as he said, to make them last the longer. Tumbling up to the devotee, he commenced : "I say, Signor,"—the man looked up very angrily ; he continued, "*you credate que c'est la veritamente croce ?*" Shuddering, the Italian crossed himself, and bowed low, as much as to say, "Sacrilegious heretic ! can you doubt it ?"—"Oui ?" asked the other with a shout, lifting up his cane. The man nodded. "More fool you !" was the reply of Drinkhardson, angrily leaving the church.

It was, of course, very little to him, whether his yacht might be bound to the Bay of Naples or the Gulf of Spezzia, provided he had a good cellar to make him "happy ;" whether the airs that blew might be termed a gentle zephyr, or a hot monsoon, if such a thing were possible at sea, or, indeed, any other wind, provided it were not a southerly breeze in the wine-bottle. However, Æolus was in a good temper on the morning of the — of —. The beautiful little schooner-yacht, the Calliope, having arrived in Garden Bay, cast anchor opposite to the island of Hydra.

The vessel was in want of water, and a small party of men were sent on shore, to assist in sending the necessary supplies from the spring. While thus employed, they were surprised by a party of Albanians coming down to the shore ; and alleging an act of thievery against one of the men who had only that morning arrived, and whom they

insisted in carrying off. It was in vain the seamen protested against this outrage; the Greeks were too strong for resistance to be effectual, and the prisoner was bound and carried away from before their eyes.

This happened at ten in the forenoon. The transaction was immediately made known to Percy, who, selecting twenty of his best men, armed them completely, and landed with the fixed determination of recovering his man at the point of the bayonet; not more than twelve of the crew, the least effective, being left on board. It was with much grief that Cleanthe beheld them depart, for the first time, without herself; but blood might happen to be shed, and she must remain in safety. Vainly did she cling around his neck, and make use of every argument to dissuade him from placing himself in danger. His indignation had been roused to the utmost, and they set off, leaving Cleanthe gazing with grief at the widening space of sea that grew between them.

At the instant of his arrival on shore, the report of a gun was heard from a small fort in the island of Hydra. This attracted no notice; it might have been accident which determined the one taking place immediately after the other; but within a quarter of an hour a Greek brig-of-war rounded the point of the island, and ran for the anchorage of the *Calliope*, whose men assembled on deck to witness in what style the vessel would bring-to. Her guns appeared perfectly ready for service; and, what was more extraordinary, univocal silence prevailed upon her decks. One tall figure, disguised from face to foot, stood at the helm, and steered direct for the *Calliope's* bow. While the brig was a mile distant, this occasioned no remark; but when she approached within three hundred yards, they became alarmed at the danger of being run down; and the Greek pilot hailed the stranger to take a wider berth.

Some unintelligible answer was made, and the brig's course altered; but lo! instead of being in the desired direction, it was in a straight line towards the *Calliope's* beam. "You fool, you have made a mistake!" roared the Greek pilot. No reply was made, and in two minutes, before any steps could be taken to prevent it, the Greek man-of-war was alongside, the muzzles of her guns brushing the

bulwarks of the yacht, while two men, hitherto concealed by the sails, appeared on the fore and main yards, casting their grapplings in the rigging of the schooner. The tall figure dashing aside his cloak, while crape concealed his face, displayed an Albanian chief. Waving his yataghan above his head, he sprang on the deck of the *Calliope*, followed by fifty of his men fully armed.

All was bustle and confusion. It was blowing a stiff breeze, and the impetus of the brig was such that the communication of its force to the yacht carried away the chain-cable by which she was riding, while the grapplings tore in every direction, both spars and rigging; it was one universal crash; some fled, some remained. The Greek chief darting towards the spot where the affrighted Cleanthe stood, seized her in his arms, as she was about to descend below, and gave her in charge to six of his men, who bore their fair prisoner shrieking to their vessel. On seeing this, the English sailors attempted to make some resistance with whatever fell in their way, but were cut down in every direction. Five of the Greeks surrounding the main-mast, and placing the muzzles of their carbines against it, slanting upwards, fired their bullets into its body, seeming to expect its fall. But, true pine, it stood the test, severe as it was; the same manœuvre was tried against the foremast with the same success. Their object was now apparently accomplished. The boarders rapidly retreated to their own decks, the grapplings were cut away, and in less than eight minutes from her first attack, this simoon of a pirate had left the *Calliope* to her fate, and was making all sail before the wind towards the Gulf of Spezzia, while her rifled victim, in her present helpless state, was glad to let go an anchor to prevent her drifting ashore.

Meanwhile, Captain Percy had gained the village, where the aggressors were supposed to reside, being barely half an hour's walk from the shore, and found his man locked up in an old building; nothing had been even said to him, and the aggressors had departed. To release him was the work of a minute, and enraged that the offenders had escaped, he turned to retrace his steps on board, previously taking a glance at the little bark which contained the gem of his heart, when he beheld the rencontre above described.

In an instant all beside was forgotten, and giving the word to his men, they increased their speed to the utmost: Percy scarcely daring to acknowledge the suspicions which forced themselves upon him.

No time was lost in getting on board—his worst fears were true. With a state of mind bordering on frenzy, he gave orders for chase—pursuit was all that he would hear of. Capstan-bars were lashed around the wounded masts, while others were used as props. Every expedient that ingenuity could think of, was put in practice to counterbalance the effects of her crippled state. The anchor having been hastily left with a buoy over it, after slipping her cable, the guns were shotted, the decks cleared for action, and every possible fibre of canvass spread in pursuit; unheeded were the complaining of yards, masts, master or men; away they flew.

The increasing breeze, the approaching night, the forthcoming storm, all were as nothing. The alternative was death, or repossession of Cleanthe; how then could Percy regard a smaller obstacle? The dim faint outline of the chase on the horizon, held his more than soul, and urged him forward to her rescue, or his own destruction.

As her men used to say of her, the *Calliope* had a bright copper funnel,* and sailed like a witch; her favourite point of sailing was before the wind, and she now appeared to be one huge blaze of studding-sails, gleaming in relief against the dark and tempest-lowering heavens. “Heave the log,” cried Percy; “what is she going?”—“Thirteen miles an hour,” said the log-line; “fifteen,” reported the master; and, fast as Greek vessels sail, she gained rapidly upon the chase.

Soon the latter rounded the island of Spezzia, fired a gun, and was lost to sight. In a quarter of an hour the *Calliope* also rounded the island, and the first thing that they beheld was the same wide press of sail they had been pursuing, almost close at hand. “Hurrah! my men, now we have her!” cried Percy, springing from the hammock-netting where he had been sitting, straining his vision to catch a glance once more at the flying vessel. “Trim your guns forward, and as they bear, after the word is given to fire, pour in your broadside—and yet,” he hesitated—his step faltered, his firm lip relaxed, the agonising thought of Cle-

anthe falling by his fire, came across him. Staggering to the capstan, he bent his brow upon his hand, his looks wandered towards the heavens, conscience whispered that they scowled upon him ; his lips moved, but not in prayer. Could he ask success for an enterprise, whose object led to crime ? Perhaps remorse at that hour triumphed over all. Did he resolve to retrieve his folly ? perhaps it was too late. " See, sir, how she's yawing," said the helmsman, arousing him from his reverie. " They'm showing a white feather aboard there, sir, or my name's not Tom Tempest."

Percy looked up, and as he beheld her head veering first in one direction, and then in another, a hope stole over his heart that they might indeed be frightened, and of the possibility of recovering his lost treasure by boarding without any risk to herself. " And yet when I consider the disparity of numbers, and the loss of life—away ! what is the bauble of life to me, deprived of her ? Hold your fire, my men ! out with your cutlasses !"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a flash lit up the canopy of heaven, a stream of fire shot upwards from the chase, interspersed with a few indistinct black figures, a concussion that for the moment stilled the swelling gale, and shook the advancing foe, together with a report, confusing the senses that heard it, announced to the dismayed pursuers that the chase, in despair, had blown herself up !

" 'Tis possible she may yet exist !" were the only words which fell from Percy, as, seizing the helm, he steered towards the fiercely-burning fragments. His whole feelings and perceptions were so palsied, so deadened beneath the stupor of despair, that all recollection of his vessel, and the care she required in handling, had forsaken him. Inconsiderately, therefore, he rounded to the wind, when the fore-mast, unable to bear this pressure in a fresh direction, yielded to the blast, and with all its canvass fell over the lee-bow ; and the gale now acting on her after-sail, brought her still nearer to the wind. This, added to the drag of the gear, connecting one mast to the other, proved more than the wounded spar could support. With an awful crash it joined its fellow floating on the wave, and the Calliope rolled a dismasted wreck, a ready prey for the engulfing storm.

With the most frenzied cries, Percy, overcome with all

that can annihilate the reason, sank on the deck, regardless of the death he now perceived awaiting him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Far heaving o'er the distant main,
Where heaven and earth unite again,
One distant speck of white is seen,
Appearing like the jewel'd sheen
Of Heaven's own gems, when first they rise
From Ocean's bed to deck the skies.

"SAIL, ahoy!" was the cry from the foretop mast-head of H. M. S. Talthorpe, on the morning of—what promised to be—a fine day. The signal midshipman, having turned his glass, beheld what the poet had attempted to describe in the above quoted lines:—but however exquisite the sight, how inferior in beauty to the rising star, seen through the dim encircling haze of night, a blaze of beauty, like a burning wreck on the horizon, shedding its light upon the bounding billow. Often in the still dark night, when forced to pace my weary watch, have I gazed on such a sight, and quite forgotten all my wish to sleep. These are the pure, unspotted moments of our lives, as yet too young for Calumny to breathe our name, or Anguish wring our heart—for Poverty to bare its barb, or seared affections to wither in their spring.—So deems the world! alas, it little knows! Happiness consists not in age, or rank, or station. Wealth has her heirs, and Greatness her first-born: but Misery has her offspring too; beings marked out as her own, from the very moment life has set her seal upon them. Who does not sorrowfully recall the bygone innocence of childhood? Who can mix with the world, and not imbibe some portion of its heartlessness, to dim the better feelings of his heart? We must do this in self-defence, or be the dupe of artful thousands. And can such a state of imperfection have been intended to be final.

Take my glass, reader, and look through it. You behold a noble ship indeed, and there be noble hearts on board, which answer back the thrilling call of Glory—Honour—Fame, the sailor's three immortal houris, that lure him o'er

the “vengeful deep.” Poor fellows, and brave hearts!—it is your lot now to be trampled on, and half-despised, by the rulers of that nation, whose mightiest,—nay, whose almost sole prop you are.

To turn—and to return ;—the devil take it!

This story slips for ever through my fingers.

The ship which you behold, reader, through my glass, is H. M. S. Asia. At her fore-top-gallant-masthead a square blue flag is flying, being that of Sir E. Codrington, vice-admiral of the blue.

Having exchanged the salutes usual in such cases, and displayed our pretensions to being one of the smartest ships on the station, we followed the Asia’s movements. The weather proved very misty, and a stiff breeze set in, just from the very point whence it should not ; and as we toiled up the gulph of Napoli di Romania,* we had no resource but to beat (tack). In the evening, a sort of nondescript weather finally prevailed, when to use the words of an old Irish mate, “the wind was knocking in heaps about the deck.” Every five minutes we were obliged to trim sails to some light air from a fresh quarter.

“Why, master,” said the officer of marines, “the wind seems to be blowing from two or three points of the compass at once. A man might be many years at sea, and not meet with such a case as this.”

“Oh !” said ‘Little Ben,’ “that’s a trifle. When I was on the coast of Ireland, in H. M. S. Nonesuch, ninety-nine decks and no bottom, after a long calm, there sprung up one day, about three bells in the forenoon watch, a breeze from all the thirty-two points of the compass. You may wonder ; but they did : ay, and met every man Jack of ’em on board of us in a focus, as it may be ; when, behold ! the concatenation was so great, that by all rushing together, they made one stream fair upwards towards heaven. Very natural, ye see—couldn’t tend downwards because of the ship. Well, as I said before, they made a wind slap up and down, filled the bellies of the sails, and lifted us quite out of the water. The captain, he thought we were going up to heaven ; and wishing to enter the harbour with all respect to the port-admiral, he piped the ship’s company to prayers ;

* The Greek President, Capo D’Istrias, was murdered here.

but 't isn't so aisy to get up there as some fclks imagine. The skipper was wrong; the winds from the southward being a *leetel* the strongest, it gave the rest a sort of start, ye see, so that they lifted us quite high and dry—all save the end of our rudder, which remained in, just enough to steer by, and away we went seventeen miles an hour through the water, current running sixteen same direction, that's thirty-three miles an hour over the land at the bottom."

"Why, Mr. Cantall!" exclaimed every one in astonishment, "you don't mean to affirm that as a fact?"

"Fact! ay, swear to it—boy, where's my bible?" turning to his servant, who was behind.

"You tore it up the other day, sir, to make paper cigars."

"Psha! you little fool," interrupted the master in an under voice; "don't be blabbing about that. Why don't ye say it's down at the bottom of my chest? Can't get at it; say the chest is at the bottom of the hold."

"But, sir, your chest is in your cabin."

"Poh! you little ass, I know that very well; but I tell you that the master, master's boy, and ropemaker, are allowed to tell lies whenever they like."

Having anchored off the town of Napoli di Romania, a boat was sent on board the *Asia*, which returned with sundry packages of newspapers, letters, and other things; and while I open my dispatch, do you walk down into the mid's berth, where you will find the young officer who has arrived on board from the *Asia*, on duty. Having placed the wine before him, behold the others crowding round and devouring him with questions.

"Who have you on board? any old Mediterranean stagers—any of the old Niobe's?"

"Yes—Bigot and Pinchit."

"Ah, Pinchit is here, is he? How does his Lordship get on?"

"Oh, much better since his rope's ending."

"What do you mean?"

"Not much; save that his Lordship **has** turned out a spirit, of all things odd in this world.

"A spirit!" re-echoed Thread and Lackit in surprise; "where in the name of Heaven did he get that?"

“ In Pall Mall, I suppose.”

“ Yes, I should think if he had any, it would be *un esprit du mal* ; but tell us what he has been about.”

“ The thing is this. The lords and commons in the gun-room of H. M. S. Asia cannot agree very well. Lord ——— and Pinchit, being the only two titled gentlemen in the mess, are sworn friends. Now Lord ——— would be a very good fellow were it not for the other, because Lord ——— has not a sufficiency of brains to be very rebellious ; the other has enough of the devil in him to rebel, but not enough of the Buonaparte to make it successful. As I said before, he has had an especial battle with the assistant-surgeon, in which the hide of one, the spectacles of the other, suffered. Both the nobles have been hauled over the coals ; and there is a rumour, to-day, among the democrats, that Pinchit is to be sent into the Talthorpe to learn good manners, and a more pacific disposition.”

“ What sort of a ship have you ?”

“ There could not be a better ; and she promises soon to be in high order——”

“ Asia’s midshipmen below ?”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” and away went our newsmonger.

And now, reader, let me pause and tell thee, that Judas Iscariot is promoted to the rank of commander, and that Straw is now first-lieutenant ; Willstand consequently is second, and a Mr. Brown, lately promoted from the Asia, is third. If you should chance to meet him in these pages, accost him as a clever and gentlemanly man, and in that spirit, depend on it, he will make answer to you. John Roy, the kind-hearted, is, I am happy to say, after a long and meritorious service, promoted to a lieutenantcy ; the mess has lost one of its most amusing and brightest ornaments, but the service has gained a skilful, brave, undaunted officer. As a poor return for which loss, we have been joined by Baron Baggs, Lord Pinchit, &c. &c., who, though sighing for the ease and comfort of the big ship, and the society of his fellow noble, was compelled to submit to the wholesome, moral regimen of Captain F. Sawyer. I did not find much change in him, if I except a little more self-importance, and a somewhat stronger aristocratic tendency of feeling.

Having lost his former friends, it was incumbent on him

to form new ones; he therefore gathered round him those of his own age and warlike propensities.

CHAPTER XXXV.

And after much inkshed and wineshed, which very nearly ended in bloodshed, they wanted to make me their umpire.

NOTE TO CHILDE HAROLD.

It was in the month of July that a treaty was entered into and signed at London, for terminating the Turkish atrocities in Greece. I shall not pretend to a knowledge of all its provisions. The only provision I care to uphold here is, that instructions, emanating from this treaty, were forwarded to Sir Edward Codrington, Commander-in-chief of the allied squadrons of England, France, and Russia, in the Mediterranean, to intercept all supplies of men, arms, or munitions of war, coming from Africa, and destined against Greece or the Archipelago. On falling in with any such supplies, he was either to turn them back to Alexandria or the Dardanelles. No other alternative was to be allowed them. Now mark this well. I need not say to the reader, who knows their customs, disposition, and religion, that the Turks have ever been a most obstinate people, and, beyond all other, tenacious and jealous of any foreign interference. The Greeks had at this time admitted the principle of foreign interference: the Turks *had not* and *would not*. Is it, then, even within the bounds of probability, that they should accede to Sir Edward's demand, and quietly return with a strong force to Alexandria, or harmlessly proceed to the Dardanelles, when the Sultan had been avowedly at all this expense and trouble to invade Greece? No man who can think will venture to say so. And, in case of their refusal, what must have been the result? Every one knows what it must have been. The British admiral's orders were peremptory. Had the Commander-in-chief met that fleet, and had they refused to obey him, he must, and he would have engaged them. But (here we have an instance of the tardy councils of the English, which gave Napoleon such an advantage

over us) these instructions never reached our admiral till too late ; for on his receiving them, he immediately posted off to Hydra, against which island the expedition was reported to have been destined, sending orders to the rest of his squadron to join him.

On the second evening after his arrival, he learnt from a Greek brig, commanded by an English officer, that the Turks had sailed, and were seen steering for Navarin. On this, Sir Edward Codrington immediately made sail, and when he arrived off the port, found his friends of the turban securely anchored within. It was on an evening in September that we joined the squadron, principally consisting of French vessels—four line of battle ships, and I believe three frigates. A squadron had ventured out from Navarin, and interposed themselves between Sir Edward, who was running to us, and the larger part of the squadron. Having beat to quarters, he kept his course through the middle of them, and sent the gentry back. From this time, (about the 20th of September,) we never ceased to blockade the port, while the English squadron continued to increase, being joined by the Albion, Genoa, and some frigates ; but the weather, even at this season of the year, was most violent, and threatened, as the season advanced, to render the blockade impracticable. Accordingly, we, as may be supposed, heartily tired of hard work and salt junk, wished the Mussulmans at the devil, and that we had a commission to send them there. However, as mids must have some mischief brewing to keep themselves amused, let us leave the combined fleet, and turn once more to the middies' mess of H. M. S. Talthorpe.

I really know not how Pinchit had become so great a hero ; but, certes, at this time he was touched not only with a warlike, but a truly heroic, quarrelsome propensity, intermingled with strong fits of squalling, an itch for greatness, and the remains of his Asiatic revolutionary mania. Much did he miss his brother noble, that immortal wit and profound scholar, Lord ——. It was odd how two such bright leaders should have failed,—but all that's bright must fade,—and thus between the reprobation of admiral commanding, and surgeon assisting, Baron Baggs was at last subdued, though little inferior in fierceness to Ibrahim Pacha him-

self. Still restless, notwithstanding that he was now among the "gentlemanly Talthorpes," he lost no opportunity of declaiming in, and agitating the House of Commons, where he held a seat for the rotten borough of "Mess-money," until the Tory or Twyndle ministry declared their firm intention of putting down such a factious opposition, and of course—resigned the next day.

Here was a chance! "All my oratory," said Pinchit.

"So much for being a good-looking fellow," said Jennings.

"You may thank my foreign negociations for this," was Neville's remark; and in they came.

His Lordship was too modest openly to take the Premiership; he therefore gave that up to Jennings; but as the latter did not possess the organ of numbers, Pinchit took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State for the Home Department; while Neville, having considerable knowledge of what is termed sea law, obtained the seal of Lord High Chancellor. In less statesman-like phrase, he was the wine-caterer, whose office it is to provide the mess with drinkables. *Mirabile dictu!* the ex-ministers were too dignified in their anger even to raise an opposition. All the members seemed satisfied; and, with the modesty native to themselves, and all the hesitation natural to maiden rulers, the new ministry changed benches.

No one can say that it was not a highly-talented administration. The premier was a good-natured, hair-brained rattle, very extravagant—age eighteen. The Lord Chancellor, keeper of the king's conscience (that's his bottle),—age not fifteen.—While the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary was as fiery-headed as a turkey—age sixteen. Such was the Whig Cabinet, thorough out-and-out liberals, while the former one, composed of men aged from six-and-twenty to thirty, submitted to the fresh arrangements of these boys, and retired without a division. "Highly generous, eh! my lord!"

I have often thought that there was some analogy between the state of the berth, at that time, and the position of Belgium since. A weak and infant state; while the powerful neighbouring nation—the gun-room officers, at whose head was Straw—broke through the principle of non-interference,

and refused to recognise the Whig party now in power, declaring that if they retained their places, he would cut off all supplies from the shore. Here was a fall ! A cabinet council was instantly held, when they agreed it was far better indignantly to fling up the insignia of office, than to wait till they were wrung from them, inasmuch as the nation, or the mess, would never consent to starve, either to keep in Whigs or Tories, and forthwith they issued the following protest :—

“ Highly flattered as H. M.’s Government of the Midland counties must feel at the way in which they have been elected to the high situation they now hold, they deem it an imperative duty to announce that a most unjust and unwarrantable influence having been exercised to annul the free election of the people, H. M.’s Government cannot CONSENT any longer to discharge the important functions lately imposed upon them. At the same time they are by no means ignorant that it is in their power to abide the result of a war ; but with the patriotic feeling, that it has ever been their boast to maintain, they prefer thus to resign the respective offices which their merit gained, and their talents supported.”

No sooner had this appeared upon ’change than stocks fell ; ministers had lost their places, widows their pensions, and fundholders their “ fat,” as Byron says, while consols were quoted monstrously low. On the next day, with some slight alterations (as is usually the case), in came those abominable old place-stickers, the “ Tories ;” and the Whigs sullenly resumed their old station, with most determined looks of opposition. Meanwhile, Green, who should by *heritage* have been their leader, sided with neither party, or, if with any, it was with the Tories ; for hating Pinchit cordially, and liking Twyndle, as did every one else, he of course inclined to the latter.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“ Ranged in a grisly row and bearded like a pard.” KENT’S TRAVELS.
HAVING continued to blockade the port in this way, until we thought ourselves doomed to undergo a second affair of

Too-long, it was at last agreed between the two commanders, Vice-admiral Codrington and Rear-admiral de Rigny, to have a conference with Ibrahim Pacha, and, by engaging in an armistice, open the way to their peaceable return. Every one of course was most anxious to behold this old Turk; numerous were the endeavours made to be included in the party, and as numerous, I dare say, were the disappointments, since it was only a few chosen individuals that could be permitted to go. Among this number I contrived to get myself included.

The *Asia* having gone in on the 24th of September, and anchored off Navarin, on the ensuing morning we landed. Our party consisted of seven, Vice-admiral Sir E. Codrington, the Honourable Captain Curzon, flag captain; Mr. Dyer, secretary,; Mr. Dilke, flag lieutenant; the Honourable Colonel Cradock, Mr. H. Codrington, and myself. On the beach we met Admiral de Rigny and several of his officers, and we proceeded together to the tent of Ibrahim. On arriving here, Sir Edward was told that he must not take in the interpreter who accompanied us, (a gentleman from Malta, purposely brought by Sir Edward, lest Ibrahim's interpreter should be afraid to give the whole strength of what was said) as that would give offence to Ibrahim: he was therefore left outside, and we entered.

The whole of the Turkish and Egyptian chiefs were ranged on one side of the tent, Tahir Pacha alone being absent, on account of ill-health. His highness (as far as I could judge of a man sitting on his hams) was of middle stature, with a very sharp expression of face, and two twinkling black eyes, that would look sufficiently awful in a rage. He had the usual quantity of human vegetation about his countenance, and seemed, as Peter Pindar says, "as solemn as a mustard-pot."

The usual ceremonies of introduction having been gone through, we were all motioned to take seats on the side of the tent opposite to the Turks, and through the means of a Mr. Abro, the Pacha's interpreter, Sir Edward opened the conference in English, by informing him, that in pursuance of a treaty signed by the English, French, and Russians, it became the duty of himself and his allies, to intercept all supplies of men, arms, &c., destined for Greece, and coming

from Africa and Turkey in general ; and in order to prove to him the frankness with which they were desirous to negotiate, the admirals read extracts from their instructions to that effect.

On hearing this, Ibrahim's countenance seemed to rise a little from its state of usual apathy. His eyes sparkled, and some slight expression of defiance might have been observed, as he replied, that "he was like themselves a soldier, and that to obey his instructions was as great a virtue in him as it was in them. That his orders were to attack the island of Hydra, which he must do. His part was to act, and not to talk ; for any negotiations he referred them to the Grand Signor." To this the Admiral replied, that they could enter into all the feelings of a brave man on the subject, and they congratulated him that the force opposed was resistless, giving thereby an honourable ground on which to act ; but that if he persisted in putting to sea in defiance of this friendly warning, they must adhere to their orders of intercepting him, when, if he opposed them by force, his destruction would ensue—an act of madness which the Sultan could not applaud. Had they viewed this affair solely as military men, his obstinacy would have afforded them the means of distinction in their profession ; but with the feelings now existing between the allies and the Turks, any compromise of such feelings would be deeply deplored. It was the sincere wish of the three governments to avoid every path that might lead to a rupture. It was with this view they had come to open his eyes, and by this declaration before his chiefs to put aside all doubt of the actual instructions of the combined fleet, and to dispel any distrust which his officers might entertain with regard to the communications between Ibrahim and themselves.

To all this Ibrahim replied, that he felt the due weight of what had been advanced. It was true, that when he had received his orders from the Porte, the actual state of affairs, and the risk of collision with the Allied Powers, had not been foreseen. He would, therefore, take upon himself to suspend all operations of sea and land forces constituting the Alexandrian expedition, until he received the answers to some dispatches which he would immediately send to Alexandria and Constantinople ; meanwhile, the expedition

should be stationary at Navarin. He then asked permission to send two dispatch-vessels, one to Alexandria, and the other to Previsa, which was immediately granted; the Admirals even offered to insure their safety by an escort, but this was refused, as compromising the dignity of the Turkish flag. The Admirals then said that his promise satisfied them, and that they trusted to his word of honour, as they expected he would to theirs.

Ibrahim, placing his hand on his heart, and bowing very slightly, said that it was sacred; then added, "Although I have promised this, I cannot think it just that I should be thus bound, while the Greeks are at liberty to prosecute their hostilities."

To this the Admirals answered, that it was not a parallel case. The Greeks had accepted the mediation of the Allies—the Turks had not; and to prove the fairness with which he (Sir Edward Codrington) would act, he would, in consequence of some information of Lord Cochrane's intention to excite an insurrection beyond the actual theatre of the war, himself put a stop to his proceedings.

Something more was here said, and Ibrahim showed some desire to talk upon subjects not connected with the treaty. This Sir Edward avoided as likely to create confusion, and said, "I wish to understand, before the conference ends, whether his Highness comprehends all that has been communicated by me and Admiral de Rigny?" To this Ibrahim replied, "Yes, fully." In conclusion, Sir Edward demanded whether the verbal agreement before the officers of both sides now present, would be held as sacred as if taken down in writing, and signed after our manner. The interpreter said, such a question would insult the Pacha; but Sir Edward was decisive. "You may tell the Pacha that I have no intention of insulting him; but my own security requires that the question should be put;" which was done in as delicate a manner as possible—when Ibrahim, in a somewhat sullen tone, retorted, "Yes, certainly." Nothing more of any consequence now passed, and we returned on board.

The next morning, being the 26th, the Pacha's interpreter, Mr. Abro, came on board the *Asia*, and informed Sir Edward that since the conference, Ibrahim had received

intelligence of Lord Cochrane having made a descent upon Patras—that Ibrahim's first impulse was to cut his cable, break the armistice, and sail in the night. Since that, he had fortunately thought better of it, and he now sent his interpreter to request that he might send a squadron from his fleet to Patras. Admiral de Rigny was in the Asia's cabin at the time, and both he and Sir Edward peremptorily refused the request, when it was arranged, that if Ibrahim still insisted on his right of reinforcing Patras, Mr. Abro should return on board and signify the same: if, on the contrary, the Pacha acquiesced in the prohibition of the Admirals, as agreed on at the armistice, no further communication would be necessary. Accordingly, having waited in vain several hours over the time at which he was to return, and night having arrived, the Asia and Sirene* put to sea, of course with the impression that the armistice was held to exist, as specified, for twenty-one days.

On the ensuing day, as the blockading squadron was necessarily in want of provisions and refitting, they all dispersed—H. M. S. Talthorpe proceeding to Zante, to take in water and other requisites.

We arrived early in the morning, and carried on the necessary duty with all dispatch. The evening set in with an increase of wind, accompanied by a misty rain. At half-past five, a vessel was observed in the offing, with all possible sail set, firing minute guns, with the signal flying at her mast-head, of "Enemy at sea." This put an end to our watering; boats were instantly dispatched for the officers on shore, and in half-an-hour we were standing out to sea, with the Dartmouth, Asia, and Zebra; the former having been the vessel that brought the news, the second having arrived shortly after ourselves, and the Zebra being in the harbour of Zante when we arrived.

As yet, we did not exactly comprehend what was the matter; but I recollect waking at eleven o'clock, (an unusual thing for one who had the morning watch to keep,) and looking towards the berth, I distinguished, by the dim light of a lantern on the table, the portly figure of old Guy, the Admiralty clerk, performing the honours to a bottle of London porter, into the cork of which he was inserting the screw;

* Admiral de Rigny's ship, which had come in also.

at his side was Twyndle, holding on the two tumblers lest they should roll off the table.

“Hey there, you gemmen of the *Noctes Stoutianæ*! what news from the deck?”

“News! why we shall be engaged in the course of ten minutes.”

“What, with the porter bottle, I presume? Come, hand me a glass, and allow me to slumber.”

“All hands to quarters,” was the pipe.

“Oh, dear! what a plaguy thing glory is.—come, turn out there, youngsters. Quarters! quarters! jump on deck there!”

On arriving on deck, we were in the midst of the Turkish squadron: so much for Turkish honour! Notwithstanding that Ibrahim's request had been most decidedly refused—notwithstanding the warning of impending destruction—in open breach of his sacred word, in defiance of the combined squadron, the Pacha had detached this division of his fleet and ordered them off to Patras; nay more, he himself was strongly believed to be on board a large double-banked frigate. On our beam, within a quarter of a mile, was sailing, if not this very ship, at least one of her class, and a beautiful vessel she was. I think that her crew must have been at quarters, for her main deck was brilliantly lighted up, each port was open, and, as the light came shining through, she presented the fairest mark possible, while our own, though equally lighted, had every port and aperture so closed, that I doubt whether she even observed us.

Having seen that every thing was in readiness for action, the men were sent below to their hammocks. At five the next morning we were again summoned to our posts, by beat of drum, and the scene that presented itself on deck was the finest and most imposing that I ever beheld.

The sun had risen in the purest splendour; not one ray was shorn. The bright, clear sea, speaking freshness to the heart, was just ruffled by a gentle breeze. At a short distance beneath our lee—hove to—reflecting from her chequered, bristling side the fresh-born beams of morning, with her taunt masts and superb hull—seeming an ocean beauty—lay the Asia, like a lion reposing in all the majesty of conscious power. Ahead of us, we beheld the Dartmouth

and Zebra ; beyond them, at some little distance, arose the masts of the Turkish squadron.

We had now obeyed the Asia's signal, and were within hail. Having laid the main-topsail to the mast, we observed the Admiral mount the bulwark of the poop, and holding the mizen-top-mast back-stay in his hand, he proceeded to hail us.

“ Captain Sawyer ! ”

“ Sir.”

“ You will make sail—and, proceeding to the Turkish squadron, tell them from me, that should they not immediately return to the port of Navarin, I will sink them—if I am able.”

The words were few—the sentence of life or death to so many thousands has seldom been couched in less. While this was uttered, not a sound was heard ; intuitively all attention was absorbed ; our fiat of life most probably hung upon the words which that individual was uttering ; and the daring order he had just delivered, acquired more influence over the heart, from the grandeur that circumstances flung around it. Of a tall commanding figure,—the glittering hair playing in the passing breeze, and touched with the golden light of dawn—the right arm extended to point with the uniform cap to the squadron in the distance—his whole air bespoke the firmest determination in his purpose.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

—————Triumphant sons of truest blue,
While either Adriatic shore
And fallen chiefs and fleets no more,
And nightly smiles and daily dinners,
Proclaim ye war's and women's winners. BYRON.

“ MAKE sail,” was Captain Sawyer's order, turning to the quarter-deck. “ Way, aloft there—shake out first and second reefs——stand by to 'set top-gallant sails——. Fore and main top-mast studding sails——haul on hoard the fore tack,” &c., with many other orders equally nautical and uninteresting. “ Run away with her, my boys ! ”

“ Hurrah ! ” was the half-suppressed shout of the seamen,

as they tore the clue of the foresail down to its place with a force that made the mast and yards shake again; capering along with the wildest glee, at the idea of being selected to deliver such a message, though a larger frigate was in company. In a few minutes we were bearing down on the enemy under a heavy press of sail, and ready to prove, if necessary, that our gunnery was as excellent in earnest as in practice.

The Turkish squadron consisted of six enormous frigates, carrying from fifty to sixty guns each, several of which were double-banked;* many corvettes, fire-brigs, and sloops of war, with other vessels, amounting together, I believe, to forty sail; to sink which force we had only the Asia, Dartmouth, Talthorpe, and Zebra.

Shortening sail on the weather-bow of the commodore's ship, which appeared to be one of the largest, at a distance of two hundred yards, the Greek pilot delivered Sir Edward's message. The Turks replied, by stating their only object to be the relief of Patras. "It is immaterial," returned the pilot, "where you may be going; you have broken the articles of the armistice by leaving Navarin, and thither you must return immediately."

Here you might observe the captain of one of the guns stealing a look at the captain's face; then seeing he was not noticed, coaxing his piece so as to bring its bearing more direct for the enemy's midship. Something further passed, when the Turkish pilot asked, "Will you send a boat on board?—you need not be afraid."—"Oh! thank you," the Greek replied, "we left fear at home;† but you can send a boat to us!"—which they did. The thing was then explained to them, and they departed, subsequently sending a boat to the English admiral, who remained aloof, at a distance of two miles, in order that they might not feel themselves obliged in honour to come to hostilities.

The boat which went to the Asia contained Reala Bey, the second in command. On seeing him, Sir Edward demanded whether he was not present in Ibrahim's tent with

* "Double-banked," having guns on the gangway so as to complete two tiers.

† This was actually said by a pilot in the English service, who afterwards ran off deck, and hid himself below during the battle of Navarin.

the other Turkish officers, when they solemnly bound themselves to observe the armistice, and send no vessels from Navarin for twenty-one days? The fact of being present he admitted, but pretended a belief that Sir Edward had subsequently given consent to the request, that a division should relieve Patras. The admiral then informed them, that having broken their words of honour, he would no longer hold faith with, or place trust in any of them; that they should instantly return to port, and if not willingly, they would be compelled by force.

As the interpreter seemed afraid to deliver this declaration with its full weight and meaning, Sir Edward wrote a letter to the effect of what he had said, and sent it by one of the lieutenants to Mustapha, the Patrona Bey, commanding the division as a vice-admiral. In an hour and a half an answer was returned, when the *Asia* filled her maintop-sail, and fired a gun. The Turkish admiral then made a signal, when his squadron filled and made sail, returning on their way to Navarin; but our admiral observing a brig edge off towards Patras, sent by way of *hint* two shots from his lower-deck guns across her bows, when she rejoined the rest.

On seeing this peaceable termination of the matter, the sailors were very much annoyed.

“Oh! ——— their souls!” I heard one man say to another, “the bermugian-built beggars! they’ve a-got no fight in ’em. Who do they think is going to look after them, and stand here at our quarters in the drizzle, *all for nothing*?”

The weather had changed, and instead of the lovely day the morning promised, a wetting mist had set in. Breakfast was served out to the ship’s company at their guns; and the day passed in watching the unwieldy brutes of Turkish vessels, doggedly jogging along, lingering as provokingly on their passage as the Tenth Charles on his route to Cherbourg; while, from having the powder ready for action, we could keep no fire alight, and were therefore obliged to serve out raw salt pork to the seamen for dinner, and the officers had either to eat that, or trust to whatever cold provisions their mess might contain—or, go without their meal. But the captain and gun-room officers generously helped the poor middies, and we contrived to rough it out indifferently well.

As night approached, it was necessary to keep a very strict watch over the Turkish fleet; and the admiral afforded us no slight amusement, by making a signal for the *Tal-thorpe* to *take charge of her convoy!*” On the next day, being the 3rd of October, another squadron, consisting of three frigates (two of them double-banked), four corvettes, and seven brigs, came round the north corner of Zante, and joined the rest. We again cleared for quarters, and approached the body of the fleet, which now amounted to nearly forty-five sail, when we observed a communication taking place between the two commanding admirals. It afterwards turned out that Ibrahim was on board a fine Leghorn-built frigate, carrying about sixty guns; but, cunning to the last, he never hoisted his flag. This, it appears, Sir Edward was aware of, and therefore hove-to, in order that he might observe what effect was produced on Ibrahim (who had just anchored), by the communication of the letter written to the Patrona Bey; and at 6 P.M. their whole fleet once more made sail for Navarin.

However, not to trouble my reader with all the shuffling manœuvres of these Mussulmans, it will suffice here to state that they left no one artifice or evasion untried, by which to cajole or escape Sir Edward; but it was useless. With a rare admixture of temper, sternness and determination, he met them at every point, and despite of the awful odds against us (which in all human probability would have ended in our destruction had an action ensued), he followed them alike through a heavy gale which sprung up, and the calm that succeeded it, for *seven days*; and by offering them no alternative save annihilation, finally compelled those men whom oaths of honour had failed to restrain, thus to abandon an enterprise which every feeling of self-interest prompted them to execute. Had that detachment escaped the English admiral, how changed would have been the ultimate result! Instead of being cooped up within the harbour of Navarin, half the fleet would have been at liberty to ravage, plunder, and carry on their thousand unheard-of atrocities; and while in chase of these, the remaining division of the fleet might have sailed with the same success: thus, not one, but two battles, would have been necessarily fought.

And are these barbarians, these violators of their parole,

the men over whom English Tory ministers have raised their mournful ditty?

To finish my narration. After our having fired into several of their vessels, Patrona Bey, in one of his interviews, requested that Sir Edward would give him a statement in writing, to say he would not permit the relief of Patras; in order (as the Patrona expressed it) that his head might be saved on his return to Turkey.

On the 8th of October we made sail for Zante; and on the following day the Asia saw the Turks once more enter the harbour of Navarin: and thus ended an affair, wherein British arms were crowned with as much glory as in any event which the annals of blood can produce. Taking away the dazzling halo which bloodshed flings over an action, it yields in heroic daring and unflinching firmness to none; and it was won by British valour only. From beginning to end Sir Edward was supported solely by the Dartmouth and Talthorpe. The brig Zebra, having been sent for some reinforcement on the evening of the second day, was replaced by the cutter Hind (a very small vessel, though commanded by one who was in talent second to *very* few, in bravery to none); and yet four-fifths of the world are in ignorance that such important events as these ever took place—events which had the greatest weight in determining the allied commanders to that step which led to the battle so much deplored, so inconsistently rewarded and contemned!

A question will here naturally arise, how, in a country like England, an interested concealment of public events can take place. Alas! when corruption is the leading principle of a government, nothing is easier. The fullest dispatches and information of this affair were sent home by the commander in chief, and *entirely suppressed* by the Admiralty.

On the Sunday previous to our sailing for Zante, which place we were to visit on the road to Count Heyden, to request this officer would join Sir Edward instantly, I had an opportunity of gazing on Missolonghi—sacred, as the scene of freedom's bloody struggle, and dear, as the last resting-place of the lamented Byron!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Those feelings which are deepest, joy can give,
Far, far beyond the listlessness of life ;
And dearer far than all the years we live,
Is that short hour which waits the coming strife ;
Some passion's madness—love or fame
It wants, to gild this life, so trite, so tame. DESTROIT.

IN the course of another week we were joined by the French and Russian squadrons, the latter consisting of four ships of the line (of seventy-four guns each), the same number of frigates, and a corvette. The whole force of the combined fleet was now concentrated ; and the three admirals having met and re-examined the various instructions from their different courts, they came to the conclusion, that as, after the breach of his word, Ibrahim's armistice was null and void, and no further confidence could be placed in him, the only method that remained for carrying into practical effect the views with which the Treaty of London had been entered into, was to enter the port, and, aided by the presence of the squadron, negotiate for its evacuation and the return of the Turks to the Dardanelles.

The day named for entering the port was the 19th of October. The weather was almost calm ; and every preparation having been made, the wind failed us altogether. Though the commander had given orders to prepare for action, regarding it only as a remote possibility, the junior officers, not being aware of the motives which actuated their superiors, could draw their conclusions alone from what they saw going on around them, and naturally, therefore, imagined that an engagement was certain.

The duties of the day were over, and each individual had time to pace the deck, and reflect on the situation in which the morrow might find him placed. Beneath the stern of the pinnace I found little Goldsmith, sitting immersed in contemplation. He was one of those fragile blossoms that I have ever felt inclined to love. 'Twas odd—most singular, the heroic spirit that dwelt in such a gentle heart. I seated myself next to him. “ Well, old Goldy, what may your thoughts be running upon ? ”

“Death!”

“Ah!—and yet one can hardly help giving the old scoundrel a glance, now that he seems so very near.”

“Yes, very—I have been thinking how delightful it would be, if our spirits might go and make to themselves a heaven of their own creation, inhabited alone by those we knew and loved on earth.”

“Yes, Goldsmith, that indeed would be a paradise. I see you have been reading Moore’s ‘Loves of the Angels.’ How often has the same thought struck me! indeed, I never look upon the heavenly spots which Greece affords, but I exclaim with a sigh to myself,

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister! *

How gladly would I fling up this bubble of an existence for that! But why, Goldsmith, torment ourselves by dreaming of that which can never happen? We are bound to enjoy what God has given us. Renounce such sad ideas; you have many years in which to bound along your course.”

“It may be nearer finished, Cavendish, than we imagine.”

“True; through each instant of our life, death hangs but on a thread; the constant thought of this would paralyse our energies; instinct therefore leads us from continually dwelling on it.”

“It may be so; but to-day I have felt an unaccountable depression of spirits. I have tried to shake it off in vain.”

“Mere imagination my dear fellow!”

“He shook his head, and faintly replied, “No.” Then added in an under tone, “I hope I am prepared—fate is imperious—I wonder if the spirits of the dead revisit earth.”

“I should think not,” was my reply.

“Will you make an agreement with me, Cavendish?”

“Certainly; what may it be?”

“If I am shot, and it may be permitted to me, my spirit shall appear to you. If you are shot and I survive, yours shall appear to me.”

* Childe Harold.

"Agreed," I replied, in a light manner; "at what hour shall this spiritual visitation take place?"

"At this very hour," he replied.

I looked at my watch; it wanted a quarter of midnight.

"Hold your jaw, master Jackey Barleycorn," said one of the men below, in a laughing manner to Rye; "who knows but you may be shot?"

"I shot!" returned my old friend; "the shot's not cast in Turkey that's to kill Jack Rye,"—unconsciously quoting almost the exact words of Buonaparte.* Some reply was returned by the other; but I was only enabled to catch the above fragment of their conversation, and they passed out of hearing.

I arose to take a look at Navarin by moonlight, which I rightly conjectured would be the last. I have it now before me—the white, bright speck shining in the moon's rays, composed of the houses, which distance blended into one tiny mass; while here and there, catching the moonbeam, might be seen one of the grove of masts arising from the harbour.

As I beheld the majestic forms of the various men-of-war now slumbering on their native element, scarcely ruffled by the occasional breath that flitted over it, so soon to quit their repose for all the dread activity of death, "while havoc scarce for joy could number their array," it appeared to me, that all belonging to this earthly scene was lulled, except the darker passions of the human mind. I never yet beheld a deed of bloodshed, but nature mocked at man, and ushered in the hour of mortal strife with looks of calm derision. However near the hour of nothingness might be, I had the morning watch to keep, before my journey could be passed and over; and having breathed a prayer that I might lose my head, rather than have either of my limbs hacked off, I descended to my hammock.

The morning broke, as bright as earth has ever seen it; and the wind, determined to retard the work of death no longer, blew with sufficient force to take us into the harbour of Navarin, and, by rolling away the smoke of the guns, to make destruction more deadly and secure.

At the dear-bought battle of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805, Sir Edward Codrington was the youngest post-cap-

* At Austerlitz. See History of Napoleon, in "The Family Library."

tain commanding a ship of the line in Lord Nelson's fleet ; and now, (the 20th October, 1827,) within one day of the twenty-second anniversary of that victory, he held the post of Commander-in-Chief, having under his direction a squadron belonging to the very nation against whom he had combated on that memorable day !

I have, or should have stated that previous to this, the Cymbrian had been sent on an errand of mercy, to prevent some atrocities, carrying on by Ibrahim Pacha, against the helpless inhabitants of the Morea, women and children. That such beings should disgrace the name of man ! This morning the Cymbrian hove in sight ; and at eleven o'clock, H. M. S. — was sent off to windward to communicate. Various reasons were assigned for the Admiral sending so fine a vessel out of the way at such a moment : but the one most believed was, that the Admiral desired to show his displeasure at some piece of folly committed by her captain, who, I will say, was what the world calls a good man, but he certainly was a weak one. For instance, he might have been a brilliant addition—to “a tea and tract party,” outshining even the silver urn ; but I have no hesitation in saying, that he was most unfit to command the fine vessel which he did.

He had religion and zeal, untempered by discretion ; and once for all, I must remark, that there is no one impulse, feeling or passion, which requires to be so warily and delicately treated on board a ship as religious enthusiasm. We all know, all see the fanaticism which seizes people on shore : on board, where the worse characters are often assembled, it is eagerly adopted as an excuse for the neglect of duty. The human heart is soon won over to believe the sentence ever on its lips : and how should we expect ignorant people to have due respect for fellow mortals, whose heated imaginations have already constituted them favourites of Omnipotence ? “In the eye of God, the beggar and the king are equal.” With such a belief amongst men who cannot reason from ignorance, the result is easily foreseen. To quell this rage, when once begun, is impossible. The arch fiend has no weapon of more stupendous strength in his power, than the pure and holy feeling of religion, tortured to fanaticism.*

* No inducement should ever tempt the Admiralty to endanger the

But to H. M. S. —. The captain was fanatically disposed, the first-lieutenant was not. On the contrary, I have reason to believe that he was a clever man; but at the exact moment of which I am speaking, he had left the ship on his promotion. Previously, however, their difference of opinion had divided the ship into two parties—those of the senior officers, who used to come to morning prayers, sing psalms, &c.; those of the opposite side, who took to swearing for bravado. The former only asking leave to go on shore from the captain; the latter referring to no one save the first-lieutenant. Of what use was such a ship to the State, except to waste its supplies? The captain's men dared openly to insult the first-lieutenant with oaths and language which a court-martial could have punished with death, while he (the captain) refused even to flog them. Her discipline was of course lost; and among other reports circulating on the station, it was said, that on Christmas-day so drunk was every soul on board, that the captain had himself to go round his lower deck, and extinguish each greasy tallow dip with his own hand. Had one of the celebrated Mediterranean white squalls come on, a ship worth more than fifty thousand pounds would have been lost to the country, and upwards of three hundred human beings have perished. It is with reluctance that I give these things forth to the world: I have heard the officer highly spoken of, and doubt not that he has redeeming points: these have deterred me from naming himself or ship; but it is my duty to hold out the warning as an example.

On the evening of the 18th, we had seen a plan of the harbour, with the station allotted to each ship opposite the Turkish line, the latter being moored in the form of a crescent, extended from one side of the bay to the other. The Talthorpe had no peculiar berth given to her, because, from her being of such small force, and only carrying twenty-lives of his Majesty's subjects, by giving a command to weak, foolish bigots. No man of sense would ever be led into such errors; and here I may notice a fact communicated by a naval officer lately attending a regatta in the west of England; namely, that a man holding the commission of Commander in his Majesty's navy was seen for hours holding forth to the rabble, in the middle of the public course, relieved by an Irishman of the lowest class of the people, so ignorant as to be unable to express himself, in either correct grammar or English.

eight thirty-two pounder carronades, the admiral could not expect her to prove a match for a Turkish frigate, few of which carried less than fifty guns ; she was therefore, I believe, directed to assist the Dartmouth and brigs, in taking charge of the enemy's fire-ships. The order of sailing, in entering the harbour, was arranged to be in two columns—the Russians forming one, the French and English the other.

Many an anxious glance was directed towards our old friends in the Cymbrian, many a half-muttered prayer that she might be near us ; but all that we could discern of her was a huge press of sail. On the day previous, the following general order had been issued by the commander-in-chief, and may be interesting to the reader.

“ Instructions as to the manner of placing the combined fleet at Navarin.”

“ Asia, off Navarin, October 19, 1827.

“ It appears that the Egyptian ships, in which the French officers are embarked, are those most to the S. E. It is therefore my wish that his Excellency Rear-Admiral De Rigny should place his squadron abreast of them. As the next in succession appears to be a ship of the line with a flag at the main, I propose placing the Asia abreast of her, with the Genoa and Albion next to the Asia ; and I wish that his Excellency Rear-Admiral Count Heyden will have the goodness to place his squadron next in succession to the British ships of the line. The Russian frigates, in this case, can occupy the Turkish ships next in succession to the Russian ships of the line ; the English frigates forming alongside such Turkish vessels as may be on the western side of the harbour, abreast of the British ships of the line ; and the French frigates forming in the same manner, so as to occupy the Turkish frigates, &c. abreast of the French ships of the line.

“ If time permit, before any hostility is commenced by the Turkish fleet, the ships are to moor with springs on the ring of each anchor.

“ *No gun is to be fired from the combined fleet without a signal being made for that purpose, unless shot shall be fired from any of the Turkish ships ; in which case, the ships so firing are to be destroyed immediately.*

“The corvettes are, under the direction of Captain Fellowes, of the Dartmouth, to remove the fire-vessels into such a position as will prevent their being able to injure any of the combined fleet.

“In case of a regular battle ensuing, and creating any of that confusion which must naturally arise from it, I may observe, that, in the words of Lord Nelson, ‘No captain can be very wrong who places his ship alongside that of an enemy.’

“EDWARD CODRINGTON.”

Accompanying this order, a plan of the harbour, and directions as to the exact position to be taken up, was sent to each ship.

At twelve, the fleet went to dinner, and from the gaiety around, a stranger would have little imagined the scene into which they were hastening. One serious remark alone was heard; it came from old Guy: “Well, my boys, some of us will be missing here before the evening.”

“Yes,” slowly remarked one or two; “but no one talks of sadness now.”

“Fill up, fill up! Here’s to sweethearts and wives. Hurrah! Mr. Caterer, here are two plum-puddings; you shall have a vote of thanks. I propose we put by one of these to have a set-to after the *sprees*.”

This was instantly agreed to; the steward satisfactorily answered the inquiry of what quantity of rum he had. Dinner was finished, and ourselves summoned by the boatswain’s pipe to quarters; taking care to carry with us several bottles of *cassis*, which we stowed away in the signal locker, lest they might be wanted for the wounded or the thirsty.

Shortly after reaching the deck we beheld the Asia give out the signal, “Prepare for action;” and as the honourable distinction of repeating-ship was ours, we immediately hoisted the same. Having made one or two evolutions to afford the ships time to get ready, the commander-in-chief stood in.

If any other fact besides those adduced were wanting to prove that no action was intended, it lies in this: in leading the way, the Asia was, I should think, at least half a mile in advance of the other English vessels, while the French

line-of-battle ships were distant a quarter of an hour's sail, and the Russian squadron performing some evolution, preparatory to making their sailing column, which kept them still farther off. Is it likely, therefore, if Sir Edward had treated the Turks wholly in the light of an enemy, that he would have risked his ship, comparatively speaking, so little supported? On approaching sufficiently near the bay to count the Turkish vessels, they presented a most formidable and extensive front, as the harbour was literally crammed, the amount being one hundred sail. Next in succession to the Asia followed the Genoa, close on whose larboard quarter came the Albion; at some little distance after the last was the Dartmouth, and immediately astern, ourselves. The only change that had taken place among our officers was, that Mr. Brown, the third-lieutenant, had left us, and we had been joined by a Mr. Portland. Though sorry to part with the former, the latter was a most estimable gentleman, and a pleasant, good officer. The good-looking fellow, too, that generous madcap Jennings, had also left us, and returned to England to pass his examination.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight,
 Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank
 Of the arm'd river, while, with straggling light,
 The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
 Which curl in curious wreaths—how soon the smoke
 Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak! DON JUAN.

THE entrance of the harbour (which might be made almost impregnable) is guarded by two sets of forts. The strongest, surrounding the town, is built on a promontory of the mainland, and consists of several tiers, the lowest throwing large stone shot, similar to the Dardanelles; the opposite batteries, on the left-hand, which I think were temporary, being situated on the island of Sphagia.

On the arrival of the Asia opposite the town, she was boarded by a boat from the shore, which came with a message from the Pacha commanding the batteries, to Sir Edward, to desire that he would not come in. Sir Edward

replied, that in coming in, his intentions were entirely of a pacific nature, being solely to carry on negotiations with Ibrahim Pacha : and moreover, that the commander-in-chief of the combined fleet of Europe came to command, and not to obey. Sir Edward then expressed a wish of sending some letter, or message, I believe, to Ibrahim ; but the messenger refused to take it, alleging that he was not at Navarin, but had gone into the country. The admiral, having pointed to the preparations on deck, expressed his readiness for any result, and hoping that no hostility would be offered, received an assurance to that effect, and dismissed the Turk. The messenger had barely returned when a blank gun was fired, and a signal, or rather an ensign, hoisted at the fort. On seeing this, the seamen, who interpreted it after the European custom, in a pacific sense, burst forth in a murmur of indignation : “ Ah ! the beggars, they won’t fight arter all.”

In the course of a few minutes the Asia took up her appointed berth ; the Genoa and Albion anchored in their respective places, followed in their course by the Dartmouth, which came to nearer the centre, and more advanced towards the town and entrance of the bay. When the Talthorpe and Dartmouth arrived at this point, their roads separated, she anchoring as aforesaid, while we sheered off to the western side of the harbour, bringing up at perhaps the distance of half a mile from the island of Sphagia, in one hundred and fifty feet of water, with a chain-cable. The station which we had thus taken up was that allotted to the Cymbrian and ———, both large frigates, they being still two miles distant at least.

As I beheld broadside after broadside, and frigate after frigate, whose guns would all bear upon us with the greatest facility, I thought to myself, “ If an action does ensue before we are supported, good-bye to the Talthorpe ! for wrought-iron would be unable to bear the hammering she must expect.” On our starboard bow, just out of point-blank range, a distance of four hundred yards, was a large Turkish fifty-two gun frigate, whose cannon I counted. On our beam, out of the reach of our carronades, was a corvette ; on our quarter, at the distance of two hundred yards, was a frigate of fifty guns, somewhat smaller than the one on the bow ;

while astern came a whole line of vessels of the same class, at full liberty to direct their whole fire upon us, because only four ships having as yet anchored, and being on the opposite side of the bay, nothing came between us and their broadsides.

Thus far fortune had played us a *glorious* trick ; but not the slightest blame could be attached to Captain Sawyer. He could not hang back, where the admiral led in, and the strict order of sailing was sacrificed, to give the Turks a convincing proof of our pacific intentions. On the contrary, the world must hold, that a berth thus taken up by a young post-captain, is but an earnest of a future day.

Time—barely sufficient—was afforded to take a look at our ticklish position, when I heard the sound of musketry, and, turning, beheld the Dartmouth's men firing from the maintop. On looking for the object against which this volley was directed, I beheld a fire-vessel discharging fire-arms into an English boat alongside. A huge column of dense, black smoke, accompanied by flames, suddenly arose, and in two minutes she exploded. While this had been going on in the middle of the bay, the Asia, having anchored on the inner side, piped her watch to square yards, and the commander-in-chief had given orders to let the band assemble, and play on the poop, thus dismissing the ship's company from their guns. Now, however, he observed the Brûlot fire on the Dartmouth's boat, and, according to the general order, the fire was returned on the offending vessel only. At the same time, a shot from the Turkish flag-ship (I believe) was fired into the Asia. The drum was instantly beat to quarters, and the flag-lieutenant, Mr. Dilke, sent in a boat, with the Admiral's pilot, to the Turkish commandant, to request that he would cause a cessation of firing, and to guarantee from the commander-in-chief that no shot should be fired from the combined fleet.

While this conference was taking place alongside, and the pilot was translating Mr. Dilke's words, a Turk had the barbarous treachery to fire a pistol at the admiral's pilot, who, receiving the ball in his breast, fell a corpse in the bottom of the boat. Nothing now remained for the flag-lieutenant but to get, as fast as possible, on board the Asia, which ship in the mean time had been again fired into, as

also the *Sirene*, bearing the flag of Chevalier de ~~gny~~, who immediately opened fire in return.

On viewing these things, the commander-in-chief perceived it was beyond his power to put an end to the hostilities which the Turks had provoked; and no other course now remained for him but to avenge the treacherous insult offered to the British flag, in the wanton murder of his pilot, proverbially the best on the station. So far as we have seen, not only was the aggression wholly on the side of the Turks, but it was of such a nature, that it could not be overlooked without compromising the dignity of the combined flags: nay, it had gone beyond this; and I doubt, after the *Sirene* had returned the shot fired into her, whether it was possible on our side to have caused a cessation of firing, had even our very existence depended on it, owing to the total want of discipline throughout the Ottoman fleet.

I now return to H. M. S. the *Dartmouth*. On anchoring, Captain Fellowes observed a fire-vessel ready to drop down upon him; and, manning a boat, sent and requested its captain to shift its berth. The fire-vessel, as far as I have been enabled to learn, made a signal to its admiral to know whether it should move, and was directed to remain stationary. Captain Fellowes then sent another boat, with directions to take her in tow, and drop her into a less threatening position. On the approach of the second boat, the Turks fired into her; when the British seamen pushed alongside to board, and Lieutenant Fitzroy, commanding, was shot dead. He was the first man that fell, and was an amiable and much-esteemed officer. In the same attempt at boarding was also killed the poet of the fleet; and, as in duty bound, with a fellow-feeling, I must stay to shed a few drops—of ink, upon his grave! His name certainly was not a very poetic one—Mr. Brown Smith; but having seen his productions, and heard his praises, and moreover, having, by his death, I suppose, succeeded to the honours (the only ones the laureate would share) of singing “*Navarin*,” I am glad to pay to his departed promise the slight tribute such pages as these can afford;—would they were worthier.

Having succeeded in cutting her cables, the *Brûlot* exploded in the midst of boarding: and I once more rake up the tale of the *Talthorpe*. At the moment of the explo-

sion, our men were aloft, furling sails : Captain Sawyer instantly called them in, and sent them below to their guns. Up to this moment, the Turks in the ships opposed to us had been staring at us with the utmost *nonchalance* ; some of them dangling their legs out of the entering port, others smoking their pipes : but no sooner had the sound of small arms reached them, than they scampered down to their guns, and gave us their first broadside, just as our men were getting in off the yards, without the most distant provocation having been offered on our side. After the long training which our men had undergone, I need not say that they performed their duty to admiration : the greatest coolness was observable throughout ; only broken by the feeling of wild glee that seemed so unaccountably to animate each breast to deeds of blood. When we received the enemy's broadside, I was standing near the main-mast, and became enveloped in a shower of chips, that fell from the heel of the main-top-mast.

"Now then, Manvers Cavendish," I exclaimed to myself, "behold the hour for long years so often dreamt and read of—so sighed and wished for—now really and truly you are in a general action—and no mistake on that score ! Awake ! awake !"—giving myself "a big knock." "Is this positively the same sort of scene, which, when a boy of twelve years, my fancy imaged out, as occurring on board Nelson's flag-ship at the Nile, while reading his life in bed one morning for about the third time ?" The self-same hour came back to me—the room, the bed, the book, the furniture—the raptured anticipations of the future. "'Tis wonderful !" I muttered to myself, "how like this scene is to that my fancy painted, substituting for the quarter-deck of a line-of-battle ship that of a small frigate." So little too as I knew about men-of-war at that period, the most extraordinary thing to my imagination is, that my head still remains on my shoulders !

From this reverie I was awakened by a tap on the pate : it came from one of my messmates, who pointed to the gaff bearing the ensign, which the first shot had cut away ; but being signal midshipman, I had by the captain's order hoisted a flag at each mast-head, the cross of St. George being at the main.

A little prior to this, I beheld the French admiral come in and anchor; and never did I witness any thing done in a more masterly style—it was beautiful!—it was grace itself! In twenty minutes, the ship that fired into her was dismasted: our next war with France will be short in its actions, but desperate indeed; such is the excellence in gunnery at which both nations have arrived. But I must not anticipate. No vessel had appeared to give us relief, and we still remained carrying on the unequal contest, one eight-and-twenty against three frigates, and the diabolical corvette a-beam, whose long swivel thirty-two pounder, worked I suppose by some French engineer, sent its well-directed shot every now and then into our bends. The captain's look was firmness and determination itself, mingled with a great deal of snuff, and some anxiety for the fate of his crew. The master looked queerish, the first-lieutenant blue; as for the men, they only roared out, "Go it Charlotte!" "Hurrah! give it to 'em!" "Now for a clincher!"—and fought like so many smoke-begrimed devils.

Affairs had gone on thus for twelve minutes, every one wishing that those good old hearty fellows, the Cymbrians, would come in and fight alongside of us; but, alas! on looking towards them, we beheld her afar off with the——, under a heavy press of sail, making haste to join in the fun. I think I never spent so long a quarter of an hour, always excepting those moments of deep suspense, when waiting for one in whom the heart is interested: I have tried both, and think that the fretfulness of the latter beats the suspense of life and death hollow. At the termination of fifteen minutes, we beheld a French frigate making towards us, *L'Armide* was her name, commanded by the gallant Captain Hugon. Passing in almost full sail along our weather-beam, and then under our stern, she suddenly brought up, all standing, on our starboard quarter, close alongside the fifty-gun frigate in that direction. It is impossible to award too much praise to the *Armide*: it was a most difficult manœuvre to execute, and done in a manner that would have thrown lustre even on Horatio Nelson.

Never did aid arrive more opportunely; I think we owed our salvation to her. An English ship could not strike to

such barbarians, although five to one ; but the villains might have sunk us, and then——

On seeing the *Armide* pass under our stern, the men were allowed for a few minutes to quit their guns ; and mounting the hammock-nettings and taffrail, saluted the French with three as hearty cheers as ever yet sounded over a sea of slaughter. Heartily were they returned ; and, cheered with fresh spirit, they jumped to the gun-tackles once more.

“ I say there, you salvagee Jack, give us some more shot ! ”

“ Ay, ay, bo ! ”

“ That’s right ; d——e, let them have it ! ” said Pinchit.

“ Lord Pinchit,” interrupted the captain, catching up what he had uttered, “ this is neither time nor place for swearing.”

“ Here you are, my lads, plenty of shot,” exclaimed Jack Hearty, coming up the hatchway, while the space between his bare bosom and his shirt was stuffed out with rusty iron cannon balls, and wads. Many of the mids on the quarter-deck had taken off their neckcloths to tie around their waists—others with their jackets off, helped the men to work the guns. Nothing could exceed my surprise at having been one hour in the hottest part of a hot action, without having any man’s brains bespattered in my face, or any of my limbs damaged. I had seen no one killed, and therefore congratulated myself that this was a non-pareil of an engagement—too soon was I to be undeceived !

Seeing the men on the forecastle-quarters cheering their comrades below, I walked forward to see how affairs were going on. The ten men stationed there, with Neville at their head as the officer, had no part to occupy their attention save that of spectators. The long guns properly belonging to this part of the deck had, from being too large, interfered with carrying on the duty, and were therefore wisely removed to the quarter-deck, where there was room to work them, while the quarter-ports, carronades, being placed in the bridle-deck, had only a range of four points, and were quite useless—so much for “ Jackass frigates.”

As the men of the forecastle-quarters were also riggers

and boarders, whose duty it is to repair damages aloft, and repel the enemy boarding below, they were not of course allowed to quit their station; while, being unemployed, without anything to stimulate their passions save the mere love of glory, at the same time equally exposed with the rest, they certainly enjoyed their *otium cum dignitate*; but had, I should think, as unpleasant a piece of duty as any in the ship. Still they were of no slight use; for, being near a hatchway, they watched the effect of our shot on the hull of our antagonist, and, as the smoke was dispelled from the bow quicker than from any other part, they were enabled to give their messmates the necessary directions how to fire.

“Hurrah! my hearties, that’s into them: train a point more aft,—slap it into her counter,—that tells,—a little bit too high,—now for it,—so—I think she’s settling. Holloa! look out here, boys.” And as an old seaman said this, a gun was discharged from the enemy’s bow, and they all dodged on one side, and very fairly, as they had not the means of returning the compliment. One man alone, whose attention was directed towards something else, stood still,—the gun was double-shotted,—one came whistling through the sides, tearing out bolts, planks, and every thing else,—passing through the bottom of both boats lying on the booms, and burying itself amidst the heap of spare spars; the other having more elevation, barely passed over the bulwark where the seaman alluded to was standing: he fell—we all ran towards him; he was unhurt, but happening to be leaning on a rope for support, the shot had severed it at a little distance from his hand. Several of us took out our knives, and cutting off a piece, committed it to our pockets as a relic. This I have lost, but part of an iron bolt which I picked up at the same time, I have now.

“They say poor little Mr. Goldsmith is killed, sir,” said one of the men, with a mournful shake of the head, coming up the fore-scuttle hatchway; “and three others beside. I’ve just been down below, and can’t learn the rights of it, ’cept that it’s all true as to his being gone—worse luck.”

At this very moment Straw came walking forward on the gangway, when a shot from the batteries struck the hammock-netting, ripping open the boards, and, bringing out with it feathers, blankets, &c., hit Straw, that huge

Leviathan, on the hip, and then rolled upon the deck. What force could subdue such a mountain of fat? The devil's children have their father's luck!—the ball was nearly spent when it struck the ship, and the soft nature of the bedding had taken away its remaining power. When Neville beheld the narrow escape which his persecutor had experienced, he exclaimed, “What an envious, partial judge is Death! He spares the tyrant to strike down the brave, the gentle, and the good! Could he not have taken such a brute, and spared poor Goldsmith? Justice is not for this world.”

“If those chaps ashore had put a pound more powder into that gun, why I'd a thanked 'em,” said one of the seamen, in an under voice to the others.

Returning to the quarter-deck by the starboard gangway, I joined some of my messmates, who had supplied the place of the disabled men at the long nine. Here I found my old friend Rye, the captain, still unhurt, while Ducabore, Green, and Guy, were assisting him, with the remnant of his men, to run the gun in and out.

“Hah! Mr. Cavendish,” said Rye, “I'm glad to see you alive and kicking, sir, like a cow in a copper tea-kettle. Now, my dickey corvette, I'll wop it into ye! So, there—a little abaft—so——” looking along the sight of the gun which he was aiming. His hand contained the trigger line, which he was on the point of pulling, when at the touch of gunpowder's iron magic, every man at the piece was stretched upon the deck, myself among the rest, and there we rolled in human gore. A shot from our small opponent had carried away the arch of the port, and descending slightly, hit the bolts and gun-tackles, wounding in its progress old Guy in both legs, Ducabore in both arms, and poor Rye from his shoulder to his hip, in a manner so torn and terrible, that it was horrid to behold him.

Captain Sawyer immediately ran towards us, and directing the wounded to be carried below, ordered aft the forecastle-quarters to work the gun. “Well,” thought I, “this certainly is tedious work, and it seems as far from its conclusion as ever. Now that the heat and passion of the moment are over, 'tis very disgusting to look around. I wish to Heaven, as people say of their sick spouses, that it were de-

cided one way or another : or that I had something more to do than lounge about like a dandy adrift in Burlington Arcade." If I looked out upon the waters, nothing met the sight but one mass of smoke, blood, and tumult : ships on fire in every direction ; Turkish frigates, whose sterns were wreathed in flames, yet firing away from their bow-ports, with all the fury of mad, enthusiastic despair, while the crescent of Mahommed fluttered in the atmosphere of flame surrounding it, unhurt. It might be consumed, they seemed to say, but never lowered.

From this I looked within, and found but little joy in my heart, from brooding over this scene of desolation. By way of change, therefore, I turned towards the hatchway with a most heroic resolution of paying a visit to the slaughter-house, as the middle of the main deck is called.

I had not proceeded far before my steps were arrested by some mangled corpses of so incarnadine a hue, that from my short sight I took them to be Turks. I was wrong : and stooping down to examine their features, recognised the first as the rope-maker, one of our best hands, and the other a powder-boy. "May your sleep, brave lads, be sound ! you died for glory ; and I——had nearly followed in the same path."

While stooping, I heard a whizzing sound accompanied by a crash overhead ; it was merely a cannon-shot carrying away a stanchion ; had I been standing up, it would have passed *viâ* myself, that is, through my body. This was as severe a trial of my nerves as they required ; but they never flinched : and having made my rounds at leisure, and seen my friend Thread, who had received a severe splinter-blow on the side, and passed through Willstand's quarters, who, though very much begrimed, was as cool as ever, I returned on deck.

"Hurrah ! hurrah ! my boys, she's struck !" were the shouts that greeted my ear on returning to my old quarters. Looking at the enemy, I beheld her crimsoned flag slowly sinking from the peak to the poop, at which delightful sight we gave three cheers, and took a moment's brief respite from our labours.

The antagonist of L'Armide had some time since struck, after forty-five minutes hard fighting ; on seeing which we

gave our friends three huzzas, and they returned it on the other Turkish frigate becoming our prize. It was now not quite ten minutes past four, and we had commenced firing at ten minutes before three. Some considerable time since, the Russians had arrived in the bay, and the Azoff, running past us, discharged a broadside over our rigging, and then anchoring astern, threw a very sufficient protection between the frigates forming the centre of the crescent and the Talthorpe; so that now, although the action was but little past its zenith, all that we had to do was to bring the vile corvette to "order;" and though not so easy a task, it was finished, as you may suppose, before nightfall.

As soon as our prize had struck, I hastened to carry the tidings down into the gun-room, thinking that such news would prove a cordial to the poor wounded fellows lying on the deck, while the surgeon and his assistant were attending to their wounds. I opened the door.—"She's struck, my boys!" "Hurrah!" hoarsely gasped forth several fainting lungs. "She's struck!" was echoed by a small thin voice proceeding from a corner. I looked around for the speaker. On a bed deeply dyed with the gore of him who was stretched upon it, was a little form of youth and innocence. I approached, and, kneeling by its side, looked on those features of boyish, placid beauty—harrowed indeed with anguish, but wearing still a smile of triumph, that lingered round its delicate and pallid lips, while the eyes were dimly fixed towards that heaven to which its soul had fled for ever. It was my poor little messmate, Goldsmith. I took his hand in mine, but death had chilled its warmth. Both his legs had been taken off, while in the act of directing the men at his gun. Space was not even afforded to apply a tourniquet, and grieved as was the surgeon,—who had a great esteem for little Goldsmith, and was a most humane man,—he could do nothing to prevent his sinking into the cold and silent embrace of mortality, the general shock to the whole frame having been too great to permit even of an attempt at amputation. Not a sound was he heard to utter, during three parts of an hour (the length of time which he lay in this state) until my entrance into the gun-room, when he repeated the words I had used, and, crowned with the wreath of victory, his spirit had entered into the merciful

presence of its God—as pure, as spotless, as woman's child could be. In vain does reason seek a clue to guide us here. Why should such an unoffending creature be doomed to such a death, when villains are left behind unscathed? Because he was most fit to be taken away? Why then should any be cut off in the midst of their crimes?—For punishment? These are but imperfect answers, and show a reason, but no rule; the clouds of mist and error will follow mortality to its grave.

By half-past six o'clock the action was over. Partial firing still continued in different parts of the bay for some hours, but the general cannonnade had ceased; and Captain Sawyer, after seeing that every precaution had been taken for the safety of his ship, made it his first care to observe, in person, that every attention was paid to the wounded.

We had piped to grog, and as I was passing through the avenue of mangled men, crying in every direction to be freed from their torments, I heard a voice of agony articulate my name. “Ah, Rye, my poor fellow, is it you? How are you?” I replied, seeing my old shipmate laid out upon a chest in the steerage, and bleeding rapidly to death.

“Ah, Mr. Cavendish, it's all up with me. I'm regularly floored now; not a shot in the locker, or a drop in the bottle.”

“Oh, cheer up, cheer up, Rye; you'll soon be round again.”

“I, sir, I?—never! I'm scuttled, hard aground, head and stern; grim death's aboard me, though I'm not an old nigger, either,”* shaking his head feebly. “No!” looking towards his shattered body, “I'm a riddled auld hulk, every spar gone—never answer my helm again. My top-lights are dimming—they'll never be trimmed again this side o'the line. Where's your hand, sir? put it in mine, though 'tis a pity to dirty your white fingers with the blood of an auld boy like me. Is this it, sir?—thank ye.” Affectionately squeezing my hand in his own, and gasping with a throe of agony, “Ah, sir, you've a soft hand, and I've always a-found your heart a bit of the same stuff. I'm afeard, sir, I die in your debt.”

* A seaman's phrase.

“Never, Rye, never think of it—my life—my life—you saved.”

“Well, sir, I’m glad to have sarved ye in some sort ; but, come, it be’n’t hardly worth while to—to—blubber, for an old tar like me,—thof I’m nearly as bad myself ;” while the brine rolled over his wrung and sun-burnt features, as he continued to himself, attempting, mechanically, to raise his fractured limb to wipe his eyes, “D—— me if I thought there was ere a soul cared half so much for Jack Rye, unless it were poor Susy. Mr. Cavendish,”—he resumed, after a pause, “I have one favour to axe of ye.”

“Speak out, Rye, it shall be granted.”

“Do ’a take care that d——d old nipcheese doesn’t make me chew more backey,* when I’m sheered off the grating, than what’s fair play. And, Mr. Cavendish——”

“Well, Rye.”

“My old ’oman lives at 32, King’s-street, Gossy ; and ye could just dropt in and see she’s got my pay and smart—if ye *would* do this—for auld lang syne,—why, I’ll look up from Fiddler’s Green, and thank ye.”

“Depend on it, my fine fellow, I’ll remember the old girl for many a day.”

“Thank’e, sir, thank’e ; I didn’t expect less, or —— Well, sir, you see, here I am ; that old gipsey told me true enough—I’ve never passed the straits since I came through in the old Niobe. I’ll never make auld Beachy again in a misty morning ; and Gossy, poor old Gossy, she’s over the water for me, and the dear auld girls, too, all gone. I’ll never kick up another spree in Capstan Square ; but there, first or last, ’tis all the same.”

His clasp, tightened with the last gush of feeling from an affectionate heart, then relaxed ; his frame was agitated by a convulsive throe, indicating the separation of the soul from the body, and the mangled form before me was the last remaining bit of a genuine British tar.

The next day was the Sabbath, the first, the last, I ever hope to pass in such a manner. Almost every hour some

* To “make dead men chew tobacco” was a method used by pursers to cheat the deceased seamen, by placing to the account of the deceased, a greater quantity of the “Indian weed” than they had ever consumed.

ship blew up, sending its volume of smoke towards heaven, heavy with human offerings, when, having gained a certain height, where the air was not more dense than itself, it could of course rise no higher, and therefore expanded on every side, forming a complete canopy, and making, on the whole, just such a throne as Eblis might be supposed to sit on—dark—gigantic—appalling.

The list of killed and wounded has already been before the public. I shall only remark here, that out of one hundred and thirty men, we lost six by death, and nineteen were disabled by wounds,—being one killed and three wounded out of every twenty, the greatest proportion of any English ship engaged, the Genoa having the greatest aggregate number, namely, twenty-seven killed out of seven hundred, or one man out of every twenty-five.

There are of course many other details, which would be interesting and admissible, were I writing an account of this battle solely ;—I am not ; and have but poorly been able to devote the space to it which I have already given. I have dwelt the longest and most carefully upon *the commencement of hostilities* ; and I hope not altogether in vain, since an unprejudiced eye will see that the combined fleet did not open fire until stern necessity, the safety of themselves, and the honour of their respective flags, compelled them to do so—and such, I uphold, was the result contemplated by his Majesty's ministers, under the premiership of Mr. Canning.*

As for our cronies of the Cymbrian, they did not arrive in the bay until forty minutes after the action ; so that not being able to find any one to engage with, and unable to pass into the bay where the shot was flying about from all quarters, they were in the predicament of a votary of Terpsichore in want of a partner. However, they anchored off the batteries, which were silenced in part by their fire, and

* I owe it to myself to say, that it was originally intended to introduce, as an appendix, numerous government documents passing between the admiral, the ministers, and the English ambassador, which warranted this assertion, and one still more extensive, namely, that no government in any country could have more grossly violated every feeling and principle of public honour and justice than did the late one of the Duke of Wellington towards the officers and men of Navarin. Three weeks, however, before the appearance of this novel, circumstances occurred to render the suppression of these pages indispensable.

thus were of considerable use, though not in the station appointed, nor the one Captain Humbleman would have wished to take up. The lateness of their arrival was, by some, attributed to the humbug and nonsense of the —, the crew of which ship retorted the charge. But this I know, so enraged were the two crews, that they would gladly, if the service had permitted it, have turned their guns upon one another.

The Russians up to this period having been of as little use as if moored in their own harbour of Cronstadt, now undertook to row guard during the night; we were, therefore, spared all trouble on that head, and the men were allowed to sleep at their guns, six look-out men having been stationed. At ten o'clock, the remains of poor little Goldsmith having been carefully wrapped and swathed, were committed to the deep with the burial service, the same ceremony being subsequently performed over all the dead.

For one uprising name that Glory gilds, how many does she not lay low! Throughout the whole of the night the vessels around us continued to burn and explode, their guns being discharged as the flames reached them. One man was a victim to this: he was sitting conversing with a mess-mate—they were in fact congratulating one another on their mutual safety, when a shot came in from a burning wreck, and took his leg off. This haunted me throughout the whole of the night;—after having weathered the dangers of the day, to be shot in such a manner was very disagreeable. In particular, our inveterate enemy, the corvette, after having been silenced (for I doubt if she ever struck), drove on shore, and was set on fire directly astern. I took a glass, and could discover that her guns were so pointed that they must rake us. Under this conviction I remained pacing the deck for an hour, expecting each moment to feel some of my members move off without leave, not choosing to mention the circumstance to the captain, lest my apprehensions might have exaggerated the danger.

Having taken my stand on the signal lockers to wait the result, to my infinite joy she blew up sooner than I could have expected. I was beginning to think myself safe, when I was knocked down and stunned—while, by the sound around, I thought the decks were about to be beaten in. On awaking, I found that an immense splinter from one of

her burning beams had fallen near me, while a smaller one had alighted on my head, which was nevertheless on my shoulders; and, anxious to keep it there, I hastened down into the captain's cabin, now sprinkled with gore and utterly dismantled, to see if his worship's little low settee was disengaged: but it was occupied three deep; and, laying my head on another man's shoulder, and tumbling my limbs upon the softest plank I could find, I was soon asleep. Not long had I enjoyed this state, when I saw little Goldsmith enter the cabin in his usual uniform. His face, I thought, looked paler, and was dashed with a faint streak of blood, but his smile was more decisive of happiness than in life. He advanced to me with a cheerful step, and stooping, placed his little hand against my cheek; its very coldness made me start. I looked into his face, as much as to ask his meaning. He smiled yet more; his lips moved, I heard the words "Supremely bless'd!"—and starting, I awoke, but the cold hand still seemed to remain on my face. Eagerly I grasped at it; nor did it elude my clutch.

"A light, a light! give me a light!"

"Ah, that's just what I've been talking about," said some mid's voice. "A man might consider himself *supremely bless'd* if that stingy old purser would only give us more light. But for what do you want a light?"

"Oh, to see what this is"—moving the cold fleshy substance which I had grasped.

"Avast, there!" said the other, who turned out to be Pinchit, "don't you be cribbing it from under my head; it's only John Blackitt, the mizen-topman's *leg*. I hate to sleep without some pillow, 'cause the deck's so cursed hard."

CHAPTER XL.

Reuben.—Didst say he was a noble?
Methought nobility lay in the soul;
Whereas this dirty fellow
Would prove offensive on a dunghill.

Sourslop.—We call them nobles, but we count them niggards.
OLD PLAY.

THE captain having read at the capstan the letter from the commander-in-chief, expressing his thanks to the officers

and seamen, and his admiration of the manner in which they so gallantly supported him, we bade a long adieu to the scene of slaughter.

Without having been obliged to heave-to much more than half a dozen times to stop the leakage of our shot-holes, (a pretty thing in time of chase, for we had been barbarously handled,) we arrived in quarantine harbour.

Widely did the good inhabitants of La Valette open their eyes on the following morning, when they read the "Government Gazette Extraordinary," which contained authentic accounts of the much-abused battle of Navarin. Great noise was made I believe—and some illumination, I should think; but unfortunately your humble bard was bound in quarantine at the time. But every thing that is born of time must arrive, so pratique came at last. After some preparation and the arrival of nearly all the English and Russian ships engaged, (not a Frenchman ever entered the port,) we received a card, to say that the officers, civil and military, together with the inhabitants of La Valette, had determined on giving a ball in commemoration of the late general engagement, and that they therefore requested to be honoured with the company of the captain and officers of H. M. S. Talthorpe, at the Auberge de Provence, on the night of so and so.

"Here's your chance, my lads, for pretty women—Pinchit, what say you?"

"'Pon my soul, Cavendish, I wish that you would not *take the liberty* of talking to me about the women; you know very well that I care nothing about them."

His lordship set up for the character of a woman-hater, and still more for that of vestal purity, and made a point of losing his temper, (an easy thing with him,) and blushing very deeply when any one accused him of the slightest gallantry. One day, after asking leave to go on shore, the captain, seeing that he was rather a handsome fellow, added a little advice; that he was foolish enough to repeat, and they all fell upon him.

"I say, Pinchit, what did he tell you—not to get spooney?"

"Mr. Green, I'll thank you to keep your remarks to yourself; *you* are not on those joking terms, as *you* may know ——"

"Nay, nay, now Baggs—don't be so modest; if you have no feeling for the fair sex, do sham a little to keep me in company."

"I'll thank you, sir, to hold your tongue. In the first place, it was a great liberty in the captain to talk to me on such a subject;" this phrase, '*a great liberty*,' was Pinchit's favourite; "and it is still more so in you to pass your remarks. You know very well ———"

"Oh, to be sure, we know all about the ———'s wife; ah, Pinchit, the ———'s wife."

"I'll thank you to hold your tongue once more, Mr. Green; you must be aware that there is no truth in any reports of the kind."

"I dare say not, as you hate the poor women so much. No doubt they return the compliment to your mighty lordship; but you know, Pinchit, that I am a most particular friend of yours; and if anything should happen to you, I should be exceedingly distressed. Consider now, 'tis a most dangerous liaison; the b——'s razors are vilely sharp—I hope you don't get shaved."

"Shaved, Green," said I, "not hairs enough on his chin—not hairs enough; they only *pluck* him."

But to the ball-room. I must do this justice to the donors; it was fitted up with excellent taste, the entrance-room being hung with the colours of the Allies; the vaulted ceiling covered with the English union-jack, and the floor with the Turkish flag. On the right was a saloon for cards; on the left, the ball and supper-rooms, the largest in the island. In the days of the knights, each nation had had so many auberges, now converted into hotels, or given to other uses, being, in point of size, complete palaces. Surmounting the orchestra over the entrance, were seen the three standards; at the opposite end, something in the same style, but having "NAVARINE" emblazoned in gold, and surrounded with laurel, while the walls were hung with tablets, bearing indifferently the names of every ship engaged, no distinction being made.

The decorations of the supper-room were beautiful, and would have excited envy in many of the fair donors of west-end routs. I allude simply to the orange-trees, boughs of

which having been cut down, formed a complete parterre, where you might walk and pull the golden fruit.

"I say, bo, it's a fine supper, isn't it?" said a mid of eighteen, to an old post-mate, in my hearing.

"Oh, well enough in its way."

"Why, what's wanting?—what's your civil—growl now?"

"Oh, devil take those stingy sogers—if *we'd* given them a supper after a *land set-to*, I bet, they might have found some champagne on the tables. Who do they think is going to be blown out with their sour claret? Cursed stuff! you might just as well drink water, for all that I see. No such a thing as getting drunk on it. I've been trying all this evening, and now, bad luck to me, I'm just as sober as a church. I suppose a fellow couldn't get a drop of grog if 'twas ever so, 'cause 't isn't genteel. Very cold to-night, I think,"—the rooms were like an oven—and filling a tumbler with Marsala wine, which, in Malta, is two-fifths brandy, the mate drank it off, and staggered up to one of the Rifle Corps.

Before the officer could be at all aware of what was coming, the mate had seized the call from his belt, and giving a shrill pipe, after the manner of the boatswain, roared out,—
"Grog ahoy! I say there, first mess up to the tub, and no mistake. A pretty shame, isn't it," looking into the officer's face, "that a fellow can't get drunk when he comes to supper?"

"Ah! old boy!" returned the other, in a good-natured tone, "you must have been that for the last two hours."

"It's a fib," retorted the naval man in a rage; "but d'you think that I'll stay here to be insulted in this manner?—no; I'll go to Joe's, and there I can get regularly happy, without asking you anything about it. D'you call this a supper? 't isn't half a supper, or any thing like it; there's neither rum, gin, nor champagne on the table.—Come along," putting his arm inside that of the other mid, "we won't go home till morning;" and chanting this old song to themselves, the two mates proceeded to reel out of the room, where too much clamour already existed, to notice so simple a produce of nature as a couple of inebriated mid-dies.

"Cavendish, shall I introduce you to a partner?" said the captain, coming up at this moment.

"I shall be most happy, sir."

The lady was, what a partner should be, elegant and entertaining, and at the end of the dance kindly passed me on to her friend, Mrs. ———, still more suited to my taste, and of whom I shall discourse hereafter. Feeling my brain oppressed with the waltzing, I left the room to walk in the fresh air for a few minutes, when, posted on one of the landing-places of the stairs, who should I meet but the two mids. Thus far had they arrived, when the spirit of wine obtained a complete mastery, and they could neither advance nor recede, but, like a double pendulum, they took a step to the right, and then a step back again, muttering strange cabalistic sounds to themselves, and staring with the dull, idiot glare of intoxication. The scene was enough to excite risibility in any one. I stopped and laughed.

"What, sir, are you laughing at? You're laughing at my friend; he's perfectly sober—pattern of sobriety," said one in rather an angry tone.

"Yes," retorted the other, taking it up in the same manner, "you're laughing at my friend; he's perfectly sober—pattern of sobriety. There's another, too, doing the same; they're impudent fellows—they're staring at you."

"No, no, they're staring at you; I'm sober, and you're sober—let's come away!"

"So we will; you go first."

"No; you go first."

"Oh, no; you're senior officer."

"Ay, but you're not so nervous as I am."

"Yes, but you're of longer standing."

"Come, then, we'll both go together."

"Ay, so we will;" and joining their arms, they took two steps, found they were unable to retain their proper gravitation, and back they fell into their old station. In an hour's time I returned, and met them on the same spot, in the same predicament, staring at the passing crowd, each swearing that the other was sober, and both as tipsy as thieves!

On finally leaving the ball at three o'clock, I met, in Strada Reale, a starch, stiff-looking personage, whose epaulettes were glistening in the rays of the moon: I advanced

—it was Captain ——. My first idea was, that he had quaffed too plentifully of the grape's bright juice ; and unwilling therefore that he should be allowed to remain there, I advanced to render my assistance in leading him home. I was, as heretofore and since, totally in the wrong ; he was gazing on the placid firmament, with his hands placed palm to palm on his breast, and his chin resting on the tips of his fingers !

“ Good evening, Captain —— ; if you are waiting for any one, I may take the liberty of informing you that the ball-room is quite deserted.”

“ I wait for no one,” he replied, in a tone indicative of himself—a lackadaisical Pharisee. “ Who could refrain on such a night as this from holding deep commune with his own heart ?”

“ I beg pardon—doubtless I intrude.”

“ Doubtless !—To meditate with effect, it should be in solitude.”

Bowing low, I left him to enjoy his meditations.

On the subsequent morning I was walking down Strada Reale, when I heard the words—“ Mr. Cavendish—Mr. Manvers Cavendish,” in a low, soft, winning voice from behind, as the gentle touch of her fairy finger was laid upon my shoulder. I saw her not ; and before I even heard those melting tones, I felt that peculiar thrill gliding towards my heart ! **There is** something electric in the touch of those we love ; or if **not**, there should be. It was the sylph-like Mrs. ——, my partner at the ball—my latest, most Platonic passion.

I dare say, reader, you think me somewhat inconstant—what an error ! Allow me to explain ; there cannot be a greater mistake : it is from the very excess of retention, that my heart plunges me into these temporary counter-emotions. There is one feeling buried in my breast—deep, lost, hopeless love—Letitia ! Whenever I looked within, I found a seared, lone vacuum, panting to be refilled ! Before we indulge in this intense passion of affection, this feeling is in abeyance ; but when once it has had birth, it is beyond controul, becoming a necessary aliment to our existence. Thus shrinking from such a state of loneliness, I wore to those around the looks of levity ; and, by heedlessly

rushing into every attachment that presented itself, endeavoured to efface the first impression; this accomplished, I determined to engage in another. If hopeless, it would wear me out; if successful, it would end with me alone. But now the charming Mrs. —— was my sole passion: her husband had only brought her to reside a twelvemonth in the island, four months of which had already expired. Every one informed me that she was a desperate flirt: there were certain platonic bounds of love to which she would venture with any one, but beyond—with none. This of course piqued my vanity; O vanity—the devil's strongest claim on mortal man!—and as a natural consequence, I made my advances without hesitation, but was rather indeterminate as to what should be the result. She was fascinating—I was willing to be her slave? giving up the sequel to the slight reins which *her* feelings and our fates might hold over it. I need not say that her spouse, Colonel W——, had shown every wish to become my friend (Oh, mockery!), otherwise I had never harboured such thoughts respecting his partner; and, as I pressed her hand to my lips while walking round the ramparts, and saw nothing like displeasure in her glistening blue eye, I said to myself, “Manvers Cavendish, if you do not ‘see into your state,’ you run the chance of turning out a villain!” “True, most uneasy conscience, thou that smitest me so hard—but why dost not thou prevent it?” “Because, in sooth, I have not the power, that is to say, the will;”—and with this soliloquy I entered Micaliff's (having parted with my fair temptress,) to take an ice, considering that to be the most proper thing in my present state of excitement. Here, among other fish of my genus, I met Neville, discussing lemonade, cigars, and some minor points of the battle, with several midshipmen of the Albion.

“You might be sure that fellow was one of the ‘gentlemanly Talthorpes,’” said a blackguard-looking old mate, who belonged to H. M. brig Goose, casting a glance at me as I entered.

“Why?” asked his next neighbour, whose face was as dingy as though it had eschewed ablution for the last six weeks, and who, as well as the other, was drinking hot rum-and-water.

“Why! Don’t you see he wears no shirt collar up, and looks as pale as a ghost, and as proud as a dog with two tails, shrinking off there into a corner, as though he was afraid to come aneist a fellow? If that chap had as much manners as they say the Talthorpes have, he’d speak to an officer like me, so much his senior.”

“That I will do, certainly,” thought I. They were nearer to the door than myself—the bell-pull had been pulled to some purpose, since it was lying on the ground, and leaning over the table, and using my most winning touch of hypocrisy, as much as to say, refusal is impossible, I requested him to call the waiter.

“Oh, certainly, sir, certainly,” replied the old mate, surprised at my condescension; and jumping up in such haste that he spilt a part of his potation, he ran to the head of the stairs, straining his lungs in my service till the waiter came.

“You want Beppo, Sar?”

“Yes; a tumbler full of ice, flavoured with the orange-flower.”

“Bring me some too,” said the mate.

“And me too,” roared his companion; “tell your master this madeira of his is devilish bad—take it away.”

“Bad! you surprise me! that which I had here for dinner yesterday was excellent,” bending at the same time towards the rejected glasses; “why this is rum—not madeira!”

“I meant to say rum,” returned the veracious mate, in a confused manner. “I believe you never drink rum on board the Talthorpe?”

“Rum!” and I feigned to start with horror; “O never!”

I knew that some odd stories were in circulation respecting our exclusiveness, and I therefore determined to lead the fools still further on in the wrong scent. “Never, I assure you. If one of our midshipmen were to think of drinking any thing less *recherché* than marsala-and-water, he would instantly have to mess by himself; but as to drinking common grog; the knowledge of such a thing would sentence the offender to leave the ship the next morning.”

“Indeed, sir! how very genteel!” and the old mate held

his breath for fear—"I should like to join the Talthorpe very much myself—I was thinking of doing so."

"*You join the Talthorpe!*" I exclaimed, shocked in reality at the prospect of having such a ragamuffin for a messmate. "You become one of the gentlemanly Talthorpes! Do you know what is required to do so?"

"O yes; a vacancy, and the admiral's order."

"Vacancy!—admiral's order!—pooh! no such thing—mere secondary considerations. In the first place, your chest must contain six new suits of uniform, and three of mufti.* You must have the full command of three languages; be able to write poetry, and accompany your voice on the guitar. Besides several other minor points, some of your blood relations must own at least two rotten boroughs; and your name, sir—your name, which is a paramount consideration, must have been wholly unconnected with trade for at least five generations. All these requisites are most indispensable; and if you can unite them with a good carriage and gentlemanly exterior, you may *hope* to get into the Talthorpe. What name do you happen to bear?"

"Mr. Batt."

"Batt! Batt! Never saw such a name in Debrett, nor heard of it elsewhere;—involved in as much unknown darkness as night. Perfectly useless to think of joining the Talthorpe with such a name as Batt. What's your father?"

"A clergyman in Wales."

"Well, I thought as much—a Welsh curate! Take my advice, you had better remain in the Goose—you are only fit for *stuffing*!—you'll excuse my speaking the truth so roundly, as it were, to save you trouble, but to mislead any one by concealing it, is to my mind but a mistaken kindness."

"Certainly, sir, O certainly," said both mates in a breath.

Having paid for my ice, and made the mates a low bow, I arose very majestically, to see what might be the all-engrossing subject which engaged the gentlemen of the Albion,—too busy with their own affairs to notice my humble self rhodomontading in the corner.

"Well, Neville, of what may you be talking?"

* Plain clothes.

“Of smoke?—whiff!”

“Who will take my bet?” cried an assistant surgeon.

“What is it?”

“Ten guineas that we receive head-money and a medal for Navarin; and that the commander-in-chief is created a baron: moreover that the head-money will amount to thirty pounds for a midshipman’s share.”

“I think we shall have the greater part of that,” answered another; “but I take your bet for the risk.” It was accordingly made.*

“Who are these?” some one inquired of me, looking towards the door. My eyes followed that direction, and beheld Pinchit enter with his cousin, and Snipe Humbug, who looked on all and every thing between him and the table spread out for his dinner, as though he could devour it without discrimination.

How are you, Cavendish—how are you?” said his lordship, coming up to me.

“Why—pretty comfortable, thank you, considering that I have not been on board for the last four days.”

“Yes, you seem to be fond of the shore; but here is our dinner coming—sit down with us, will you?”

“Thank you; but I have to dine with the governor at seven, so excuse me.”

“Ah! Neville, is it you?” said his lordship, turning and beholding his political friend; “you at any rate will sit down and take part of our dinner?”

“I would with all my heart, Pinchit, but I have just dined.”

“Oh, never mind, sit down; I can eat at any time, you know.”

“Perhaps *you* can; and so *could* I; but I have only just finished my cigar, and that seldom leaves an appetite.”

“Very well.” And down they sat.

“Neville, I assure you that this turtle-soup is excellent. Try it.”

“No, I thank you, Pinchit.”

“Come, man, don’t be so squeamish; there is plenty for us all.”

“Come, Neville, here is a chair,” re-echoed Humbug;

and on being thus pressed, Neville took the proffered chair and plate of soup.

This being finished, he was about to rise; but Pinchit, detaining him by the arm, said, "Oh, you'll take some more turtle?"

"None, thank you."

"Well, then, a glass of champagne."

"You forget that I have dined."

"Yes, but a glass of champagne is a mere nothing."

Neville yielded, while Pinchit's cousin became unwell, and left the table. The champagne was opened, the other courses set upon the table. Neville again attempted to rise, and was again detained; so that when I left the room, they were busily employed over some fruit, claret, and Moselle, having previously sent to secure a box at the opera.

A few days after this, I happened to be on board in the berth, when down came Pinchit with some papers in his hand.

"Here, Humbug and Neville, are your bills for the dinner. My cousin, you know, was too unwell to eat any; so each of you, therefore, have to pay me a third. Micaliff's bill to me is ——; you have therefore to pay me ——."

Neville stared, as well he might; while Humbug, far from being unwilling that his guest should pay, only contended that he would not pay his share for the opera-box.

"Why so?" demanded his lordship.

"Because I never used it."

"Yes; but you agreed that it should be engaged."

"Yes, I know that; but I never entered it. Your cousin was the only one of the party, besides Neville, who sat in it; he is charged nothing, and I have to pay a third. I won't pay a stiver."

They wrangled on for some time, but in vain; Snipe Humbug was careful of his cash, and the other two had to divide it between them.

"Well," said Neville to me, "his lordship certainly improves upon custom; we have all been told of the lawyer who charged for his time; but this is a case unique, of a man being pressed to dine, and then being pressed to pay for it."

Shortly subsequent to this noble transaction, we were rejoiced to hear that our caterer, Twyndle, had obtained his commission ; and though the mess lost considerably by this event, there were none in it that did not participate in his feelings of joy. Among other wonderful proofs of this, was a dinner given by Pinchit and Cantall to the new lieutenant at Joe's. The hour was six, and on Twyndle's repairing to the noble pair, he chanced to have a couple of friends with him, late of the Cymbrian, who, like himself, had been promoted but a slight time since.

Having introduced them to the dinner-donors, he asked them to sit down and partake of the meal ; for being of a most liberal and generous temperament himself, he never dreamt of any objection. The master was very smooth, and whatever he thought, it did not appear ; but Pinchit looked rather sour, considering it was "a great liberty."

"Well, old ———, you've managed to get invalided ; how did you do it ?"

"Oh, sir, I gave them a little palaver : one of the skip-pers asked me what was the matter, and so I said to him——"

"In truth, Captain ———, I think it was this ; one day I forgot to drink a glass of grog at seven bells, (half an hour before noon,) and d—me if I don't think that my liver got a-ground, for, some how or other, I've never been well since."

The dinner passed off very jovially with all, save Pinchit ; and Twyndle's friends happening to get rather merry over the dessert, they threw one piece of orange-peel too much (or something equally weighty) across the table, and Pinchit chose to make this a pretext for his subsequent conduct.

The following evening we were all on board, talking over with Twyndle the delights of a first arrival in England, after his promotion, when Pinchit, after fumbling in his desk for half an hour, and casting sundry uneasy glances round the berth, opened his budget with his late guest, according to custom, in the following manner.

"O, Twyndle,—Cantall and myself asked you to dine with us yesterday."

"Yes, I remember it ; and the dinner would have been much better if those rascals had iced the wine longer."

“Yes, but I was going to remark, that by your asking those two friends to sit down with you, it increased the number from three to five; the charge has been in proportion: I was therefore about to suggest the two-fifths extra——”

“Well, my lord, this is most certainly a new mode of giving your friends a turn-out. Pray—since you are so minute—do put down the exact quantity of salt and potatoes for each.”

Pinchit bit his lip, and the blood mantled his cheek with rage and shame, as he returned,—

“Surely, sir, when I ask you to dinner, I have no right to expect that you will bring two friends.”

“It is utterly immaterial, my lord. To such a dirty, paltry, mode of proceeding, I offer neither argument nor objection. Make out your bill, like any other innkeeper, and the amount shall be paid, on your signing a receipt.”

After some further altercation, his lordship locked his desk, and strode away. Various remarks were made upon the soul of disinterestedness which the noble barterer must possess, and the following *jeu d'esprit* having been hastily scribbled by myself, by way of an ode, it was affixed to the desk-place over-head, tenanted by his lordship, but was removed before his return, as likely to breed a quarrel.

ODE TO BARON BAGGS.

. Here Pinchit lives,
 Though born a lord, he's turn'd restaurateur,
 And many a dashing dinner gives,
 With champagne and liqueur.
 Here turtles hot—and tempers too,
 (The turtles, mind, are soups,)
 With game and beccaficoes, who
 They say were shot in groupes.
 As well as all the dainties which
 Within this island are,
 Nay, you may order (*if you're rich*)
 The *paté à foie gras*.

Then come all ye whose tastes invite,
 To share this great lord's bounty,
 His dining-hour is six at night,
 But later will not count t'ye.
 If after this you chance to go,
 You'll be upon the shelf,
 He's such a gourmand, (*this you know,*)
 He'll eat it all himself.

I've only one thing more to add,
 To all who may be willing,
 They'll rue it sadly, those who gaa
 To him without their shilling.

This noble's ways are so divine,
 ('Tis true he gives some trouble,)
 With him most sumptuously you'll dine,
 —But then you'll pay him double.

Next time when you are passing by
 The Strada del Teatro,
 The following sign must strike your eye,
 Just o'er the number "quatro."

"Pinchit and Micaliff are here,
 (The first's milor Inglesi,)
 Both setting up a house of cheer,
 Pray step in, it may please 'e.

In doing this, they truly feel,"
 (This last their *hand-bills* say,)
 ' No house can give so good a meal,
 If people will but pay.

Another score on which they're proud,
 Is of their high connexions;
 My lord himself owns many a crowd,
 In numerous directions.

While all his cousins, and his friends,
 Come here to stuff and squabble;
 My humble self, to make amends,
 Will introduce the rabble."

Well brother-taverners may pray
 To send them to perdition;
 What house can bear up 'gainst the sway
 Of such a coalition?

Say they, we cheat—but what of that?
 'Tis right to serve our ends;
 But these two rogues are getting fat
 By feeding on their friends.

While we must humbly wait the choice,
 Acceptance or negation;
 Those two ne'er wait the asking voice,
 But send the invitation.

And while his name, the great milord,
 Leaves neither power nor will,
 They dine ashore, he goes on board,
 And then gives in his bill.

Yet, doubtless, 'tis a house most meet,
 To make man's heart feel gay,
 Long may such lords then live to eat,
 And commons live to pay!

CHAPTER XLI.

As for your mistress, quoth he, you'll have but a hard task at first: you must manage her with policy, whereof I know you to have sufficient; however, a little instruction cannot be amiss. I would advise you, therefore, not to let her know your design at your first admittance, that being certainly the way to lose her; but rather to keep her in suspense till you have a convenient opportunity to make your addresses, and till you have sufficiently won upon her by your conversation, which I dare promise you'll soon do. TRANSLATION OF M. SCARRON.

WEEKS—months had flitted by. My passion for Mrs. ——— seemed on the high road to happiness, *alias* ruin, when I received a billet, written in her own light, witty style, desiring me to be under her window at eleven that evening, for I had received the note before noon.

Young, giddy, thoughtless, foolish as I was, it was not without much compunction, and several misgivings, that I found myself retracing my steps at Palermo; and as this thought came across me, I demanded of my inner man what might be the fate of the lovely and still dear Marchesa. Thrusting the billet into my pocket, I determined not to keep the appointment, but rather to obtain leave and visit Sicily. By degrees, and unconscious of what I was doing, I drew forth the temptation, and began to read it anew. It was cleverly indited: the incense to self-love was softly mingled. Strange that so much should lie in arranging figures upon paper! Well, I must own that it would be wrong in me to break in upon poor Francesca's retreat. I doubt not that she has forgotten me—unworthy to be remembered; and I alone must bear the bitter sting of memory. Besides, it would be ungrateful, unkind, inattentive to Mrs. ——— to stay away, when her husband, poor soul! will be dining out this evening, and she expects to have a head-ache; but, ah! they pipe to dinner—I will reflect.

Having drank a few extra glasses of wine, in order to come to a sober decision, I stretched myself on the lockers, and dropped asleep.

The shades of night shed their gloom around me, and I traced my way to the appointed spot. Mrs ——— was

waiting in the garden. Some strange fancy prompted us to take a ramble, which terminated at the Barachii.* We stood beneath its columns, gazing on the sea far below, and then looking on the tombs around us, where power and pomp lay hushed in death. Suddenly a thunder-cloud, which had been slowly gathering, discharged its electric contents, accompanied by a violent squall of wind, which in a few seconds amounted to a hurricane.

The scene was one wide blaze of fury and destruction ; the ships lying at their anchors a few moments before in fancied security, were borne on the bosoms of the enraged billows and dashed against the abrupt shore. Earth seemed rocking to its foundation ; the perpendicular height of the Barachii began to give way—it descended—frantically the fragile form beside me clung to my bosom—remorse and dismay seemed to have quenched my every faculty. Fragment after fragment of the massive work parted—Nature appeared to be sinking into her primeval chaos—one universal crash was heard. We descended into a deep chasm, whose wide disjointed sides were about to close on us for ever, when one of the mightiest spirits that rode the whirlwind approached, and at his flaming presence the nodding ruins were arrested in their fall. His celestial countenance was expressive of the greatest wrath, and striking me on the shoulder with his wand, he exclaimed in a voice of fury, “ Plase, Mr. Cavendish, it’s eight bells—time to relieve the deck.”

Did my eyes actually rest upon the venerable countenance of the old quarter-master ? They did. Never in my life have I felt more joy than was mine at that moment. “ Thank Heaven, it is only a hideous dream. Old man, I am coming. Boy, give the quarter-master a glass of grog. Send Stowell aft here.”

My servant came. “ Get my washing traps and looking-glass laid out, for I am going on shore.”

“ Manvers Cavendish, you are a downright positive fool ! Well, well, Mr. Reason, perhaps so ; and had it been for aught beside, I would have stayed on board ; but as a lovely woman is in the case, I must go ; no harm can

* The summit of a rock at Malta, used as a cemetery for illustrious dead—a petty Westminster Abbey.

result from merely going ashore. As for that dream, it was intended for a warning—as such I take it. Besides, how silly to be swayed by dreams! O vanity and vexation of spirit!—I will, I must ask leave, I suppose:”—and I sought my way to Willstand,—for Straw having left the ship, the former was now first-lieutenant, and as much liked and esteemed in this capacity as in any other, plainly proving that the blame is not in the office but the man.

When Straw left the ship, we all agreed to go on the quarter-deck, and give three cheers of joy at getting rid of him; which he, the fool, took as a compliment paid to himself: and I believe that the men were overheard expressing the same intention; such was the universal hatred and contempt which this man had earned. He was always vulgar, except before his immediate superiors, where his cunning made him appear a totally different character; and had it not been for the fore-knowledge of his falsehood and double dealing, there were many moments when you might have deemed him honest-hearted, blunt, and friendly. To those aware of the depths of his deceit, this only made a more revolting feature in his character. He was a third-rate Richard, unstained, of course, by any actual crime, save tyranny, but wholly unredeemed by any talents or nobility of soul; and his greatest excuse lies in this—he was a weak, bigoted fool; and, as the service is constituted at present, such a creature, even as a lieutenant, ever has it in his power to do an infinity of almost irremediable evil. It is not sufficient that a checking power should be placed in the hands of a superior—these are not the men who suffer. The junior officers should also have some rein. Wise old Romans!—they who had their tribunes as well as their consuls.

Having obtained leave, I once more found myself toiling up that horrid flight of steps, the Strada San Giovanni. Light as dreams may seem, they always have some weight with us, despite ourselves. Had I listened to that which my heart suggested, I should have turned back, and gone on board. A sense of impending evil oppressed me; it is a pity I turned into Savario's—the fumes of cigars afforded no relief. I ascended into the billiard-room; a crowd of

Russian and English officers were squandering their money health and time.

I again sought the shades below. Here I met ——; we finished a bottle of life's elixir—champagne. "Blue devils, I have conquered ye at last!" and with a fresh cigar, I rose to retire to my rooms and dress.

"Ah, Mr. Cavendish," said —— of the Rifles, entering, who would have been a very good sort of being, had he possessed a little less conceit, "d—n me, if I didn't positively mistake you!" passing his glass to his eye, and reviewing my outward man, as though I had been a file of his underlings. "How devilish well you dress *for a naval officer!* 'Pon my soul, I took you for a military man in mufti."

It was only a few evenings before that I heard this man remark to some of his fellow-green-dragons, that "the ball would have been dev'lish good, since the women were well painted; but there were too many midshipmen."

I was prevented at the moment from making any reply, but determined to give my gentleman a rap on the knuckles the first opportunity. Here it was,—the room was filled with officers of both services, and this silly speech, in his usual drawl, had attracted attention. Drawing myself up, and retreating two paces, while I raised my glass in return, after a scrutinizing glance, let it fall, and repeated in a tone of contempt—"A military man! I wish, sir, to be taken for a gentleman, and *not* for a military man." Turning on my heel, I walked into the street, amidst a burst of laughter from the naval cavaliers. Some silly young Hotspur near him, "who sat on thorns until he killed his man," whispered something about a duel: he laughed, and replied, as I should have done myself, "Damme, you see these things must be passed over; the fellow has more wit than good manners;" and on the strength of this we were very good friends next day.

I had no sooner entered my rooms than all my spleen returned. the wine had evaporated, and I was fain to have recourse to my favourite remedy, walking off to the opera. Nothing acts so well with me, or with more certain effect than music. When this fails I am prepared to experience the utmost rigour of an indefinite period of blue devilism.

It has always appeared unaccountable to my comprehension, how men should be found lost to the delights of these four senses,—a love for the harmony of words, the harmony of sounds, the harmony of colouring, the luxury of perfume—no man, I conclude, can be insensible to the charms of woman, or I should place them first.

We all remember the singular passage in Gibbon, in which the historian describes the tastes of Mahomet. After noting that great conqueror's patriarchal simplicity, he remarks, that perfume and the blandishments of female society were the only relaxations of that austere mind.—“In these harmless delights, &c.”

And yet I have met human beings totally wanting in these, the finer feelings of the soul. What sort of an existence can it be to them? A mere dull routine of eating, drinking, sleeping, toiling; grief cannot refine, and bliss can scarcely warm them; but worse than all is a loveless woman—a cold, phlegmatic, calculating, passionless female! If plain, it matters not,—but if beautiful, how is loveliness lavished!

I have already mentioned, or perhaps I have not—forgetful creature!—that the note from Mrs. ——— informed me that she had no idea of being more easily won than an Italian mistress, and therefore demanded the tribute of a song before admission. I originally intended to give her some very gallant effusion; but the champagne, the cigars, and the stately and tragic opera, quite changed the tone of my feelings. I had some idea of selecting one of Satan Montgomery's blank verse meditations—and chanting it by way of lecture to the air, “John Brown is dead, that good old man;” but second consideration convinced me, that like the rest of the world, (the author included,) she could never comprehend it; and I therefore preferred something more about love (though slightly reproving) and less duskied by lore, and with the due accompaniments of time and place, I commenced the following.

TO ———.

Lovely, inconstant, fickle, yet fond,
 Who could resist the soft spell of thy bond?
 If thou wert firm to the web which thou weavest,
 Loving the hearts thou so wantonly grievest;

But thy lurements though witching, are still most untrue,
And falsehood is ever remembered with you,
Ensnaring the soul's best affections at morn,
To blight them ere eve with derision and scorn.

"That, sir, is left for me to do," was accented by a fierce whisper in my ear. The window above closed with a slight cry. I reversed my position, and found myself confronted with Colonel ——, he who claimed some exclusive privileges with the fair sinner above, by right of marriage.

"How do you define gratitude, sir?" he demanded of me with a truly uxorious look and tone.

"Oh, g—ratitude, to be sure," I answered, carelessly sounding the third string.

"Sir, you are a scoundrel!" answered the incensed husband, producing a rapier from beneath his cloak.

"I rather regret," said I, "not being able to assist in your amusement, as I came ashore to night solely equipped for love, and not for murder. If, however, you prefer playing a duet to a solo, I'll thank you for a weapon.

'Do you make a mock of my dishonour?' cried the exasperated colonel: and before I could defend myself, I found his sword—that disagreeable compound of iron and carbon—inserted at some three inches on the right of my neck, and protruding at an odiously awkward place, inasmuch as it set my teeth on edge when the point of it grated past my shoulder blade.

I swooned, I believe; for the next reminiscence after feeling the thrust, was that of finding myself stretched on the earth, with the operator kneeling beside me, entreating, with a most penitential voice, that I would not die just yet.

"Positively, sir, your kindness is of the most piercing, overpowering description; so much so, that I am about to faint under it. Before I go, however, I must express my satisfaction that you killed me unarmed, for Captain Sawyer having lately been kind enough to get us a fencing-master on board, it would be a most mortifying reflection in my last moments, that any instruction had been thrown away on me. Nothing, sir, has ever been so lost, except a kind and sincere heart, which has nevertheless led its owner into a thousand follies, making at least two foes for each; but envy, jealousy, and spite, might do as much for any man—

this is my last. 'Tis just that I should lie here, and not you. You have my forgiveness, I see I am possessed of your's—adieu."

A prayer passed over my lips, and dissolution over my heart,—at least I thought so. But I was mistaken, for I awoke and found myself in a paradise certainly: but it was something like that of Mahommed—that bright blue eye of watchfulness and care now looking into mine—whose was it? Mrs. ——'s.

For three days, I am told, I gave no signs of life. I was in no small degree insulted, when a villanous carpenter came with his three-foot rule and took my dimensions, while the orbs I loved looked on with tears.

Right well I guessed how affairs were going, and was next evening comforted, by seeing my coffin put under my bed. I am easily led, but never will be driven. I determined to get well directly; and, calling youth to my aid, I rallied next morning, disappointed the pill-builders, and pall-bearers, and sent my wooden surtout back upon the hands of the maker, as not fitting.

Poor Colonel ——! his generous heart was unfit to cope with the guilty deceit of this sinning world. He dreamt not that I could let passion so far overcome principle, as to betray him, and therefore placed no sort of obstacle to the constant intercourse between his wife and myself. I did not think that I should have fallen; but (O word of omen!) my wound every now and then gave me a severe twinge, and forced me to remember that he had inflicted it on an unarmed youngster,—and then she was so fair—and sung with such irresistible feeling—so full of witchery—and I was so completely in the power of chance—too ill to fly from danger, and exposed to the full influence of her allurements. How soon were passed those hours! Well, I will not say whose fault it mostly was—mine, I suppose. I only know the result, and remember it with compunction; it was settled that we should fly, and our project merely waited for my returning health. But there were many causes to retard that; and for the last fortnight I had observed a considerable change in the behaviour of Mrs. —— towards myself.

One evening Colonel —— entered my room, and with a

face expressive of great anguish, silently seated himself near me. Conscience induced me to dread what was forthcoming, until suspense was ended by his breaking silence.

“When did you see Mrs. —— last?”

“Yesterday evening: I was beginning to fear that she might be unwell.”

“No, my dear friend; but I have come to make you all the reparation in my power.”

I was startled.

“I have wronged you,” he continued, “deeply wronged you. Sorrow for it is all that remains in my power, and I do grieve that so worthless a woman should ever have raised a difference between us. Mrs. —— left her husband’s roof and quitted the island this morning, under the protection of Captain ——, of the —— regiment, for Leghorn.”

How many feelings struggled within me at this intelligence! Rage, remorse, relief, contempt.

“I thank you,” he added, “for the sympathy which that flush of indignation bespeaks; and my heart, though torn and bleeding, must acknowledge that the ties which bind me to aught so vile were better rent asunder, even though life were wrenched away with them. Nothing now remains for me but to proceed to England and get a divorce. Her own deeds will prove her direst punishment.” Saying which, he arose and left the room.

Who says that the path of guilt has any pleasure to make sweet its gall? Go—life and fate are duly portioned out; you may cull its fairest rose, but the fellest thorns lie hid beneath the flower.

My wound was healed. I returned to my duty.

CHAPTER XLII.

At last that most brilliant speech appeared, that *chef-d’œuvre* of statesmanship, which gave us to understand that we had been hazarding our lives, and all that makes life bearable, in an *untoward* cause. And what was this cause? To restore Greece to independent freedom,—Greece, the

birth-place of science, the venerated land of greatness, the illustrious home of mind, to that rank among the nations of Europe which her former days and present sufferings demanded. This had been accomplished, and the measures by which it had been so achieved were now loaded with opprobrium: and why? because it suited the party views of some dozen men, whose names will go down to posterity as having misruled their country with as little talent and as much despotism as any ministers of modern times. But nevertheless, there is no great discrepancy to be traced betwixt men and their measures.

Who could expect a dolt to own a kindred sympathy with science? Who could expect a mere passing nine-days' wonder, a man who has outlived his transient reputation, to feel any thing but jealousy for the shades of heroes, whose existence is now and ever? And lastly, who could expect a man born and bred in the very core of tyrannous lust, to advocate the principles of freedom from the pure love of liberty alone, unbought by bribery—unswayed by selfish interests? No one. Neither then, by inference, could you expect free and liberal measures to emanate from the late Tory administration. Justice, one would have thought, might sway them.—Bah! *she* never had the slightest claim on *them*.—We were now thrown aside, “the broken tools which tyrants cast away,” and, instead of expected honours and head-money, we received unmerited and inconsistent blame from a pack of boobies, “who ne’er singed a single inky diplomatic whisker.” Rage and disappointment succeeded the full-blown hopes that the king’s (George IV.) former conduct had excited. Every where our eyes were taunted by seeing the decoration of the cross awarded by the Emperor of Russia to his officers; and a report reached us, that the king of France, besides giving one to his own subjects, had offered an honour to the English, and that it had been refused. Every one felt that he belonged to a neglected service, and that he had the supreme honour of serving a master less grateful than any other sovereign in Europe. Discontent was universal.

In furling sails, I had the duty of forecastle midshipman, and observing that the men on the main topsail-yard were getting before us, and that we stood a chance of being

beaten by the rest of the shipping in the harbour, I became anxious to avert such disgrace from my shoulders: "Fore-top-sail yard there, stir yourselves will you, and beat the main-topmen—gather more of it into the bunt—come make haste, make haste!" but it was all in vain; they dawdled over it most provokingly; when, jumping on the bowsprit, I exclaimed, "Fore-topmen, you '*untoward*' set of rascals, will you furl that sail?"

"Hurrah, my hearties!" burst forth from every man, and in a few seconds the sail was furled: the main-topmen soon followed, and every vessel in the harbour was left behind.

I had now nearly served the appointed time of probation, namely six years, and was beginning to long for my lieutenancy. It was true, I had rendered the service no greater, nor, indeed, so much benefit as many who hopelessly sighed for a commission: and that there were many men who had been ten years in the service when I first entered it, who were still in the same rank as on that day, men almost old enough to be my father. All this was true; but what of that? I had a very good fortune of my own, and larger ones coming to me, and was therefore perfectly independent of his Majesty's navy; whereas ninety pounds a-year to these men, who had so hardly earned it, would have been an inestimable blessing, allowing them to close their shortened days in peace.

But what of all this? Was Manvers Cavendish, the heir to a marquise, to lose a single instant of his aristocratic time? to loiter a moment longer than was inevitable in the mire of a midshipman's berth, when he might be advancing to the higher rank of a post-captain, a gentle prelude to commanding a three-decker, as admiral, and dating the dispatch of a victory while the shattered hulks of thirty of the enemy's line were lying around him? Forbid it Heaven! not while his family could command ten rotten horrors in the house of corruption. No, let plebeian mortals who claim merit for their crest go to the devil,—what are they to me? Six months more, and I should be drawing quarterly bills for thirty pounds each—monstrous sum!

From this I was led to think of all my past loves. I grew hypochondriacal, and commenced filling my nostrils with

powdered tobacco: this, in some measure, compensated for the severe strokes of fortune which I had sustained; but a rainy day came on, bringing with it an unusual fit of blue devils, when Letitia rose to my imagination as a pure and stainless creature, too fresh, too immaculate ever to belong to such a being as myself, even though all other obstacles were removed;—while the fair Sicilian, her soul all tenderness and love, her cheek decked with premature beauty, prophetic of the grave, seemed reproachfully to say, “False one! have you so soon flung by my memory, like a faded flower?—me the deserted of all!” It was too much for me. I lit a cigar; this increased my sensibility, and walking in the captain’s cabin, the first book that I stumbled against was the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, with the story of Cupid and Psyche: that was flung aside for *Rosseau’s Heloise*, and after reading a few pages, I fell to my old amusement, like pious *Æneas*, and began to weep.

The captain kindly asked me if I was unwell. “Yes, sir, very much so—horridly hipped—the surgeon recommends change of air.” He took the hint, and the following day I was on my road to Palermo and Naples. Having landed at the former, and in some measure stilled the palpitation of my heart, by the internal application of *Chateau Margot*, I took horse and rode forth upon the Marina.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—

ROGERS’ ITALY.

But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

CORSAIR.

EVERY object around me spoke rather of an absence of half an hour than three years. The same glowing tint upon the sky marked where the sun had sunk to rest; the same loved light fell upon the same wide tide of carriages, rolling rapidly along, one continuous stream, bearing the full blaze of Sicilian beauty within. All was unchanged, except my heart, where desolation brooded over the ruins of affection. This was the spot where, night after night, I used to meet the soft marchesa. There was the very fountain near which

I used to spring into her carriage!—could such a scene have passed away for ever? My sinking pulse foreboded “yes.” As I rode on, many and many were the eyes that spoke of conscious power and resistless love; but those I so eagerly sought, were not to be seen. Once I caught a glimpse of the marchese’s well-known coat-of-arms, and dashing my spurs into my horse’s flanks, I passed the vehicle, but it contained an elderly woman alone. For an instant, so intense was my belief, my hope that I should meet her, that I was tempted to believe, like the sleeper in the Arabian Nights, that this must be the object of my love, on whom age had laid his finger. But the next moment I abandoned the insane idea, and, giving my steed the rein, we did not pause until an abrupt hill was before us. That surmounted, on we fled once more; the bitter pangs that raged within absorbed all attention, and it was only when night had made some considerable advance that I came sufficiently to myself, to consider where in the name of fortune I was going.

A venerable, majestic building, over which the stream of time had rushed in vain, stood before me. Having dismounted and placed some money in the porter’s hand, I entered, intending to give my horse a feed, and to allow myself some slight respite, before I returned to seek Francesca in Palermo. My directions being given, I followed the floating sound of vocal harmony, that came borne by the light breeze, and found myself in the convent chapel of St. Rosalie. I leaned in the shadow of a clustered column; and, while the other parts of the building were in a blaze of light, in honour of some of the imposing ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, near me, and unaware of my presence, were a knot of spectators.

“So she’s dead at last, poor penitent!” said one in a tone of deep commiseration.

“Yes,” answered another, “though it wrings the heart to say so—so young—so beautiful! How could a heart like her’s have any grief sufficient to weigh her down to the grave?”

“’Tis hard to tell; they say her husband broke her heart. This was her dreary prison for near three years—a trifling error too for such a doom.”

“ Ah ! it seems to tell like some sad tale. What was the story ? ”

“ It was never clearly known, and bruited little ; an English officer, her husband’s jealousy, some tale of murder mingled in between, is all that I could ever gather. Death found *him* out ; but as for this poor bud, here was the den wherein she drooped—the world believed the report that she was mad.”

“ But did she never dwell upon the past ? ”

“ But very little. Her phrenzy wore a silent mood. At first she raved of falsehood in the world, and cold desertion ; but the heart soon moulds itself to suffering—calmness came, and grief was mellowed to regret. She lived to think that all was right, and then she died.”

“ Of what then did she die ? ”

“ Some say her lungs were diseased ; but most believe it was her heart which broke.”

“ Tell me, tell me,” I cried, grasping the shoulder of the last speaker, unable to bear the suspense any longer, “ of whom do you speak ? ”

The person I had addressed stared in my face. “ And is it possible you can be ignorant that these are the funereal rites of the celebrated Marchesa de ———, once the fairest ——— ? ”

I heard no more—morning found me still within the walls of the convent. I gathered sufficient from the inmates to assure me that life had closed under as deep and harrowing affliction as Earth can witness, or Heaven inflict. I stole to her grave, jealous even of the stone that would not suffer me to take a parting kiss. She could not live, and not be loved.

As a testimony of esteem for the departed, the sisterhood had scattered over her tomb the latest flowrets of the expiring year. Stooping, I plucked a rosebud from the rude garland of grief, and placing it in my bosom, hurried from the spot.

Had I only arrived a week earlier, I might have closed those lustrous eyes, perhaps have rescued her for some slight space from the inexorable fangs of death ! and yet, thought I,—my heart is justly wrung. Religion, and a mind reconciled to itself, shed their tranquillizing influence round her

dying pillow. Far better than the hand of feverish and unhallowed love. She is at rest for ever !

On arriving in Palermo, the first thing that I procured was a dose of hemlock, for I had been surfeited with laudanum, and it now produced a delirium amounting almost to madness. I then hastened on board a vessel about to sail, took the narcotic, shut myself in my cabin, nor awoke till we arrived in Naples. It was true that I thus avoided the rack of memory ; but sleep brought not oblivion. The visions of night were even more harassing than waking realities. How dire is the glimpse which this gives one of death ! How inexpressibly beautiful is that passage in Hamlet's soliloquy !

Having plunged into every dissipation of this most dissipated place, I returned to my ship more shattered in health and spirits than when I first set out :—so much for change of air !

We were on the point of sailing ; the berth was rather in what I call a predicament. All the oldsters had quitted the ship for promotion, and the younger ones, who at first had been kept in too tightly, were now disengaged from all controul ; and—having grown up to that most disagreeable estate—hobbadehoyism, when boys, whose precocity extends not to their minds, take more to themselves than manhood would demand—each wanted to rule, but none to yield. Such characters now formed the greater part of the mess, and instead of the good-nature and fun which distinguished it in the days of Twyndle and Roy, you met with nothing but pert self-sufficiency on beardless chins, and one eternal series of bickering and quarrels. Batt, the worthy before commemorated, had joined long since, and as I expected from the fellow's exterior, proved a low, illiterate, conceited brute. Having more time of service than any other officer in the berth, he was chosen caterer, the end of which was to accumulate a debt on shore, and until this was paid, we were not allowed to take any live stock to sea. But this was not his worst feature. His was a character that truckled to any one who happened, in his homely conceptions—ideas he had none—to rank somewhat higher than the honest Welsh curate. Thus he annulled the slight restraint his age would have possessed by conversing with his juniors on any sub-

ject, however improper, and showing an example the very reverse of that which Captain Sawyer expected of him.

As I looked round the dinner-table, I could hardly persuade myself that it was the same ship; so many alterations had taken place, which I must now notice for the last time. Roy, Twindle, Guy, Pruning, and Dalzell, had all obtained their merited promotion, the latter of whom was the second master, a kind-hearted, generous, blunt being. Clare, Montague, and Goldsmith were in a happier state. Regent and Jennings had left the ship before the action—Thread and Neville subsequent to it, during my absence on leave. Others had supplied their places, and some remained; among the rest, Green, who continued to grow in stature and satire, whilst warmth of feeling still peeped out: in other words, he increased a little perhaps in causticity, and became rather more reserved. His feeling had ever lain in a different vein from the rude amusements around him: books, and the society of those ashore, to whom the young heart clings, were evidently more to his taste. Like the generality of his messmates, his rank insured his rise, but I am inclined to think that he will not sink into that mist of oblivion which hovers over the early epaulettes of some of his compeers.

Jack Hearty was Jack Hearty to the last. Harry of the Cymbrian still remained the kind, unpretending, and estimable being that he ever was. Calling also was unchanged. Bigot grew more stupid and conceited than ever. Ducabore as pedantic and interfering, but on the whole a little less disagreeable; while Lord Pinchit, alias Old Baggs, alias the Marquis de la Gourmandise, grew more stingy and insufferable every week.

In the gun-room, however, they had improved as much as our mess had deteriorated. Stretcher, after being promoted, had died the death of a tyrant: he expired in agony, being previously speechless for days, and he now lies in a well-merited grave; while I doubt not that his worthy compeer Straw will meet some similar end. Let all such creatures have the words of Sheridan before their eyes, "A tyrant against man is a libeller on God." I have already noticed the rise of Willstand to be first-lieutenant, and the esteem he continued to win from all; since the more exalted

the situation in which he is placed, the greater will be the lustre it receives from his talents ; and well-deserved promotion cannot alight on an officer more likely to benefit his country, or be an honour to the service. Portland—the honourable and refined—I have before mentioned as second-lieutenant ; while junior to him, as third, came Talmo, by no means his inferior in point of worth and gentlemanly feeling ; Pruning gave every satisfaction as surgeon ; the purser was still every now and then short of dips ; while L.L.B., the master, let his tongue flow on as happy in its bent as ever, somewhat grieved, it must be confessed, that he no longer had Neville in his power to calumniate and abuse.

With regard to Captain Sawyer, it would be needless for me to remark, after the numerous opportunities which the reader has had of judging for himself, that his abilities commanded respect from his equals, and honour from his superiors, while his rank and influence in society insures no slight advancement to the interests of his profession. He ever consulted the real advantage of his youngsters before their ill-judged wishes ; and this, in their eyes, took from him part of the praise that is justly his due. As the service is constituted at present, it often becomes the interest of junior officers to betray and deceive their superiors ; and however strict, impartial, and enlightened a captain may be, such are the chains of useless custom, which clog the moral institutions and internal regulation of a man-of-war, that he will not escape without frequently punishing in one place, when strict justice would have inflicted chastisement in another. Until some reform takes place, and a captain is enabled to see and judge for himself, what his officers are, and what they are not, he will be in the situation of two parties fighting in a dark room, wounding friends as well as foes. For it should be remembered, that even if youngsters are not really vicious and intractable, very little oppression and misplaced punishment will so render them.

It was through this woeful fault in the service that some of Captain Sawyer's plans were rendered not only abortive, but injurious. Every one, however, will do him the justice to say, that no man took more pains to render his officers and ship in general a credit to himself, and of service to his

country. To the education of the youngsters committed to his charge, he most faithfully attended; and the blame rests not with him, if in their future rise through the world, they do not reflect merit on their captain. At any rate I, who had more close opportunities of knowing him by his actions, entertain a full belief that he has a heart of kindness, which love for the discipline of the service alone made him veil in reserve, and that his quickness of feeling, when angry, made him express more than was his internal conviction. Owing him much in the way of kindness, it is thus that I beg leave to repay the debt, with justice to myself, and impartiality to him.

Before quitting the gentlemanly Talthorpes, I beg to introduce, as a wind-up, "An Ode to Navarin," which made its appearance on board. With some slight alterations it was as follows :

NAVARIN.

AN ODE.

Vengeance ; vengeance ! hark the cry,
 Tempest-borne along the deep,
 Dares each pennon flaunt the sky,
 Ruffling hearts that scorn to weep.
 'Twas not thus, when Albion's pride
 Twined around her seaman's name,
 Twin-floats on that contested tide
 Her path to greatness—his to fame,
 Owed and own'd the uncancell'd debt,
 His swelling heart remembers yet.
Thou scarlet slave !—and what art thou
 If we withhold the conqu'ring prow ?
 Chained to the isle that gave thee birth
 To wait the coming foe,
 Thou couldst not save thy mother-earth
 From desolation's woe.
 Had England's safety lain in thee,
 She had not now been named "*The Free.*"
 Though the immortal spirit's flown,
 'Neath whose power-dissolving spell
 Monarchs held a doubtful throne,
 Sharing fears with those who fell ;
 Other foes may still arise,
 Other clouds o'ercast the skies ;
 Still, ocean rolls around thy land,
 But foreign keels may strike thy strand ;
 If hearts, once nerved with patriot zeal,
 Are left to moulder in decay,

The flame that high-born bosoms feel,
 Will pine and pass away.
 Deem'st thou the slave will now protect,
 Whose life has been one long neglect?

High Heaven is clear, and Earth is bright,
 And Marathon revives once more,
 And Corinth trembling drinks delight,
 From sounds that o'er her Isthmus soar.
 The list'ning land lies hush'd and still,
 Bright gleam the waves 'neath every hill,
 Sounds float o'er each hoary mountain,
 Words that chain the gushing fountain.
 Such the deep suspense they fling,
 Joy, confusion, madden'd mirth,
 Wildly burst, and laughing, spring
 To hail emancipated earth.

Each mighty sound a link doth sever,
 Thy chain of bondage rends for ever,
 And thou! the ocean's child and chief!

Recall the lip that deck'd thy name,*
 Around whose bier his country's grief
 Once hung the mournful garland—fame.
 Thee too the golden goddess hails,
 At worth like thine scared malice rails,
 And close when may thine honour'd age,
 Thy name is writ on history's page;
 As bright a leaf may still be thine,
 Gild but her fight with fav'ring mien,
 And Greece with ever grateful Nine
 Shall link thy song with Navarin.
 While hearts of worth, and daring hands,
 Shall grace thy throne, and guard thy lands.

CHAPTER XLIV.

———— Right weary of this revel,—
 I know not why it cheered me not—
 There came a heaviness across my heart.

* * *

Through all the music ringing in my ears,
 A knell was sounding. MARINO FALIERO.

AND now I'm in the world alone! Yes, good reader, having dismissed once and for ever all the subordinate characters, I

* It is well known that Lord Nelson both spoke and wrote in the highest terms of *William the Fourth* while he was yet quite a young man. However bright a kingly diadem may be, this adds a lustre all might envy, and but one can boast.

must now make the best of my way to England—previously informing thee, that between this and the last chapter, I have managed to take one final cruise in the Talthorpe back to our former haunts; and having been ashore in Ancona, am appointed acting-lieutenant of the ——, ordered to return home; that she is now on her passage, while I have taken a long farewell of the Mediterranean's sunny shores.

I need not say that the distress of mind occasioned by my visit to Sicily was great; nor that the effort to forget my grief in dissipation, at Naples, had a considerable tendency to injure my health; and that thoroughly harassed, I fell into a decidedly hypochondriacal state; while, to crown all, the surgeon pronounced the achings in my breast, which I had fondly imagined were the effects of my growing better, to be nothing more or less than so many hints from rosy-cheeked consumption.

“The passions, sir,—the passions of the heart and mind, I suspect, have been too strongly excited. You must keep them under, sir,—that's not exactly to say, keep them under,—but restrain them more, or you'll go off, sir, go off like the snuff of a candle,—that's not exactly to say, like the snuff of a candle, but you'll be kicking the bucket suddenly, you know—pop”—and he clapped his hands together, to make the death-tick sound.

This was something comfortable on which to reflect; and having gone up to relieve the deck, and keep the afternoon watch, I began to consider. “Consumption!—ah, poor Lady Carleton!—'tis very awkward, too, being floored by such an opponent, after having escaped the Turks. That a man may not indulge sentiment in a little love, without being called on to pay such a tax—but there is nothing like resignation”—and after considering what would be the best plan for meeting such an emergency, I thought of marriage, and a little milk and water.

Thus after six years loving and choosing, I found myself no nearer the point than ever, except that my lungs demanded I should get a wife within two months. Two months! a monstrous short time for the preliminaries, which I have always considered as agreeable a part as any—let me lose no time—what are the requisite constituents for a consumptive man's wife?—Beauty, according to taste: wit and

accomplishments, but no learning; a decidedly smooth temper and——

“Please, sir, she’s in irons,” said a sorrowful sort of voice at my elbow.

“What, my wife?” cried I starting.

“No, sir, the ship.”

“The devil she is!”

I looked up; it was true: and having extricated her from such an uncomfortable predicament, I was about to return to my uxorious projects, when the captain gave me a hint that I had better attend to my duty.

Having arrived in England, and passed through my second ordeal of navigation, before the learned James Inman, D.D., to whom the navy stands so much indebted for his Tables, my appointment was confirmed, and, O joyous era! I became *bona fide* a lieutenant: and had to support my rank and honours, upon no less a sum than ninety pounds* a-year.

It was with no slight satisfaction that I folded up the piece of parchment, and set off to dine with the admiral. Four posts and myself—that is, not exactly to say, posts—once known by that appellative, but now called captains, though quite stiff enough to retain the former designation.

What an unchristian, vulgar thing is carving at table! I enter my protest against any man who can accomplish more in that way than helping a delicate turbot—he should be hooted as a butcher; and the villain who would dare to sever before his guests the fair joints of a turkey should be voted an assassin. Is it not exertion enough to eat your dinner, without hacking and hewing, and sending the vile gravy into the bosom of your dearest friend, more slippery than the ways of the world forsworn, more rankling than ingratitude?—out upon it! heathenish custom, remnant of the diabolical ceremony of eating living bullocks, and drinking kava! It was but yesterday at a naval mess, I beheld the wife of one of the ward-room officers *tuck up her sleeves* to make an attack upon a poor defenceless old goose—O shameless violation of good breeding! to impose such a task upon one whose most violent bodily movement should be bowing to your wine, when there are half-a-dozen tall, idle

* The immense sum of a lieutenant’s half-pay.

lacqueys in the room, and sideboards for the purpose. Long live the French made dishes—all additional trouble is an unnecessary deodand on life.

Course after course filed away. Each in its turn having tempted the guests to ruin their health, and lead their digestion astray, dessert, the best part of a dinner, appeared.

But to proceed. The ladies retired, and the posts advanced: each had some marvellous tale to relate of “*antres vast*”—some tough yarn to spin of a *horrible* gale at sea, or a *terrible* squall off Bermudas. Many a march was stolen upon truth; and three of the four seemed to run a race against the other. One of the greatest braggarts in the navy was sitting next to me, and every now and then, as some startling “*fact*” came out, he sipped his wine, and appeared to give it full belief, while an expression of cynic gravity was visible. The others were three allies, and having each had a turn, they were panting to get forth another yarn, and keep their antagonist out of the field, when the latter suddenly looking up as if he had swallowed every word, remarked, “these circumstances that you relate are rather odd; but I have often heard things of the same sort. I remember one in particular. I dare say you must recognize the story.”

Here they should have asked for it—they knew better. “It was simply this,” he continued:—“In the year 179—, I was put into a transport, acting agent and commander, and sent home from the Cape; but as we were to fall in with the fleet, we took a flock of sheep to sea with us—those fine, beautiful Cape sheep, with tails that weigh from two to four pounds. We were so cramped with other things, that the animals were all penned on the upper deck. The second day after losing the land, it came on to blow a tremendous gale, during which a sea breaking over us, threw the ship on her beam-ends, carried away the sheep-pens, (furiously dashing them in pieces,) the whole of the lee-booms, lee-gangway, four men, and three ship’s boys. Of course no help could be given to them; we had to keep our places, and right the ship; when presently, the head ram of the flock, a notoriously sagacious animal, swam up to the main-top-sail yard, which was plumbing the water nearly up and down, and hooked one of his horns in this manner,” ex-

plaining on his fingers ; “ he tried to hook them both ; but you know it was a difficult thing with such a sea, being between the yard-arm and the lift. This accomplished, he wagged his fat tail : when the next sheep to him seized it in her mouth, then the next to her again, and so on, until the whole flock were tail-on-end. In the next place, the boys got upon some of the animals’ backs, as you might mount a horse ; and as for the men, the stoutest, who was a captain of the fore-top, embraced the last sheep by the body, the rest clasping each other’s legs. They had barely accomplished this manœuvre, when the ship righted, and away they went, hanging all in a string like a cluster of bees—the most grotesque, extraordinary thing I ever beheld. I had utterly despaired of saving one of them, and was now delighted. ‘ Cheer up, my hearty—hold on taut—stick to it like a young greyhound to his breakfast,’ cried the captain of the fore-top, hailing the old ram—when just at this moment, that animal’s horn (which I have since ascertained most unquestionably had the dry-rot) gave way, and down came the whole group into the water. Never was more vexed in my life. ‘ Now, then,’ thought I, ‘ they are most decidedly gone, nothing can save them.’ I was wrong—the ship gave a lurch, and, aided by a swell that broke on our lee-gangway, the men, boys, sheep and all, were washed a board again ; and, bating the hammock-nettings, sheep-pens, and boom, without the loss even of the old ram’s horn, which stuck in the topsail-yard, and which, of course, I had made into a snuff-box”—producing a Scotch mull, set in gold, and richly chased.

The captains looked like night, and drank their wine, as if to wash the “ yarn ” down, while the eldest, who sat near me, exclaimed, in a voice that was intended solely for himself, “ If that isn’t a stiff lie, I never heard one ! ”

“ How very extraordinary ! ” burst forth from one and all, after a pause.

“ So I should think,” whispered the narrator to me. Then aloud, “ O very much out of the common run—never saw any thing like it—can show you a sketch as they all hung from the topsail-yard, if you pay me a visit on board my ship.

Having drank their coffee, and looked at their watches,

the captains deprecated all flights of fancy, and we adjourned to the regions above.

The victorious lieutenants, *alias* the lieutenants of the Victory, determined to give a ball on board Nelson's old flag-ship, to which he bequeathed some of the immortality that consecrates his own name. It was fully attended by both the beauty and plain-sailing of Portsmouth and its environs.

Supper was laid out on the main-deck. I had just handed my partner to a seat and lemonade.

"It is a very distressing story," said some one in my ear.

"Exceedingly so," replied another; they say he is certain of being found guilty and hung."

"How lamentable! a young man of considerable promise, and very good family!"

"Yes; but the extent of his offence shuts out all hope of mercy."

"May I inquire to whom you allude?" addressing myself to the last speaker.

"A midshipman, brought home on board the Glatton frigate, in irons, for shooting Captain Cobbit, of H. M. S. Vindictive, in South America. He is imprisoned on board here, until his trial by court-martial, which is to take place immediately."

"Pray, sir, do you know the particulars?"

"Not exactly; but I can vouch for what I have mentioned, having seen him when he came on board; a very gentlemanly, tall, thin young man, seemingly about two-and twenty, with a very dark complexion."

"Do you know his name?" I inquired.

"I almost forget; but should recognise it instantly—a singular name—I think it was D'Aquilar—yes, that was it."

"D'Aquilar!" I exclaimed in amazement, "surely it cannot be D'Aquilar!"

"Yes; I remember it well, now, and am positive."

"What Christian name?"

"Ernest. His father, I believe, died some six months since, and he came to the title, Sir Ernest D'Aquilar."

"Good Heavens! Can it be within the bounds of possibility? Do you know whether he ever belonged to the Welladay?"

“ Yes ; the same.”

I was dumb. Neither doubt nor hope any longer afforded me relief, and yet I felt determined not to believe the story until I had it from his own lips.

“ Can I manage to see him ?” I asked : “ he is my most particular friend.”

“ Any one,” returned my informer, “ may be admitted with the commanding officer’s permission ; you would not wish to see him to-night, would you ?”

“ Yes, this instant, if I could.”

“ Well, come this way, I see Captain —— is disengaged ; you can state to him the nature of your intimacy with the prisoner, and I do not doubt his according you an interview.”

Having done this, and gained my request, I hurried down on the middle deck to visit my poor friend.

CHAPTER XLV.

It’s of a fine frigate, La Pique is her name,
All in the West Indies she bore a great fame.
For cruel bad usage in every degree,
Like slaves in a galley we ploughed the salt sea.

OLD SEA SONG.

ON the middle deck, forward in the bows, are built the prisons. I entered—the door was locked behind me, and as the sentinel resumed his sullen march, I found myself alone with the companion of my boyhood—the friend of my youth—the fellow-lover of my mistress—a chained—a captive murderer !—Where was he ? Around me I beheld a small, narrow cell ; upon the head of a cask stood the flickering lamp, whose wick, unsnuffed, had assumed the fantastic figure of a hideous head ; its rays, thus obscured, falling dimly around even the small space it was intended to illumine. Two things on which its glare descended struck instantly upon my sight—the strong and narrow-grated window, now closed, looking down upon the flood ; and next, a burnished knot of chains, which grasped a small and naked foot, protruding from some bed-clothes.

Soon the eye, becoming more accustomed to the peculiar light, traced along the deck a seaman's hammock, upon whose pillow reposed some dark figure. I approached trembling, and rapidly——Alas ! 'twas Ernest D'Aquilar indeed ! and in the attenuated features before me, partly hidden by the long, dark, curling hair neglect had licensed, I recognised that daring, restless being—my generous playmate, my thoughtless friend. His left hand was in his bosom, his right arm beneath his head ; around his neck was suspended, by a gold chain, that ill accorded with the squalid scene around, a small miniature, appearing to have dropped from his slumbering grasp. I looked, and found it to be a beautifully executed likeness of Letitia.

He had grown much in manly beauty since I beheld him last. Perfect quiet was pictured on his features ; and a bright smile played around his mouth. Occasionally, a slight knitting of the brow and curl of the lip were to be seen ; but straight again the whole was calm ; and if guilt now harboured in his soul, no traces could be found upon his countenance. With agony did I bend over him, and pause to see if such a dream would pass away. Alas ! it changed not—the soft murmurs of his breath, the flitting of the lamp, were all that spoke of life ; but, ah, how much they said !

In pity I hesitated to break upon his slumbers ; and once more looking round to see what were his resources in so dreadful a solitude, I perceived a guitar, a desk, and some books, among which were those of Holy Writ and Common Prayer ; the rest were chiefly poems.

“ Ah, Cavendish ! I knew you would come,” Ernest suddenly exclaimed, awaking and holding out his hand. I grasped it in mine, but could not speak, when suddenly starting back, he inquired, “ Who are you ?” I began to fear that Reason had resigned her empire ; but it was merely the confusion with which we often meet, between the visions of sleep and the waking reality.

“ You remember me, D'Aquilar, do you not ?”

“ Yes, to be sure, I do, Manvers. This is kind. Sit down ;—but you seem rather sprucely dressed. What ! and an epaulette on your shoulder ? Then you are made ! I give you joy !”

"Thank you, my dear fellow ; it requires some counter feeling to alleviate the grief of seeing you thus."

"O, you think of this !" clanking the chains around his feet, and casting a look at his place of confinement. "Yes, fate is inscrutable !—quite. But, after all, it is Fate, you know ; and how can we struggle against her thrall ? Some would—ay, will tell you—that your old friend is a *murderer* ! But where,"—and he started up in his bed, while an expression of fierce, determined, self-satisfaction arrayed itself in his eye—"is he who tells you Brutus was a murderer ? Then how much less am I ? He slew a tyrant—the same deed was mine. But the victim of Brutus was a hero—a bright star, that gemmed the space it swayed. Mine was a villain, poisoning the very air he breathed, soiling the very dirt on which he trod. I will not ask mankind—if I was right or wrong—I asked myself, my conscience—God's priest within the mind,—and that held me to be right !"

"My dear D'Aquilar, I do not doubt ————" and here I was at a loss what to say further. It was evident that the recollection of the past harrowed up his feelings ; and however self-justification might assuage the pang, the opinion of a world he tried to hold at nought still rankled in his bosom.

"Let me hear the story," I at last said. "I am ignorant of the circumstances which led to the sad event you mention."

"What ! has not Fame, that many-tongued goddess, made you yet acquainted with the tale ?"

"So far from it, my dear D'Aquilar, that it was only half an hour since I heard of your being aboard. There happens to be a ball here to-night, and that accounts for my dress."

"Indeed ! then let me go over this shadow of my existence. You may remember my last letters left me on board the *Welladay*, with Captain Humbug. I was rather a favourite with the old fellow, and he had good points, which made up for his follies ; but, unluckily for me, I was not doomed to remain in his ship. The *Vindictive* frigate, Captain Cobbit, came into Rio, and he applied to the admiral for a midshipman who could keep watch. Humbug,

thinking I should like the opportunity, sent for me in Cobbit's presence, and put the question. Now the Vindictive was notorious throughout the station for the most complete system of cruelty and oppression being prevalent on board. Of this I was aware, but I allowed false delicacy to prevent my raising any objections before him, and I therefore acquiesced.

“As I expected, it was the most complete life of tyranny one could possibly imagine. If any one of the youngsters had the misfortune to bring down the displeasure of the captain or first-lieutenant, the latter of whom was Lord Nabbem, he was immediately sent upon deck, having been previously made to dress in full uniform—cocked-hat, sword and belt, and compelled to walk up and down in the hot sun. The consequence was, that one or two perished from a *coup de soleil*.* With the men it was the same story repeated, and one of the ship's boys was pursued with such rancorously severe malice, that he jumped overboard to escape the torments of his earthly demons. The ship was on the very brink of open mutiny, and not a night did the captain, first or second lieutenants pass without having a brace of pistols under their pillows, to resent any attempt at their destruction.

“I had no sooner discovered this to be the case, than I determined to leave her, and communicated my wishes to the captain. After having evaded my request in every possible manner, some very high words passed between us on the subject, when I told him that I was wholly independent of the navy; and that, as I held a much higher rank in society than promotion in the service seemed likely to give me, I would never consent to remain an instant longer than possible in any ship that was at all irksome. This ended by my giving him a letter, addressed on service, to the admiral, which he refused to forward, according to the regulation. He now feared and hated me; but my duty was always done, and I never came within his power.

“One morning, when the hammocks had just been piped off the lower deck, several of the midshipmen, myself among the rest, were sitting in the berth, while our bedding was

* The perpetrator of this inhumanity may here recognise his own deeds.

being lashed up. It was very hot and sultry, and one of the youngsters complied with the universal request, and unscrewing the scuttle, pushed it out. We were lying at anchor in ——— at the time, and Captain Cobbit was, as usual, taking his morning cruise in his boat round the ship, with Lord Nabbem, both endeavouring to find out some fault with which to visit the head of the boatswain, gunner, carpenter, or officer of the watch. In an instant he espied the open scuttle. He had previously given an order that none of these scuttles should be unscrewed—a most unjust, tyrannical act; since, for what were they made, and put into the officers' cabins and men's berths, if not for ventilation and fresh air? But so it was. It pleased these Tartars. Common sense and reflection were forgotten.

“They had no sooner returned on board than they sent down for the midshipman who had opened it. On hearing this the youngster was very much frightened, and asked me what plan he had better pursue, as the captain would assuredly flog him. I thought myself that this would be the probable result, and wishing to spare him that disgrace, I determined to take the blame on my own shoulders, considering that my age and interest would protect me from any violence of that sort, while to any inferior punishment I did not care exposing myself, as the offender was a quiet, gentle little creature, a favourite of mine.

“Accordingly I repaired to the captain, who was standing on the quarter deck. ‘Was it you, sir, who dared to break through my order?’—‘Not that I am aware of, sir,’ I replied: for I was placed in such a delicate situation that I had no resource but the equivoque.

“‘How not that you are aware of, sir? you know as well as I do, that positive orders have been given not to open any of the scuttles on any account; and yet you act in direct opposition, for your own convenience. However, you shall find what it is to trample on the regulations which I think fit to lay down;’—and he left the deck.

“I was quite at a loss to conjecture what might be forthcoming, when his steward desired me to wait on him in his cabin. I found him leaning against the mizen-mast; a cigar which he had just lit, was in his hand.

“‘Go in there, sir,’ said he pointing me into his after-

cabin, when he followed, locking the door behind him. 'Now, sir,' he continued, with a fiendish grin, 'I am going to flog you.'

" 'Surely, sir,' I replied, starting back aghast, 'you jest.'

" 'Do I?' he replied; 'but it will turn out a bitter jest for you.'

" 'Positively, Captain Cobbit, I cannot believe that you are in earnest when you talk of such a thing. You must be aware that there is an order, a positive order, against any thing of the sort, in the Navy List, from the Lord High Admiral. Besides, sir, my age—do you know that I am nearly two-and-twenty?'

" 'I don't care, sir, if you are as old as my father. I'm d——d if I don't flog you.'

" My agitation was so excessive that I knew not what to do or say. I felt that I was completely in his power; no one could stand my friend unless I created a mutiny in my favour. Despair seized upon me. Here was this tyrant about to inflict a dishonour ten thousand times worse to me than death: and to avert it was impossible. The drops rolled from my brow, as I begged and prayed;—nay, I believe I even knelt to him in the agony of my feelings. But it was all in vain; the monster seemed to gloat upon my sufferings; and the only answer that I could obtain was an iteration of his infernal intention to humiliate me. I would have mentioned the truth, but could not now retreat with honour. Imagination suggested suicide, by jumping overboard; but that would have been a triumph for him. His every look breathed of his diabolical purpose. I turned away with a suffocating sensation of frenzy it would be vain attempting to describe, when our evil genius caused my attention to rest on his uniform sword, that stood glittering in the corner of his cabin; and yet I cannot, will not say it was unfortunate;—I would rather be the blood-stained being that I am, than the degraded thing he strove to make me;—and the long-repressed tears gushed over D'Aquilar's cheek in torrents, as for a moment he leant his head on his hand, and paused at this period of his narrative.

" Even now," he continued, "I cannot recall that moment's mingled feeling of horror and grief without being moved; for if he had perpetrated his end. I should have

been more wretched still, besides being ultimately compelled to wipe out the stain in his very heart's blood :—but to my story.

“ At the sight of the weapon, a revulsion of passion came across me, and instead of the horror, the shrinking horror, that banished the blood from all save the circle of my heart, deep ungovernable rage succeeded, and sent the current rushing on my brain. Without a thought of what was to follow, or of aught save to quench my thirst of rage and despair in the stream of vengeance, I sprang towards the sword. As I drew it forth I heard a shriek, and, turning, beheld the pale coward, with one hand attempting to undo the lock he had turned on me, and the other guarding his vile bosom.

“ Instead of being somewhat pacified by this scene, it merely inflamed my resentment the more. I made but one spring, and the whole weight of my body came with my thrust. He uttered but the words ‘ Oh ! save me, spare me ! ’ and his breath was hushed for ever.

“ The sword, propelled by such tremendous force, had pierced his arm, transfixed his body, and its point even protruded through the slight panel of the door, which he had that instant unlocked, and which now gave way to the weight of his body, with the corpse pinioned to it. No sooner was the deed of madness past—gone beyond recall—no sooner did I fix my eyes upon the bleeding corpse, whence the vital spark had fled, never more to be revived, than the whole recollection and bitterness of the truth came over me, like a deep, dark, blood-woven veil, shutting me out from every brightening view of life. What was I?—a homicide.

“ Once more I could have hastened to bury my burning face and throbbing heart in the fall of waters, which flowed as unconsciously beneath the windows, as if no deed of death had passed above them, as if no tide of human gore, violently shed, were now mingling its polluted current with their free and boundless tide.

“ I looked up, and my eye rested on the poor old boat-swain, standing fixed with horror, his jacket had been taken off, the cat-o'-nine tails had fallen from his grasp, and were lying on the deck, while he held some seizings in the other

hand ready to brand me, the last of an old race, with everlasting shame, and that at the bidding of the wretch impaled before me. Fainthearted mercy hence! I tear thee from my heart for ever!—not one sigh of regret shall fling its odour on this deed: one tyrant felled, leaves earth more free, though it lead me to the dungeon and the scaffold. My prayer in one, my blood upon the other, shall prove my adoration for the courage of that hour. The villain then really did intend his actions to measure with his words! Enough! I did not plan the deed, it came to me unsought—for that, thank God; but even were it not so—better that a thousand such fiends should perish by this hand, than that one should triumph over me as he intended; better to throw away a life to benefit the world, than let oppression render it a burden to myself.

“The rest of my tale is swiftly told—you see me here, a prisoner—chained in irons—a felon, men would strive to say—I hope not all. I was sent home in the Glatton, and ere this day month I shall have passed away, like one, whose name was writ on water; and now farewell—the morning is advancing, go and get some sleep; I see you do not love me less because my tale is told: at ten to-morrow let us meet again.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

Benighted in its morn, his sun went down
To rise no more; while fond love threw,
Like some sweet rosy cloud, its tender veil
Over the dying agonies of youth.

CONFUSED by the emotions of pity, anger, and sorrow, to which his recital had given rise, I returned to the deck, where the ball was nearly at its zenith. With a sickening heart I gave one final glance at the galaxy of beauties, whose “many twinkling feet” might wake to mirth the sternest cynic’s heart. Too fearfully indeed did the lesson below carry a conviction to the heart, how frequently amidst a path of flowers the adder creeps along!

Who could have conjectured the unfortunate fate of my messmate? How wild—how improbable it would have

seemed, but three months since, to say, 'he shall be lying in prison, branded with the darkest name, tinted with the deepest hue of crime, that man of man can earn ; and yet his story was so seemingly innocent, (and it was true to the letter,) that you could not bring yourself to say he was an assassin !'

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

I do not believe D'Aquilar would have wounded the feelings of the lowest menial,—and yet behold !

At the appointed hour on the ensuing day I was with him ; this was Tuesday, and the order had arrived for his trial by court-martial on the following Thursday ; Admiral Sir Hurry Blackchops being appointed President, and the other members of the court duly named.

D'Aquilar's spirits were as buoyant as ever ; if an occasional moment of abstraction came across his manner, more frequently than in former days, it was no more than might be accounted for by his increase of age. We talked of all that had happened to us since our last parting, and, after some gentle approaches, I ventured to name Letitia.

"Alas, Manvers ! Do not recall to my memory how deep is the fountain of my woe. Anything but that I can bear. The dear and cherished hope on which I lived is rudely snatched away. Thank heaven, my dearest relatives are in the tomb ; their pillows are not wet with tears for the dishonour—dishonour"—correcting himself, "no—not the dishonour—the misfortune of my house. I had hoped to leave my name with those I loved behind on earth, but the deepest pang of all is, that I have lived and loved alike in vain !"

Starting from his seat, while the chains clanked mournfully at each step, he leant at the grated port to conceal the emotion which shook him. I did not see his tears, but I *felt* that they were flowing. There is nothing to which a man submits less readily than that another should view a moistened eye. False delicacy ! It only proves the feelings to be stronger than the restraining principle.

Having waited till I thought D'Aquilar had regained his composure, I asked him why he was so despondent ? "Your case, as I view it, is far—very far from hopeless. There

was no premeditation in the deed, no malice aforethought, and he was acting in opposition to his orders. You might, I think, get off by banishment."

"Cavendish," said D'Aquilar, suddenly interrupting me, "say no more—my fate is sealed; I ask you this as an especial favour—do you grant it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will ask a second—I should like to see Letitia Carleton, to hear her cherished voice, and once more see that form of loveliness, before this mockery, this dream of unreal shadows, is dispelled—you can effect it."

"Surely——"

"Stay, I know what you would urge, but I have had more time than necessary to resolve upon the conduct which I shall adopt; that, I have said before, is decided—nothing can, nor shall, alter my decision. This is the last request I shall prefer to you—it will not be refused?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Very well then. Take a six-oared galley this evening, and proceed to —— bay. On the right hand are the ruins of an old block-house. In that ruin you will be joined by a youth wrapped in a large Spanish cloak; this will be Letitia Carleton in disguise. She is residing at her uncle's estate; she has agreed to venture on board to see me, and to you I entrust the task of passing her off as my cousin."

To this I could make no refusal, and every thing having been arranged, and the boat engaged with six men whom I could trust, we set off for —— bay, in the Isle of Wight.

The evening was calm, still, and lovely, as the most delicate form could desire, and at five minutes to five, our keel razed the different-coloured sands of the appointed bay. Who has not felt that speaking thrill which pervades the frame, and almost stills the heart, when the object of a long-stifled passion is about to appear before us? a sensation almost like that which we experience when about to plunge into a cold-bath, seeming nearly to arrest the lungs in full play; the memory of an age passes before us in an instant—the nerves are unstrung—the tongue is mute. Before me stood the old block-house, and I paused to contemplate it, lest the joy of this moment, or rather the depth

of these feelings, (for in that lies joy,) should be too quickly flown. With a stealthy step I entered the roofless ruin, where, sitting on a fragment of the wall, book in hand, but looking through one of the embrasures, I beheld a figure wrapt, as D'Aquilar had told me, in a large Spanish cloak. I merely glanced at the little foot, which peeping from the trousers could not conceal its minute beauty, and that was sufficient recognition—no man might ever show its equal ; and, advancing, I addressed her.

“ I believe you are waiting for a boat, sir ?” She turned, and never have I seen a face so very, very beautiful. The rays of an Apollo seemed glowing in her eyes, withal so tender in their every look, you might have thought a breath would ruffle the slight lines that marked their form. As she arose, the delicate complexion of her cheek was succeeded by a blush, far too deep and sensitive ever to spring from anything save the heart of woman. She dared not lift her eyes to mine ; but they appeared roaming for some object on which to fix themselves. Her confusion seemed to increase, and words to be denied, while the crimson glow was so quickly succeeded by complete paleness, that, apprehensive she was about to faint, I took her hand, saying, “ Letitia, do you not know me ?”

Mankind are ever blundering ; instead of averting the dreaded finale to her embarrassment, my words only hastened its arrival, for, looking in my face, she uttered some exclamation of surprise, and swooned.

This was very romantic ; and yet, I neither ran to obtain water in my hat, nor pulled out a pen-knife, which *accident* placed in my pocket, to open a vein, nor, indeed, had recourse to any other remedies, for I had read that youthful hearts full oft recover these things ; and though somewhat alarmed, I did—and I think you, reader, would have done the same—but fold her more closely in my arms, and stole, in the shape of sundry kisses, a glimpse of heaven, that heaven could never miss. It is only in such moments as these that the heart can fathom all its love ; and this short interview informed me more than years of thought or memory could have done. It told me how vainly I had betrothed my passing plight to many, and plunged into the stream of folly ; here was the rock lying at the bottom ;

those the mere waters flowing above it. She revived—I thought too quickly—and reluctantly I was obliged to resign my dear burden to the proper support of her own little feet.

“Dear Manvers—Mr. Cavendish, how are you? Well, I hope—though your appearance does not say so.”

“Thank you, I am very well; but the pleasure of this meeting, and the lamentable tale connected with it, will account for my appearing otherwise. All questions as to your health are answered in your countenance; allow me to congratulate you on the change.”

“But when did you arrive in England, Manvers? Your appearance is so unexpected. Your voice is very little changed—when I heard it, I cannot describe the emotions which it raised.—I would have given worlds to look up.—I did not recognise it, but unconsciously it brought back days—gone for ever!”

She paused, but Letitia was far from wanting in strength of mind, though softness itself in manner. Making an effort, she resumed. “But you are safe, safe from the thousand perils that have beset you, and it is a great consolation to have an old friend near me at such a moment of trial as that awaiting me. You came from Ernest. You have heard his story. What a heart-rending tale! You know it all. Do you wait to take me to him? Tell me—for I can rely on your knowledge and prudence—do I run much danger? Will my discovery injure him?—for myself I have no care.”

“No, Letitia, your discovery could not injure him,” I replied, “nor do I consider there is much danger of any such occurrence; but he would feel the disappointment of your staying away more than we can conceive.”

“Oh! not for worlds would I do so. I will go at any risk; more especially when I consider the possibility of this being the last opportunity of an interview that may occur before the trial.”

Having concealed as much of her face and long-flowing ringlets as possible, we arrived on board nearly at eight o'clock; and I sent a message to the first-lieutenant in order that our interview might take place in the darkness of the middle-deck. A discovery could have done nothing

more than put my commission in danger, and that I held at three straws' value ; so that mine was nothing of the peril, comparatively speaking, with that of poor Letitia, who shook and quivered sadly. The officer came, and I introduced the disguised to him as Mr. George D'Aquilar. Now Mr. Jones (the lieutenant's name) was an elderly bachelor—an admirer of art, I suppose,—at any rate, he was partial to pretty faces ; and whether it was that he caught a glimpse of Letitia's countenance, or that he was taken by the gentle indistinct tones of her voice, or whether some unknown innate feeling told him he was not conversing with one of his own sex, I cannot say ; but of this I am certain, never did I behold one man so civil to another. He bowed and smiled in a manner that might have done honour to a French dancing-master ; and lastly, insisted that Letitia should walk into the ward-room.

For this I was not prepared, and consequently had not cautioned Letitia how to act ; she therefore thought acquiescence her best plan, and faltering forth "Most happy," prepared to follow Tom Jones into the ward-room, where, in a blaze of light, were all the lieutenants and some half-a-dozen strangers from the shore, sitting over their wine. Once uncloaked and unbonneted before them, as she must have been, it was a lost battle, and therefore hastening up to the first-lieutenant, I whispered, "This poor lad is in very delicate health, and the news of the prisoner's fate has been a great shock to all his family. He accepted your offer out of courtesy, but I know he will feel thankful to be excused, and it will oblige me also."

"Oh, certainly," replied Jones ; "I would not press any thing disagreeable for an instant,"—and calling a midshipman of the watch, he gave directions to let us be passed into the prisoner's cell, made his bow, and rejoined his table.

As we walked down into the region below, now half-lit up, with some of the men swearing, others singing, and all adding to the noise incidental to a guard-ship, Letitia shrank to my side dismayed.

"It cannot be here, surely ; it cannot be in such a place as this, that they have confined Sir Ernest D'Aquilar !" But when we paused before the iron-grated door coarsely

whitewashed, near which were chained four or five men in a state of intoxication, and two sentries parading up and down with drawn bayonets, her feelings of horror and disgust seemed to overcome every recollection of prudence, and I dreaded a repetition of her fainting, which would have been nothing near so pleasant in its results, as when occurring in a desolate old block-house. Reminding her that every thing depended on self-possession, she summoned sufficient courage to enter.

Ah ! little do ye know of ships—or that which they contain, ye ladies fair,—whose sole idea of the navy is made up by waltzing with a captain ; and thus having an opportunity of closely inspecting a bright pair of epaulettes, surmounted with crown and anchor, little do ye deem that he who is metheglin to-night can be verjuice to-morrow ! Scarcely do ye imagine the lot of many a tender-hearted little fellow, with fine warm feelings that do honour to the soul, being thrashed, and bullied, and initiated into all that is mean and abhorrent,—of talents wasted—ambition obscured, thrown back upon itself, and he who should have died an honour to himself, and a loss to his country, dropping into an untimely grave—a youthful sot !

Yet so it is : the abuse of institutions may be found every where, and the navy is full of them : like the mountains behind which the sun rises, they longest remain in shadow, and it is only when the orb is near its zenith that they are fully illumined by his rays. To our tale. As Letitia entered, D'Aquilar sprung up to receive her, then checked himself : he advanced not ; too rapidly the painful recollection of his bondage crossed him to allow of his disturbing the chains, whose every clank was equally a pang to us all.

I must own that a throb of jealousy shot across my breast, as I beheld them locked in an embrace, after a separation of two years so fatal in its result—and yet what business had it there ?—She was, or should be nought to me. Banishing the idea from my breast, I left them alone, and retired to think of D'Aquilar's conduct, for there was that in it which seemed most unaccountable. In the first place, he sedulously avoided all mention of Letitia, as if connected with the knowledge of something that wounded

him, and of which I was ignorant ; and then, again, with regard to his own trial, he not only seemed to preclude all hope, but neglected to make any provision against its final result, positively forbidding me to do so, and, moreover, had never communicated the intelligence to a single friend. This he had left to reports which appeared in the public prints. Altogether, his behaviour was most perplexing. But I was led to wait the issue of his trial : should that be unfavourable, I had resolved, without his leave, on exerting the united influence of both our families, to get the sentence commuted to banishment for life : in which case, I concluded it would be equally immaterial whether England became a forbidden place or not, provided his destiny was united with that of the soft being to whom he was engaged.

Having arrived at this point, after a sufficient lapse of time, I returned to the prison, where I found Letitia seated on his chest, crying, while D'Aquilar was gazing through the port-hole on the sea. His eyes also bore traces of weakness, similar to those of Letitia, and the expression on both their countenances carried conviction to my mind that something unpleasant had occurred between them. This was inexplicable : both, however, seemed relieved by my reappearance, and I made no remark.

After a conversation of twenty minutes on some less engrossing subject, the hour of nine arrived—a sad and heavy knell that warned us to depart.

“Loved Letitia !” said D'Aquilar, not daring even to look at the object which he addressed, “how different is this hour from that when last we parted ! But away with retrospection ! how vain ! for me doubly vain ! when the only life that now remains to me is—in futurity :—dread words to breasts of guilt—not to mine : the love which mortality dissevers may be united in a purer form. Yes, Letitia, earth has passed, and life hath all but flitted, yet shall we meet again !” Saying this, he sprang towards her feet, partly embracing her slight but beauteous figure, while his wrung and agonised countenance, streaming with woe, was turned to hers.

It was a sight beyond her strength to look on ; her tiny hands, clasped against the ship's side, supported her head, as it awaited in anguish until this scene were passed.

“Look not away, Letitia,” D’Aquilar continued; “bend but on me that eye, which has lent its fancied light in every scene of danger—and then I have done with mortality for ever!”

“Spare me, O Heaven! this misery,” sobbed the weeping girl, lifting up her eyes, and then extending an arm to the impassioned being at her feet. “Ernest, my heart —”

“Ay, there it is!” he frantically interrupted, pressing her hand to his bosom; “thy heart, my dreamt-of jewel, gone. O that the soul of man should hold emotions leading him to destruction!—Yet look on me once more, Letitia!” She turned towards him for a moment, while the convulsed mouth and tortured brow denoted the intensity of her grief, and then sunk into his extended arms.

The hysteric note of despair—the struggling sigh, alone denoted that aught like life was in the prison.

“Still, Letitia, will you think of me sometimes,” resumed D’Aquilar, after a pause of a few minutes, “when you see that little star as now rising from its watery bed? Will you then imagine that the spirit of one, who, living, was wrapt up in thee, is hovering near? Then think that, like yon solitary speck in the grand waste of heaven, was my life of affection and suffering in the sea of time—however lustrous and sparkling—doomed only to live through the night, and set in mists, beshorn of all its splendour.”

“My dear Ernest,” she replied, looking up for a moment, “’twere vain, even if I tried, to forget aught so noble, generous, and devoted”—and once more she hid her face upon his shoulder.

Another pause succeeded, and again it was broken by D’Aquilar. “My life, this parting were better past for both of us; and though it is but a mockery to offer any mortal present, where I have given my whole soul, still when human hope and human affections no longer agitate my own bosom, I could wish that this last memento of an unfortunate friend should be borne upon your own.” Saying which he took from a case a necklace, and clasped it round the throbbing, unresisting neck, that reposed upon his shoulder; it was of diamonds, with a ruby cross;—“and all I ask in return is, that the last greeting these lips

may take of any human being, may come from thee. Envy me not, Cavendish, mine is the present, thine the future hour."

She gently raised her head; and, pressing his feverish lips to hers, he exclaimed, "Death has no pang to equal this—farewell!" then gently unclasping her arms, he resigned her to my care, and sunk with a convulsive sob upon the bed beside him——

"—— The first lieutenant wishes to know if the visitors are gone," said the sentry, appearing.

"They are now going," I replied, muffling Letitia in her cloak. A wave of the hand from me, and a look from her, followed—she had no power to add more—when the door heavily closed for ever between Sir Ernest D'Aquilar and the object of his heart's devoted attachment.

Little or no notice was excited by Letitia, as we passed on, for the ship's crew had principally retired to rest; and those who observed her tears and faltering step, saw in them nothing more than nature, for she had all the appearance of a boy of fifteen. As we passed the bows where D'Aquilar was imprisoned, we delayed a moment to wave our hands towards him.

By the bright and pensive light of the moon we distinctly observed D'Aquilar return our last melancholy farewell, and then disappear. Slowly the boat moved forward, while the parting scene I had witnessed left me more than ever bewildered. If I were to judge from this, he complained of affection not returned; and yet could any one who witnessed Letitia's grief at parting, come to a conclusion that she did not love him? Then the song from herself, at Naples, came back to my recollection, and I turned to see if any light on this subject was to be had from her. But no; she continued to recline upon my shoulder, and weep on; when, thinking the result could hardly fail to elucidate the present mystery, I resigned conjecture. But what was that result to be?—here a shudder came over me, and, shrinking into myself, I looked towards my lovely companion—while hopes, whose existence I would not confess, threw their cheering rays around my heart. Above me, in the beauteous heavens, was the solitary star that D'Aquilar had mentioned, shedding its own pure light and sparkling in the ethereal

blue, like love in the wilderness of life. I never gaze on it without feeling a strange, unaccountable gush of emotion; and the time, thoughts, and sensations of the hour I am now describing, together with all that has since passed, come back as vividly as in their first reality.

Once more we arrived at the bay from which we had started; and I accompanied Letitia to her uncle's grounds. The scene in which we had participated unhinged us both; and the prospect of losing a mutual friend, naturally inclined our hearts the more to one another. Such, at least, was the reasoning by which I accounted for the warmth of feeling which accompanied the night's adieus. Having promised to be the first and earliest newsbearer of the trial, I consigned her to the servant in waiting, and re-embarked for Portsmouth.

CHAPTER XLVII.

I have marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life, in order to keep the unwary from running upon them. ADDISON.

LONG before daylight did I cast my eyes around my room at the George, repeating to myself, "To-day—to-day!—what coming event is it that oppresses me?—am I to be hung, shot, or drowned?—alas! this is the day of the court-martial,—O somnambulism! why not let me sleep for ever? and can it really be my friend D'Aquilar? what would I give to prove this all a dream!" I turned on my pillow once more; dozed—started—dozed again; ten thousand horrid images crowded on me—till rushing back to life, I plunged my head into cold water, and, examining my chronometer, fumed at the tardy sun that only made it eight o'clock. However, there is no place where time slips away in a more unheeded manner than at the toilet. First, a slight study of the outward man, and then a page of whatever book may be at hand—a reverie—a start—lastly an application of Rigby to your palms—a thought if the keys of your desk are in your pocket—and then a descent on china—coffee-cups.

At half-past nine, I once more found myself with D'Aqui-

lar. He was dressed in his full uniform, and fetterless : in order to make up for which semblance of liberty another sentry had been placed at his door. No one sentence did he breathe relative to the interview of last night. He informed me that he had made his will, and disposed of all his unentailed property : I was about to make some remark respecting his despondency, but he instantly quitted the subject, and made not the slightest further allusion to himself. His spirits were cheerful, and his manners more dignified than usual. At a quarter to ten the sentry entered, to inquire if the prisoner were ready to attend the court.

“ Quite so,” replied D’Aquilar.—“ Good bye.—This packet to yourself, you will open to-morrow. Captain Robert Sawyer very kindly wrote to me from town, some days since, inquiring into the truth of this unhappy business, and offering his services. This is my answer—make my kindest respects to him, and once more farewell.” He held out his hand, and hurriedly turned his face aside.

“ You forget,” I replied, taking it in mine, “ we shall meet again after the court-martial.”

“ True—we shall ; but, as I said before, the present hour is for me, the future is your own.”

The provost-martial entered. D’Aquilar looked at me, and faintly smiled, surveyed his cell for a moment, heaved a strangled sigh, and then accompanied that officer to the main-deck ; where, in the captain’s fore-cabin, was held the court, composed of Sir Hurry Blackchops, as president, and eight captains, as members.

As I followed the prisoner, the comparison between his fine commanding form, and those of many of the officers thronging around, presenting itself, tempted the tongue to curse that sad jade Destiny, for not awarding such a fate to one less worthy of admiration.

The court having been duly sworn in, and opened, the first witness called was Peter Potberry, late boatswain of H. M. S. Vindictive.

As it would be tedious to give the long series of question and answer in court-martial form, and as not even the authority of the president could keep the rude seamen strictly within their bounds, loose as these are, compared

with legal evidence on shore, we shall allow "Jack's" story to stand for itself, as nearly as possible.

"On the morning of — of —, I was standing on the fore-castle, giving directions to my yeoman, as how he wasn't to let the master chisel he out o' any more number sivin duck to make his boy Bill two pair of trowsers, when Tom Callaghan, fore-top-man, told me the captain wanted me in his cabin; so I goes aft, and finds un walking up and down in a reg'lar line. 'Mr. Potberry,' said he, 'get your cat-o'-nine tails immediately, and see that you knot the ends of them, for I'm going to flog Mr. Daggerbar.' 'Mr. Daggerbar, sir,' said I, and I stares at un; 'I'd rather you should cut every bit o' skin off my back, sir, than compel me to raise a lash against Mr. Daggerbar; he's one of the bestest seamen, and the kindest officer in the ship.' 'D—n you, sir!' says he, 'd'ye think I called you here to ax your opinion on the subject? I tell ye he's a d——d scoundrel, and you're anither, and if you don't get your cat immediately, I'm d—d if I don't put you under arrest, and' —"

Here he was interrupted by the president, Sir Hurry, a pompous, little, sharp-faced, would-be aristocrat, more notorious for his liberality in words than any thing else, which words contained nothing worth hearing save their folly, and that was of an odd description. He had an unfortunate knack of twisting every thing he uttered into the greatest confusion, slewing all his sentences and names end-for-end, (to speak nautically,) and one of his favourite sentences was, "That's a most material fact! a most, a most fact material." And he now called Peter Potberry to order, thus:—

"Nay—stay—Mr. Berrypot, mason's-boat."

"An' please you, admiral," interrupted Mr. Grindem, king's advocate, "you—you mistake—Mr. Potberry, boat-swain's mate."

"Ah, ah! truly, yes, that's *very material*. Well, witness, I have to remark that you must avoid the oaths of use, and, and—ehm!—give your purpose more to the evidence."

Now the witness, who was a thorough tar, did not seem to relish this interruption: and moreover, not knowing the admiral's failings, he could not understand him. "I don't know exactly what your honour manes, if ye minds the oath

I took, to speak the whole truth, and nothing else ; but I merely says what the captain said to me ; and if so be, ye see, as that doesn't please your honours, why, I'll thank ye to let me make sail, 'cause I doesn't half like this being a wickedness, where a fellow's words may be chopped and twisted into a yarn to hang a gemman, and a oshiffer like Mr. Daggerbar."

"Stay, sir, stay," interrupted the president, "take care how you infringe upon the dignity of the court; that is a very material point; so proceed."

"I don't want to fringe the dignity of the court, your honour; only there's a wast difference, as ye may say, 'twixt an admiral with an indication, like yoursel', and a boatswain. I only spakes what I knows, and knows what I spakes; where did I shorten sail, little Bobby?"

This last was addressed to a short, thick-set seaman near him, Robert Blackburn, his mate, while the boatswain rubbed his head. "Why, Peter," loudly whispered Bobby, "didn't ye haul up your clue-lines just as the skipper—the captain, I meant to say, was going to disrate ye on the ship's books, my jewel?"

"Ah, bo, true; well, your honours, I'd a mind rather to have my name razeed, and warrant ta'en to light a pipe, than flog Mr. Daggerbar; but then I thought, what would Bess Potberry say to her little ones in Catwater, when she went to draw my pay? So I goes to my store-room and got the cat, and then went into the cabin, with my jacket doffed. Jist as I got past the sentry, I heard the captain hallooing, 'Save me, spare me;' and not knowing which of the two his honour meant, I stood still, thinking in that case I might do both. I had scarcely brought myself to an anchor, when bouse flied the after-cabin door open, and there was the captain, with his own sword stuck through him, and pinned to the panels, like a bat to a barn door."

"Blessth my thsoul!" muttered one of the members, lifting up a metal-headed cane, "whath would Mrs. Humbug have thsaid, to have seen me thso?" and he gave the president a nudge, who, stiffly turning round, said slowly, "Why, Captain Humbug, I opine that Mrs. Humbug would have said that it was *very material*.—Put that down, Mr. Grindem, Peter Berrypot saw the captain stuck through his

own sword, and pinned to his barn-door, like a pat on the banel.

At this ridiculous nonsense a universal titter was heard. "Silence, silence! no laughing: I will have the court of the dignity kept up. Mr. Berrypot proceed."

"Well, your honours, I thought it best to call the sentry."

"Stay, sir, stay; but a few minutes since you were anxious to tell the whole truth; now, sir, you lean to the contrary. Who did you see in the cabin besides Captain Cobbit?"

Here the boatswain hung his head; but being further pressed, said he saw Mr. Daggerbar.

"Oh, oh! Mr. Daggerpot; so we learn now that you saw Mr. Berrybar there; and how was he looking?"

"Like a gemman, sir," said the boatswain; this produced a roar, the heartier for its long suppression.

"Silence in the court."

"Ay, that's what I say—unfeeling lubbers! if they were going to be hung they'd laugh in queerish style, I guess," muttered the angry old tar.

"Truly, witness, I don't doubt the gentility of such a deed, and such a place; but how was he standing—how was he looking?"

"I'm sartain, sir, I hardly minds; but if I don't mistake, he was looking very sorry, and quite struck comical an ye may say."

"Oh! Mr. Grindem, put that down, looking very sorry, and, on the whole, rather comical—*very material* indeed, *very material*!"

"Fothfend may starth, quite thso," rejoined Captain Humbug.

"But, Mr. Daggerpot——"

"Really, president, I must beg your pardon, but you do make such odd mistakes,—there is no such a person in court. Witness's name is Potberry; from that you got it to Berrypot, and now you've got it to Daggerpot. Poor man! he's had a salt time enough of it at sea, without coming here to be *potted*."

"Very, true, Mr. Grindem. Gentlemen of the court, I beg pardon," said Sir Hurry, much offended; "I wish people's names were more rational."

“ So do I, Admiral *Blackchops*,” rejoined the advocate.

“ Now, then, witness, was there any blood upon the prisoner’s person, or did you observe any thing in his manner that would indicate his having killed Captain Cobbit ?

“ As to that, your honour, I knows nothing about it. I went and told the first-leutenant, and never came aneist the place again.”

A few cross questions followed, when James Ramsbotham was called, as having rushed to the cabin with some others when the shriek was heard. He was the sentry. This evidence was but a repetition of what the reader already knows.

Lord Nabbem was then sworn ; and his evidence tended much the same way, saving that part which imputed the opening of the scuttle to D’Aquilar ; and the only important part of his evidence was as follows :—

“ On the morning of ———, Mr. Peter Potberry, the boatswain, came on the quarter-deck, and hurriedly communicated to me that the captain was wounded in his after-cabin. I immediately went there, and found the captain transfixed to his door with his own sword. The sentry and several officers, attracted by his shrieks, had rushed in, and was taking the body down. The prisoner was standing with his arms folded, leaning for support against the captain’s sofa. I did not see his hands, nor, at the time, remark what I observed on the following day, namely, some spots of blood upon his dress. His eyes were fixed as if in horror, seemingly unconscious of what was passing around, and perfectly pale. It instantly struck me that he was the perpetrator of the deed. I looked at him, and asked what was the meaning of all this. He started—made no reply ; but sunk upon the captain’s sofa, which was near him. I then ordered the prisoner into confinement, and gave him in charge to the sentry ; but he was found to be in a fit. The surgeon having examined the body of Captain Cobbit, declared him to be dead. I then directed his attention to the prisoner, when the surgeon sent me a written statement, declaring that Mr. D’Aquilar was too seriously ill to be confined in irons, as the case otherwise demanded. I now consigned him to his medical care, until such time as the danger might be passed and, weighing anchor, I took command of the ship, to the end that we might have the admiral’s orders as soon as pos-

sible ; and having made sail for Rio, we found him lying there. The admiral selected the principal witnesses, put the prisoner under my charge, and sent us home in the Glatton."

Lord Nabbem having been cross-questioned, several others were examined, whose evidence all tended to the same point ; and one William Copperorn gave the following evidence, on being cross-questioned.

"Are you aware, witness, whether the captain's previous conduct to the prisoner was such as to excite any malice prepense?"

The sailor rolled his quid once or twice, gave his waistband a hitch, *more majorum*, and pulling his front lock, answered, with a scrape, "An' save your honour, I don't know what Molly's expense may be."

"I wish the court would refrain from laughing. Witness, I mean aforethought."

This was more perplexing than ever ; and, looking up with simplicity, he replied, "Blow me, your honour, if I knows your meaning. The fore-thawt is in the bows of the boat, whereas ye see the skrimmage happened in the captain's cabin."

"Oh, these sailors ! they are stupid beyond all endurance," said Grindem. "My man, you do not understand the question. Did Captain Cobbit ever do anything which was likely, in your opinion, to raise a wish in the prisoner's breast of killing his captain?"

"Yes, your honour, scores o' times."

At this asseveration the court seemed surprised. But Will Copperorn had been too harshly treated himself to fear any of them. Besides, his one-and-twenty years' servitude had expired six months since ; and three days before, he obtained the first payment of his pension, and he had now determined to leave his Majesty's service, and embark in the mercantile line ; but before doing so, all his shipmates had spirited him up to uncover a few of Captain Cobbit's "black acts ;" and as he conducted himself in his examination, so was he to fare in a subscription which the seamen of the Glatton had determined to raise on being paid off. The iron rod of tyranny had pressed so hard, that the meanest worm had turned, with his mite, to punish

the oppressors ; and, conducted by one who knew what he was about, they set to work in such a manner, that malice could lay no hold of them.

“ Scores of times, sir ! What do you mean ? ” said the president, with his plumes rather ruffled. “ Mr. Grindem, I’ll thank you for a sheet of paper to put that down, for it’s *very material*.”

“ Why, Sir Hurry,” replied Grindem, “ I never bring any paper into court with me, having once been cautioned on that head by Admiral *Sir Isaac Corpse*.”

“ Oh ! ” rejoined Sir Hurry, disappointed ; then turning to the witness, “ explain yourself, sir.”

“ Why, sir, I’ll tell ’e. In the first place, whenever Captain Cobbit thought the men had’nt done as much as he wished, he used to put *sixteen* waters to the grog ; so that ’stead of having a short half-pint to drink, we had more nor a quart. Well, your honour, ’twas impossible for a tar to drink such stuff as that ; so the messes refused to come for it, and away it goes overboard. All the men, in course, thought ’twasn’t right to sarve us in that way ; and four o’ the ship’s company and myself spent the arternoon watch, one day, in reading the Articles of War, as they hung under the half-deck, three times over. And they said all about court-marshall’s, and casheering, and death, and all that ; but ne’er a one of us could no where find a word about starting the grog.”

“ But what, sir, has this to do with the question of malice aforethought ? ”

“ Yes, your honour, I’m coming to that by’m bye. Howsomever, when we found this, we determined next time to go aft, and demonstrate, as we’d been told to do, whenever we had any thing to complain of. The captain didn’t let us wait for it long ; the foretop-men, one night, were ten seconds over time in reefing their taup-sail, so the next day, down come *Sixteen Grog Jack*, as we called the purser’s steward, and says, ‘ My boys, here ye have it ; sixteen waters to day ; but the master says he’s short o’ water, so the captain’s ordered *salt water* instead ! ’ ”

At this a murmur of indignation was heard. “ Blessth my thsoul ! ” said Captain Humbug, “ how my exhalted wife would condemn that proceedingth ! ”

“Put that down,” rejoined his worthy president; “for that is *very material*. Well, sir, proceed.”

“Soon as this was known, your honour, all the ship’s company swarmed forward in the eyes of her; some wanted to take the ship, and make strait for the admiral; some worse: but at last we managed to cool ’em down, and I and Jim Ramsbotham ——”

“Stay, witness, stay,” said the president, in an angry pompous tone; “I veritably suspect, William Copperbottom, that both you and that other witness, Ramshorn, have in your evidence submitted ——. I really wish the gentlemen would refrain from laughing; it very ill becomes the occasion of such a dignity ——. More, I say, much more than is necessary; take care, therefore, how you lay yourself open.”

“Your honour axed me a question, and I’m gidding an answer; but if your honour wishes me to sit down, I’d just as soon.”

“No, sir, the court orders you to give evidence touching the prisoner, and refrain from all other matter as much as possible.”

“Just so, your honour; I’m coming to it. Well, we agreed, when the watch was called, for every one on us to go upon the quarter-deck in a body, and ax to see the captain; and directly as the boatswain’s mate, Bob Blackburn, called the watch, up we went.

“The captain was standing on a carronnade slide, and when he saw us all wait and come aft in two bodies, the starboard watch on one side, and the larboard watch on the other, he turned as pale as death, and springing on the deck, roars out, down the gun-room, ‘Where are the officers? here’s mutiny.’ However, we takes no notice of this, but moors the whole body of us in the line of a crescent, just afore the companion hatch, and all of us lifting our hats and spaking at once, ‘We wishes to spake a word with you, Captain Cobbit.’—‘Spake to me?’ says he, ‘I’ll spake to ye with muskets. Where are the marines?’ ‘Here we are, sir,’ says them, ‘we want to spake to ye.’ Seeing how things were likely to go, he came and stood at the capstan. ‘Well,’ says he, ‘what do you want?’—‘Why, sir, we wants to demonstrate with you; ’cause as how within the

last five months you've started the grog overboard thirty-six times, and now you've mixed it with salt-water. We've been looking, sir, at the Articles of War, and can't see nothing whatsoever about it there, so we've come to ax your honour to show us the instructions.'—'Instructions !' says he, 'you're a d——d mutinous set of rascals, and I order you to leave the quarter-deck directly ; those be my instructions ;'—'cause now his officers were come up round us, and he didn't seem to care so much about us. 'Plase, sir,' says we, 'you told us to come aft, and complain of our grassions, and now you won't hear us. What be we to do? We don't think his Majesty allows his servants to be stop-ped of their grog, unless they'm paid for it; and we haven't touched a farding.' 'What the devil do you want?' says he ; 'Ramsbotham, Roberts, and Copperorn, step aft here.' This he said to three of us who had been speaking ; 'cause the rest seeing as how all talking at once made only a noise, gi'd it up to us. 'Step aft here,' says the captain, 'I'll teach you what it is to become ringleaders ; and you, you little rascal,' seizing Roberts's boy by the arm, 'what business have you here? 'twas only yesterday morning that the first-lieutenant had to flog you ; little rascal, I'll flog you again. Boatswain's mate, tie that boy up.' 'Plase, sir,' says Roberts (the father), 'my boy only came up with the rest; he didn't intend to do any thing wrong.'—'Hold your tongue, you mutinous scoundrel! I'll flog you. Here, seize Roberts up ; carpenters, rig the gratings ; Clerk, fetch the Articles of War.'

"Well, your honour, we didn't know what to do ; we didn't wish to commit a mutiny, so there was no help for it. Roberts was seized up, and the surgeon said he wasn't fit to be flogged, as he'd only just left the sick list. 'It's a lie!' said the captain ; and having read the Articles of War, he proceeded to punish our shipmate. The ninth lash made un faint, and the surgeon demonstrated ; however, 'twas no use ; he had to drink some wine, and the cat was applied again. Three times he fainted ; and then he was taken under the half-deck, and put into a hammock ; and the captain swore, if he heard another word, he'd flog the first man who spoke.

"It was aisy to see all demonstration was no use, so down

we went ; one half of the men voting to take the ship, the others to wait a little ; and the last had it. Next morning Roberts died, and that afternoon he was thrown overboard ; then his son, little Tim, fell sick, and swore his father came to his hammock in the night, and told un this wasn't the place for a son of his, and desired un to leave the ship. Some of the rest of the men also saw the dead father. So the boy couldn't do his work, and the first-lieutenant being sick, Mr. Whatalie, who was doing his duty, had him flogged on the forecastle, and threatened, if he did not do his duty better, he should be flogged again. Next morning he jumped overboard, and said to one of his messmates that his father told him to do so.

“ Well, your honour, the captain still went on flogging away, and the only officers that didn't help him were afraid to say any thing, save Mr. Daggerbar, who didn't belong to the ship ; so several of the ship's company axed un to go and demonstrate with the captain again, and told him that Roberts and his son came on board every night at six bells (eleven), and sat till three bells in the morning watch (half-past one), one, each side of the galley fire, when they vanished, first one, then t'other, up the funnel ; 'cause as how the copper was kept bright by the black-list men. The captain only swore at Mr. Daggerbar, said he'd do as he liked with his own men, refused to forward their request to the admiral for a court-martial, and ordered Mr. Daggerbar to walk the deck for a week, with his sword and cocked-hat on.

That night Roberts wasn't seen in the galley ; but Ramsbotham, who was sentry by accident, suddenly heard the captain unlock his cabin door, and call for a light, saying that some persons were concealed within. On bringing in a light, there was Roberts and his son, one at the head of the captain's cot, and t'other at the foot. The captain he shivered and trembled, but swore he could see nothing ; and swearing at the sentry, turned him out of the cabin, but kept the lantern. Next day, the captain had promised to flog three men, but he let them all off ; and for a month every thing went on very smooth. Roberts and his son were never seen in the galley, and the captain always kept a light in his cabin. At the end of the month they took up

their old station again and told some of the men that they had been demonstrating with the captain, who was going to behave more rashionary, and in course they were now going to leave the ship; but if he went back to his old ways, they'd be at him again.

“ Well, your honour, the night that the captain was killed, the sentry, going into the cabin, found old Roberts sitting at the head of the corpsis, and his son at the bottom, laughing away with all their might.”

“ Well, William Copperbottom,” said the president, very angrily, interrupting him for about the fiftieth time, “ what has this to do with the question put to you ?”

“ Why your honour axed me whether the captain had ever given Mr. Daggerbar cause to wish to shoot him, and I said, ‘ Yes, scores of times ;’ and so he did, not only to him, but to every man in the ship ; but whether Mr. Daggerbar DID wish to shoot him or no, I can't tell your honours.”

It was very clear that the prisoner's name had been made an excuse for bringing this story of the captain's tyranny to light ; and the court having severely rated the witness, they examined Ramsbotham and Potberry, and heard the evidence of Blackburn, the boatswain's mate, with others, a great part of which was rejected, the case for the prosecution closed, and the prisoner was asked what time he wished to have for getting up his defence.

“ None,” he replied ; “ for no defence will be offered to you.”

This was his repeated answer to the suggestions of both foes and friends, and they were at last obliged to clear the court, previous to coming to a decision, much to the regret of some of the junior captains, whose commiseration for D'Aquilar had been excited by the manifest injustice and provocation which he had received.

Both president and king's advocate had been taking down notes during the trial : and they were now handed over to the former, who having scrutinized, in legal form, with his glasses, (which more, however, betokened age in him, than aught besides,) he began the following sum up, in which, whatever was lost in perspicuity, was made up in pomposity.

“ Officers and gentlemen ;—in the present most impor-

tant case, it behoves us more especially to proceed with extreme caution: first, as having to protect the best interests of our highly-honoured profession, and next, to temper the sentence which we pass with whatever mercy is in our power, seeing that the prisoner has indubitably suffered under much oppression.

“Gentlemen!—with your leave, I shall slightly recapitulate the evidence. The witnesses which appear to me to be *most material* are,” (reading from the advocate’s notes,) “Lord Nabbem, Peter Potberry, Robert Blackburn, James Ramsbotham, and William Copperorn. Now, gentlemen, in the first place, we have the evidence of Potberry, to prove that the cabin, at the time of the murder, contained solely the captain, the prisoner, and himself. This, you will recollect, was corroborated by—ahem—by—what’s his name?” glancing at the paper; “yes, this evidence of Blackberry’s was corroborated by Potburn, the chain of which is still more strongly riveted by Ramshorn, and then again slightly by Copperbottom. But to the self of my conviction, no evidence could lead more directly to the point than that of Lord Nabbem. However, not to judge hastily, I beg you will go over the respective evidences of—Blackberry, Pot—Bot—Pot—Burnpot—no, what is it? O yes, Potburn, Ramshorn, and Copperbottom, and—ahem—after due consideration you will be decisioned to come to enable——Positively, gentlemen, your laughing is very ill-timed, I may say indecorous. I should almost be led to conclude from it that I had made some mistake.”

“Imposthible, Admiral Blackchopsth!—Mrs. Humbug’s opinion is, that you are the most correcth of men; and *I* think that your exposthition is mosth luminouth.”

The president bowed to old Humbug’s compliment, and proceeded:—“If, therefore, gentlemen, you should consider the chain of proof of these four witnesses, Potburn, Blackberry, Ramshorn, and Copperbottom,—more especially of the mason’s boat——”

“Boatswain’s mate, president!” said Grindem.

“I beg pardon—boatswain’s mate—so it is. Well, then, touching the evidence of this said mason’s boat:—should you consider all possibility of an *alibi* out of the question, (which, by-the-bye, has never been proved, nor, indeed, any

defence,) and are convinced in your own minds of the guilt of the prisoner, I really don't see how you can come to any other conclusion. If, on the other hand, you should reject the strong chain of verbal—that is to say—oral evidence of said witnesses Blackpot, Berryburn, Copperram, and Blackbottom—no, no—Copperpot, Ramshorn, and Horn—Berryburn——Really, gentlemen,” said the perplexed president, starting up in a perfect rage, “these cursed names are so confounding, that I can make nothing of them. Mr. Grindem, I beg that you will sum up the evidence!” flinging over the notes to the other; when the remainder of his harangue slumbered in death before its birth; and well it was so.

The reader may perceive from the specimen before him, that the speech contained nearly as much nonsense as Sir C. W——’s orations, though not coming quite up to them in the vulgarity of conceptions and simile. Having wrangled and argued until all their heads were aching, and their dinners waiting, they divided; and the president, as might have been expected of him gave his casting vote for the prisoner’s death.

This resolved on, the court was again opened, and the prisoner replaced at the bar.

The president first read the Article of War which had been violated, and then pronounced the sentence.

Every hope had now vanished. Not a single trace of emotion, no temporary absence of the calm self-possession he had hitherto maintained, was visible on D’Aquilar’s countenance. The president was about to dissolve the court, when the prisoner requested a moment’s hearing. He had not troubled them, he said, with a defence; and now only requested as a personal favour, that they would allow him the privilege of addressing a few sentences to them.

After a demur as to the irregularity, the request was granted.

“Loaded, gentlemen, as I am with dishonour,” began poor Ernest, scarcely able from the intensity of his feelings to compel one word to follow another, until the lapse of a few seconds enabled him to master even this evidence of his agitation, “and covered with opprobrium—stripped, like a sapling in winter, of every kindred whom my fame might

glad, or my fall disgrace,—it boots but little now to address a world, whose ceaseless censure has ever been despised, whose judgment will so soon be over. Still, I would not even that the world—mean, despicable, base, and cringing as I have found it—should hold me to be the cold, relentless murderer my enemies would paint me. It would indeed be easy, gentlemen, here to paint to you the first generous glow of ardour with which I entered the service—the hope of glory, and the vow that distinction *should* be mine—the firm determination to devote my energies to the profession I had embraced. All these were quickly chilled—not dissipated; and I might still have been, if not all my ambition hoped, at least unbreathed upon by dishonour, had not my fate been cast with that of a foul tyrant. Gentlemen—you who are both my judges and my jury, what would have been your feelings, if any of your own offspring stood in the situation which has been awarded to me? and yet it might have been so—nay, it is even yet within the possibility of time, for who can guard against oppression? I will not now adduce my testimonials, but belief will be granted me when I say they did me honour; nor till I was lent to H. M. ship *Vindictive*, had calumny the power to breathe upon my name. You know the slight offence for which a disgraceful punishment was to have been inflicted on me; you know that the offence was never mine; but granting that it had been so, how could I have acted? Passion, I am well aware, prompted and executed the deed which led me here; but had weeks been granted me for consideration, what could have been the alternative? A chastisement was threatened me—a chastisement far beyond the offence—which was to stamp my name with eternal infamy—to spread one lasting blush upon my brow, as deep in dye as his heart's blood, that should have washed it clear——.”

Here the warmth of his feelings seemed to carry him away, and he appeared lost to all save his own remembrance; the court was evidently moved in his favour, and listened with deep attention; his old friend the boatswain, in the corner, seemed affected almost to tears, and while his face wore the sullen, determined air of one resolved to bind down his softer feelings, his eye glistened, and the corners of his mouth became slightly convulsed despite of him. When

any sentence more than another seemed to awaken his admiration, he burst forth into an exclamation—"That's fine—there's heliquence," remarks that not even the authority of the provost-marshal could keep within the due bounds of decorous observation.

D'Aquilar continued—"There was certainly one alternative—to wait the deed and purge it with a duel; but then, in thought, my errors would have had a deeper dye. Again, I should have prevented—ay, but how? Where was the retreat from such a tiger's den? It would in truth be a bitter mockery to inform you—all sailors who well know the fact—that I was completely in his power. No arm could come between us—the men, I knew, were ripe for mutiny—that you have heard; but I had a duty to perform to my sovereign. Entreaty—ay, even 'on my knees, that never knelt to any but their God before,' was had recourse to, and that failed. What then remained? Defence—resistance to the last, alone was mine: for the mild sleep of death is better than a life of infamy—though not the death that should have given him a triumph. No—no—no. Ernest D'Aquilar should never have been his second victim, who flew from the fate awaiting him, into the arms of suicide; nor, had time been given me, would I have taken advantage even of the villain I have slain. At least he should have been equally armed with myself; but no, I have to thank my God that no opportunity was afforded me to become a homicide, even in contemplation, though my arm was raised in self-defence. **His intentions** came upon me like the tornado—sudden, overwhelming, irresistible. I yielded to its force, and though some regret arises at my wreck, the choice I made amidst surrounding dangers, fatal as it was, not all the consideration of a prisoner's dungeon has been able to amend. The accomplishment of his designs would have wrung my heart far more than any memory of the past. That might have bowed my spirit to despair—this teaches it to soar beyond."

"Oh, that's fine!" exclaimed the boatswain.

"Defence I would not make—defence is the sad necessity of crime. In me, it was a crime that drew forth my defence, which needs not be defended; nor do I think the letter of the law would bear your sentence out. What say

the Articles of War? 'Any officer, seaman, or mariner in the fleet, who shall draw, or offer to draw, or lift up any unlawful weapon against his superior officer, he being *in the execution of his office*, shall suffer death.' But Captain Cobbit was *not* in the execution of his office. He was acting against the positive order of the Lord High Admiral, which forbids even a seaman—that seaman being a petty officer—to be flogged before he has been disgraced. And here he takes a gentleman, an officer, whose education and rank in life are far above the footing of the poor seaman, over whose interests the illustrious Duke of Clarence so kindly watches, and, without divesting him of his rating, proceeds to flog that officer in a private manner in his cabin: nor even deigns to read the Articles of War, with which he may not dispense in punishing the lowest sweep on board. Can any conduct be more illegal than such a wanton violation? My life is gone—past—flown! a few brief, fleeting seconds scarcely now remain: but had I an immortality of being, it should be devoted, till the last sand were trembling to its fall, in entering my dying protest against the tyranny that disgraces the British naval discipline on every side.

“Why dwell upon this scene? Why fret for such a life, that soonest eats into decay the soul it honours most? Why is it? These scorching tears may tell. Because my bursting heart, but poorly weaned from all the fading glories of the world, will cling, despite of me, to dreams of sunny hours. But I will wrench the feeling from me. To no tribunal have I ever looked, saving my conscience;—that yields me its applause—that says it was a deed necessity impelled—but inclination shuddered at the view. The constituents of my character are unchanged. I might have died a hero, you pronounce it felon—how vain for man to struggle with the woof of destiny! And yet I stand not here alone. How many now drag through a life bowed down with a sense of shame, upon whose broken, lacerated heart the lash has left its withering trace! How many a deed of vengeance has found out the aggressor, or spirits feeling less have mounted life with honour—still, amidst the tinsel glittering round themselves, can find within their core, the bitter memory of such an hour—an aching, ease

can never lull, nor opiate time allay ! Say, then, should Britain permit this open violation of her laws ? I need not tell you that the noblest spirits have the deepest feeling ; if so, how many a burning heart must be excluded from her service, knowing that the arm of wanton power, malice, or revenge, can wield a power like this to crush them ; nor holding forth to their despair one glimmering of retreat, saving in what the world calls murder—but which I name self-defence. While those who truly deserve the thong, and those who could submit to bear it, had better leave a service which their deeds will never honour. My God be praised, that case was never mine ; for I have trod the classic shores of freedom, and nurtured there a spirit which oppression shall but rouse, and scorn in vain assail.

“ ‘Tis still a watchword to the earth—
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head ;
He looks to her, and rushes on,
Where life is lost, but freedom won.’ ”

“ O that's titching—that's fine language, by G——,” sobbed the boatswain, while a tear stole over his lid.

A murmur was heard, but many hearts were too full for speaking, else perhaps D'Aquilar had not been allowed to proceed uninterrupted so long. Smiling faintly on the boatswain, he resumed :—“ This have I done. Though grief may somewhat sadden my poor heart, repentance hath no shade to cast upon my soul. The past has flown for ever, and now impatient claims me for her own. My thanks are yours—the courteous ear which you have lent to me, I will not now detain. I have no more to say !

“ ‘If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee ;
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free ;
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.’ ”

As he uttered this, he drew forth his left hand, which had hitherto been placed in his bosom, when the president exclaimed, starting up in an agony, “ Defend me, gentlemen ! ” for he imagined that the prisoner was about to shoot him : but he wronged D'Aquilar greatly. How shall I express the creeping horror that thrilled through every being, when

first giving a glance towards me, he then applied his hand (in which I beheld something glitter) to his mouth, and swallowed a bright liquid ! Instinctively I sprang to arrest his arm, as did many others, but in vain ; he had quite drained the contents of a phial, which now dropped from his hand, containing the slightest quantity of colourless fluid. A universal shriek burst forth, and then rushed towards him, president and all ; but the Lethean draught had freed him from the thrall of man. Quickly the expression of animation faded from his features, like the flitting tints of evening. The eyelid closed, as if oppressed with torpor, while the brilliant glow of beauty that had before lit up those orbs with more than mortal life, had already passed away. His head drooped upon his shoulder, and he fell into the arms of the nearest by-stander, the assistant surgeon. It might have been imagination, but I thought that I discovered in the latter's face, more of terror which dreads a discovery, than the natural dismay and astonishment such an event would have been likely to call forth.

He supported the body in his arms, and taking up the empty phial applied it to his nose ; then, handing the same over to the surgeon, who was suggesting some antidote, exclaimed aloud, " Quite useless, sir ; by the smell, it is hydrocyanic acid. The pulse is hushed—he's gone."

And was it indeed so ?——Alas !—Before me lay the wreck of beauty, youth, and manhood. The being that wealth had hailed to enjoyment, that rank had heralded to greater distinction, to whom ability promised fame, virtues, esteem ; the world its love ; the fostered bud of many years ; the cherished hope of anxious kindred ; the yet green stem which was to bear a name that centuries had honoured :—all, all, were now annulled ; the pallid, lifeless corpse before me alone remained to realise the whole ; while mortal ignominy, and the veil of shortsighted human obloquy, stood by to shroud even the memory of his worth !

It was one scene of confusion and dismay. Poor Captain Humbug, with tears in his eyes, wringing his hands, recalled his debt of gratitude to the deceased, muttering to himself, " Fothfend my starsth ! Blessth my thsoul ! what would Mrs. Humbug say ?"

" O dear !" rejoined Admiral Blackchops, " this is—this is a most material affair."

The body was removed to the prison, and almost mechanically I followed—his sole friend amid so many hundreds. As I bent towards the face, the strong odour of laurel recalled to my remembrance poor D'Aquilar's strong, and, as it had always appeared to me, absurd presentiment on this subject.

"Surely this cannot be laurel water which he has taken?" I inquired of the assistant-surgeon.

"Oh, no! prussic acid," he replied.

"But it has the scent of the laurel."

"True, there is a great resemblance between highly-concentrated laurel-water and the acid, both in its appearance and effects. Indeed, the hydrocyanic, or prussic acid, is the base of laurel-water; consequently the acid may be obtained from it, as well as several other substances: but it is generally extracted from the same sources as Prussian blue, or common blue-bag, namely, the prussiate of iron, or the prussiate of potash, whence the name."

How much longer the *Æsculapian* might have been pleased to pursue his learned disquisition, I know not; but this I knew, that D'Aquilar was no more, that all my wailing could not bring him back to life, and that my remaining on board, surrounded by the horror that lengthened every face, could only be productive of harm to myself. I therefore resolved to depart: and, fearful lest rumour might outstrip me, took boat immediately for the Isle of Wight.

"Do I sleep?" was my ejaculation, oft repeated, while I dashed my hand upon the gunwale of the boat, as if that would dispel the terrible phantasies, and worse realities, that oppressed my brain. If existence be a sleep, mine was a dreadful dream; but if it be the thing it seems, 'twas something far more horrid.

On inquiring for Miss Carleton, she was too severely indisposed to see any one: but having sent up my card, I was forthwith ushered into her boudoir.

How powerfully does sorrow dispose the heart to love! Nature, in all her maladies, instinctively seeks out the most appropriate cordial? but when the heart has lost a tender shoot, how, like the tree, it directs all its sap to those that still remain! In nothing is this shown more forcibly than in that wretched state of life—the wife and husband

at variance. However deep their hate or rancour, should their offspring chance to die, some fountain of affection in the stony heart springs into life, and both unite to mingle grief upon the bier of buried love. Thus it is through nature, and thus it was with me, when, feeling that D'Aquilar was lost for ever, my affections once more rushed with renewed strength into their old channel towards her whom I had resigned for his sake.

As I entered Letitia's room, and saw her reclining, pale and anguish-stricken, on the sofa, like a lily of the valley beginning to fade—more winningly beautiful from the pity it excites—I felt every fibre of my heart strain towards her, and all the burning emotions of my bosom, which I had vainly endeavoured to dispel, return back, to concentrate themselves in one little spot with tenfold power; often as the necessity of affection had temporarily attached me to some fair object, I was assured that I had never loved truly until now. Could I have done so without appearing rude, I would have stood on the threshold, and mutely dwelt upon the sensations of that moment—have analysed that ruby drop of Heaven's elixir, ere falling, it had mingled its essence with the waters of life and,—diffused over their space,—diluted its ethereal aroma with their vapidness.

But fortunately all people have not the same degree of intensity: and I could not stand gazing at the door with any better grace, reader, than I can delay thy progress; I therefore advanced, and taking a seat, felt rather perplexed as to my further proceedings.

“How relieved I am by your coming, Mr. Cavendish! The night had nearly set in, and I began to fear that I should not see you until to-morrow,” said Letitia. “How did you leave poor Ernest?”

“He—is—perfectly—calm—and tranquil,” I replied.

“But tell me, tell me, and let me beg of you to forbear deception: have they condemned—have they found—him——?” she could not bring herself to say the fatal word; and struggling to express her meaning, added, after a slight pause, “Is he sentenced?” When taking my hand between hers, she looked at me as much as to say, “I must know the whole.”

“That, poor heart!” thought I “thou could'st not bear!”

and hiding my hesitation as much as possible, I replied that he was.

“ Oh ! ring the bell, then, that I may inform my uncle. He promised, should such be the result of the trial, to start immediately for town, and use his interest to get a pardon.

I had no alternative. His lordship entered the room ; I was introduced to him for the first time ; and suggested the propriety of discussing so delicate a subject alone. We retired, and I communicated to him the deplorable catastrophe.

That Letitia would be unable to hear the truth with safety at present, was obvious to us both. His Lordship promised, therefore, to provide against the possibility of its reaching her by accident ; and, under pretence of a reprieve, and the fever which D'Aquilar's sentence might be supposed to bring on, invent some tale that should prepare her for the truth.

I then returned to Letitia, and, pressing her fair fingers to my lips, breathed a prayer on them for her happiness ; and departed, amid a greater conflux of emotions than I had ever before experienced.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Every good novel has one great end ; the same in all, namely, the increasing our knowledge of the human heart ; and it is thus that a novel-writer must be a philosopher. Whoever succeeds in showing us more accurately the nature of ourselves and species, has done science, and consequently virtue, the most important benefit—for every truth is a moral.

“ PELHAM.”

PERCHANCE the reader may have some slight recollection that Chapter XXXIII. concluded with the forcible capture of Cleanthe Canduretti. Perchance also, his or her interest in the fortunes of the lovely modern Greek have not altogether subsided ; if so, a further perusal will enlighten him on that head.

Of course, reader, after the specimens you have had of my moping melancholy, you are prepared for a sorrowful finale. Something very horrific, or—but I will not coquette with thy feelings—read and see.

The heart that most acutely feels a petty grief, is not always affected in proportion by a heavy affliction. This stuns

too much, to let its depth of woe be felt at first ; but, ah ! there is an awful revulsion ; and after a short space, the blow deferred but falls the heavier.

When returning sense recalled Cleanthe back to all the miseries of existence, despair benumbed her with his icy hand, and she scarcely heeded that her cabin was provided with all the comforts attention could bestow, and menials proffer. The Albanian chief having thus disposed of his charge, returned to the deck, where they were crowding all possible sail, to avoid being overtaken by the Calliope, which vessel they now perceived at no great distance in eager pursuit. The course they steered was direct for Napoli di Romania ; and on rounding the point of land which shut them out from the pursuing vessel, they hoisted a red flag, and fired a gun. On the instant a Greek vessel of the same size and rig, and under the same quantity of canvass, was seen to leave a neighbouring bay, and steer in the self-same direction as that which the pirate had been pursuing. The latter immediately shortened sail, and ran in for the land, leaving very little save her bare masts to be seen, while evening closing around, still more favoured the stratagem. In a few minutes four men descended from the Greek vessel, into a boat alongside, and, hoisting a small sail, made for the shore, quickly becoming lost to sight amid the rolling waves.

They had barely escaped, when the Calliope, under all canvass, came in sight ; while the Greek brûlot, (for such she was,) whose helm had been lashed and train set on fire, began to “ yaw,” first in one direction, and then in another. The Calliope now gained on her rapidly ; and had approached within a quarter of a mile, when the train communicated its fire to the magazine, and left her pursuers, like Lord Bathurst, “ labouring under AN IDEA,”—not more than *one*, and most deplorable throes does he endure thereby—that the pirates, with Cleanthe on board, had blown themselves up to escape capture. It was with the greatest glee that the Greeks, now close under the land, beheld the success of their deception, and the utter inability of the Calliope to pursue them any further, from the ill-timed impetuosity of her commander.

Leaving her to the fate which the rising gale already

threatened, they pursued their former course, unseen, to Napoli di Romania, where they anchored shortly after midnight. At an early hour on the next morning, Cleanthe was placed in a boat, and taken on shore. With feelings of terror, she gazed upon the fortified heights of the Palimede, and beheld the wretched, miserable appearance of a Greek town. Looking from that upon the bay, her eye was, however, gladdened by the sight of the many floating forts, whose well-appointed appearance, and blue flags, proclaimed them the property of those lords of the ocean—the English.

Turning to her Greek attendant, she inquired whither they were taking her ; but the menial stared sullenly in her face, and remained silent. On landing, she was placed upon a mule ; and, still guarded, began slowly to ascend the Palimede. Having reached its summit, after interminable windings, she felt in no slight degree relieved by the appearance of the national Greek costume, which set aside the idea of her having fallen into the hands of the Turks.

Still every thing was wrapped in perfect mystery : her thoughts were dulled by deep misery, and could trace no reason for this conduct. Once, indeed, a suspicion, somewhat allied to the truth, came over her mind ; but with the hope, that it might be false, it was instantly dispelled. Sufficiently mean in appearance were the whole of the houses forming the quarters for the officers of the garrison ; but into the best of these Cleanthe was conducted.

Short was the time she had to wait. The door of the room where she was sitting, opened, and an Albanian chief, whose age might be nearing fifty, entered, bearing in his hand a letter. His face bore all those characteristics of manly beauty for which his nation has been so famed ; but it was a beauty deformed by the deadliest passion.

“ Abandoned child ! do you not know the being you have disgraced ? ” came forth, in a voice trembling with rage, but in which might still be traced some slight quivering of affection.

“ My father ! O my father ! ” cried Cleanthe, recognising in that sound the parent whose name she had sullied ; “ say, do you forgive me ? ”

“ Never ! ” he returned, spurning the gentle creature from his feet. “ No, ” he continued, “ the door of mercy

has been closed for years, ay, from the very hour in which your folly and depravity allowed a villain to lure you from the protection of my friend. Nay, never try to fling your wanton arms around my neck, nor kiss my hand, nor strive to weep me into softness! Guilty, despicable thing, thy very touch will sully a Canduretti. Go, renounced for ever as a child of mine! Ere this, the shark has fed upon your paramour; and for yourself, a life shall not atone for these few years of guilty pleasure—ay, a life of hardship, seclusion, and repentance, shortening a path of sorrow to the grave!” Dashing her from him, the unhappy chief departed, having marred, by this unforgiving harshness, even the few hours of enjoyment which fate had thrown in his way, and knitted her more than ever to her seducer.

On reaching the esplanade before his dwelling, he was accosted by a young man, habited in the Albanian dress. “Chief,” said the latter, addressing Canduretti, “I have now accomplished the task which I undertook; I have recovered your daughter from the Englishman, and I come to claim the promised reward—her hand, from yourself.”

“Washington,” (for ~~it was~~ he who in disguise had succeeded in gaining her,) replied the other, “I have been attentively considering the subject of which you speak, and am convinced that though I were to give her in marriage to yourself, still the hand of scorn would fall upon her,—still the tongue of calumny would say, ‘Is not this the daughter of Canduretti, who basely gave herself to be the toy of an English stranger?’ O no! I cannot bear it. Her fate is sealed; some unknown corner of the globe must hide her while alive—and entomb her when no more. Once absent, memory will soon forget to blast my name with her existence.”

“And for me, chief, what is left? I who have ventured limb and life in this service, and relinquished into your hands the prize I have fairly gained—am I thus to forego the only joy which urged me forward? What is left for me?”

“The same as for myself;” replied Canduretti, “forgetfulness.”

“I tell you, Canduretti, I cannot, will not forget—else had I forgotten ere this. Give her to me; I will bear her to my

native country, to the free and glorious plains of America, nor shall one being know her follies, nor her name, nor aught save the virtues which her heart can still display."

"What, then—and is it you—you who bear the illustrious name of Washington, who would take to your bosom the contaminated being which the unholy love of another has polluted? Tut, man, the kiss upon her lip will be too rank of other mortals' favours."

"Eternal furies!" returned Washington, the deadly colourless hue of rage overspreading his sunburnt features, "do I hear a father thus taunting me with a daughter's frailties? Canduretti, you are a villain—you meditate giving her hand to another! No feeling for the disgrace of a name she has not tarnished half so deeply as yourself, withholds her hand from me—from one who loves her too dearly not to forgive a fault into which the affection of her heart has hurried her, a fault into which the most sincere of her sex are the easiest betrayed. I have thought, dreamed, lived upon the burning sorrow *that* memory has impressed; but I cannot tear her image from my heart, and am still, therefore, willing to cherish herself, and woo her with affection back to virtue. By heaven, she *shall* be mine!—Ay, proud chief, your lip may curl, but think you the hand that tore her from a lover's arms, cannot win her from a pitiless father's clutch?"

"Are you mad?" retorted Canduretti. "Away! leave the fort this hour—this instant—or to-morrow's sun shall rise upon your corpse. Ho! there, guards! away with this fellow, or spill his blood upon the sand."

Washington's yataghan was half unsheathed, but he thrust it back, exclaiming, "No,—I will live for vengeance, deep, implacable vengeance! False traitor, we shall meet again!" then waving his hand, he turned and left the fortress.

As Washington's connection with the party of Canduretti had been kept a profound secret, he now determined on returning to his own (that of Gracchus), and aiding more heartily than ever in the overthrow of his perfidious enemy, who, as he guessed, did in reality intend that his daughter's hand should be bestowed upon some personage of greater power than a friendless American. It required very little to spur

on the Gracchi to a downright rupture, and a pretext was soon found or formed. Canduretti had obtained possession of the Palimede upon condition of surrendering it up again very shortly; and, instigated by Washington, the Gracchi now demanded the promised evacuation. This was refused—when war was declared between the inhabitants of the town and the occupiers of the fortress.

For the information of my readers, I will just pause to observe, that the town of Napoli di Romania is built on a low piece of rocky ground, gradually declining at one point into a marsh, very little above the level of the sea; while, on the other side an almost perfectly perpendicular cliff, surnamed the Palimede, “like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.” And well might it be called a bully, for, crowned with a fortress which was deemed impregnable, the garrison could fire down on the town without let or hindrance; and this they, with true modern Grecian magnanimity, at once proceeded to do.

On a little hill jutting into the sea, Washington* had erected a temporary battery of two guns, which he elevated sufficiently to bear upon the enemy’s fort, and these he served himself! We happened to be lying off the town at the time, and from the Talthorpe’s quarter-deck could behold to perfection, the whole of the skirmishing, which lasted for many days.

The contest was, as the reader may suppose, full of intense interest, when we could see the progress of the shots through the air, and watch where they struck: Washington exposed himself with the most reckless bravery, and on the last Sunday of its continuance, we observed him firing away as usual; but, to all appearance, though death hissed past with every ball, still slaughter would not choose him.

On the following Monday morning, I was watching the scene, when a shot struck one of his two guns, and the men immediately fled. Calling them back, he made them load and train the other, when they retired again. After taking one final look along the sight to perfect his aim, he waved his hand with the lighted match above his head, and fired. The enemy returned the shot, and he fell: his friends lost no time in carrying him on board the Asia, for medical as-

* The following sad scene occurred in the commencement of the year 1827

sistance, but he had already passed beyond that stage. In the agony of death he breathed forth many and bitter curses on the land of his birth, from which he was an unwilling exile. When on the very point of expiring he seemed to recollect something, and desired the assistant-surgeon to search for his purse. It contained solely a lock of hair. "Is there nothing else?" eagerly exclaimed the dying man, pressing the hair to his death-parched lip. "Nothing," returned the assistant. "Perdition seize those Grecian thieves! it is stolen—stolen for the paltry gold; but ———" he endeavoured to raise his head and explain, when sinking on his pillow he expired.

We must now return to Percy, whose men, seeing how unfit he was to command them immediately carried him below to his cabin, while the master succeeded in getting up some spare spars as jury-masts, and spreading on them what canvass they could, ran for the nearest port, which chance determined to be Napoli, the same to which Cleanthe had been carried. Overcome with the shock, for many days he confined himself entirely to his cabin; but such a spirit as his, could not long remain inactive; and, casting away his lethargy, as a man at morn flings off his nightcap, he became as furiously active as he had before been inert. In a fortnight, the *Calliope* once more swam upon the ocean all a-taunto. With the death of Washington, the enmity, or at least the firing, between the *Palimede* and town ceased; when several of the English officers wished to walk over the fortress, and see what damage it had sustained from the American's battery. The *Calliope* was to sail on the morrow: and they were now employed in receiving on board a fresh stock of powder, when Percy was asked to form one of the party.

Glad to have some other object to divert his thoughts, if only for a few hours, he consented, and we all set off. One of our midshipmen, with that characteristic instinct which all "young gentlemen" (I allude solely to the navy) possess, espied, at an open lattice, what he termed "a devilish pretty face." In an instant the whole party, who were examining a trench, faced about, except Percy, who did not appear to have heard this tocsin. "Ah! she's gone," continued he who first observed her,—and the party moved on. But a pretty wo-

man, I find, is not to be easily forgotten, more especially in Greece, where they are so rare ; and in returning we halted, seemingly by mutual consent, near the aforesaid window, to see if another glance was not to be obtained. Much to our astonishment, we perceived a billet flung out from it towards the spot where we were standing. A general scramble ensued, which nearly demolished the prize,—while a young lieutenant, who gained it, was considerably disappointed as his eye traced the superscription—

“Why, Drinkhardson, this is for you. What a cunning dog you must be, to stand there as unconcerned as if you knew nothing of the matter.”

“Eh ! what ?—for me ! surely you mistake,” answered Percy, starting from a half-finished reverie.

“Is it a mistake ?—I wish it were ; but see !” and the lieutenant handed the note over to its right owner.

“Where, in the name of heaven did this come from ?” Percy exclaimed, in a tone of earnestness that made his hearers start.

“Ah ! how very quickly your apathy flies off,” returned the lieutenant. “It came from that window, which I should think you know.” To this the other made no reply, but eagerly read the contents which were as follows :—

“Dearest Percy—I am a prisoner in my father’s house, by whose command, it appears, I was torn from you. Do not linger under my window, it will only draw down suspicion. I rely on your wit to plan my escape ; and you may safely confide in the eternal attachment of your Cleanthe.”

Folding the note up, Percy hastily walked away, and commenced talking on an indifferent subject.

Seeing some loaded mortars on the ramparts, and many of us never having seen a bomb fired, we were anxious to seize this opportunity of gratifying our curiosity, for which purpose we accosted the creature who appeared to be officer of the guard, and who introduced us to Prince Canduretti. After some little consultation we agreed, as the sight would be more beautiful by night, and as they were rather short of *materiel*, to return on the third evening from that day, which would be Thursday, when we were to be gratified.

Here was an opportunity for Percy, than which none could be better, as the invitation of course included him. Prince

Canduretti never having seen Percy, concluded from beholding him in a naval undress jacket, that he belonged to some ship of the squadron. Had he known him as the author of his child's dishonour, a musket-shot would, in all probability, have terminated both life and love together. Fortunately, he knew nothing of the matter, and Percy reached his ship in safety, to devise some stratagem for carrying off, once more, this modern Helen.

After being closeted with Lambrino, his Greek interpreter, for half an hour, that crafty personage was sent on shore to inform Cleanthe that she must hold herself in readiness to leave the chamber in which she had been seen, by the window, at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, when every means of escape would be provided.

Now Lambrino had both gold and wit—how, therefore, was it possible that he should fail?—On the evening appointed, Percy went to the fort, accompanied by a dozen of his men armed, and dressed in the Greek costume, who, mingling in the assembled throng, were unnoticed. Percy waited until the first shell had been fired, and then threw a pebble against Cleanthe's lattice—it was opened by herself. To fling up the ladder, and hook it to the low window-frame, was but the work of an instant. With a firm step she hurried down—and Percy, flinging a large Grecian capote around her, they speedily quitted the Palimede,—while the sentinels, with their accustomed discipline, had all deserted their posts, to witness their superiors' amusements. Four of the seamen preceded, and the remaining eight anxiously followed this pretty pair—and on they sped, while every noise above them conjured up to their imagination the discovery of their flight, and the possibility of a rescue.

Still they had a considerable space to travel, when a continued shouting, and the glare of flambeaux in all directions of the citadel, announced that their escape was no longer a secret. “Now, my men, now or never—ten pounds for each of you if we succeed,” cried Percy, encouraging his sailors; and taking up the light form of Cleanthe in his arms, they proceeded to scamper along as fast as their powers permitted. Too plainly were heard the sounds of feet on the rocks above; still they paused not, but pursued their way with all haste, until voices close at hand warned them of immediate capture.

“Thompson,” cried Percy to his quarter-master, “take one of your seven men, and place him in the centre of the rest, muffled up in this shawl,” snatching from Cleanthe’s neck one, whose light colour bespoke it to be the garb of a female; “pretend it is this lady you are bringing along— attract their attention—and gain the furthest boat lying at yonder point. The moment after you embark, start down the gulf; never fear, I will manage to pick you up. I shall have a light at each mast-head—off you go!”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the seaman, flinging Cleanthe’s shawl round the head of some rough-bearded shipmate, who minced away as if he had been made of the most tender materials, highly delighted at having to play the woman.

Scarcely had they started, and Percy succeeded in screening his party behind a rock, when down rushed the enraged Greeks, their yataghans drawn, and Canduretti at their head, shouting in Arnaout, “Yonder they fly! speed my men! cut them all in pieces! save the daughter of your chief! and use no pistols!” Percy waited till the Greeks were passed, while Cleanthe, trembling, clung around him; then silently and swiftly leaving his retreat, he succeeded in gaining the boat without observation. With heart and nerve his men gave way, until they reached the Calliope’s side, and having given the countersign, Cleanthe once more found herself secure, in the protection of her lover, from a father’s vengeance.

The ship had been put under weigh before they reached her; they now hoisted the lights, prepared for quarters, and somewhat tardily stood down the gulf, to allow their second boat to reach them. Anxiously they listened—not long in vain. “Calliope ahoy!” was soon heard astern, in Thompson’s voice. Having shortened sail, they received their shipmates on board, and hoisting up the boat, once more proceeded.

Four of the men had been wounded, while the shawl-bearer still retained his mantle at the expense of his face, the beauty of which was considerably diminished by a hideous sabre cut, the enemy having discovered the deception, which nevertheless had answered every end. However, ten pounds smart money was so much more than they would have obtained in H. M.’s service, and the grog-

can soon obliterated all unpleasant remembrances. Fortunately the Calliope had been well stored with provisions the week before, and orders were now given to shape the course direct for Malta.

During the time that Cleanthe had been detained by her father, Percy had enjoyed full leisure to reflect on the connection existing between them. It was impossible not to notice the humid eye and quivering lip, at moments when she deemed herself unseen—passing away, it is true, at the tone of Percy's voice, but still bespeaking some inward care. If questioned as to the cause, the utmost that ever escaped, was a fear lest his love might diminish. None could fail to observe how she shrunk from the gaze of a stranger, while all her feelings testified a sense of self-abasement.

Thus situated, Percy knew that he could never enter into society, at least with her; and, added to the reluctance which he felt at allowing so beauteous a flower to bloom unseen, he was visited with compunction at the grief of a heart that had sacrificed every thing for him. Much of that feeling which it is the doom of libertines to possess—the sense of insecurity in a wife's discretion—had worn away; a recurrence of the scenes which occasioned it had ceased—the folly of youth was also in a great measure subdued; and these various causes acting together, induced him to make all the reparation in his power to her, on whom his love had entailed so much misery and bitterness.

“Cleanthe, my little love! I am sure you are unhappy,” was his exclamation, as abruptly entering her cabin, he one day found her in tears.

“How can that be, dearest Percy, when you are near me?”

“I cannot tell you *how* it is; but the fact is plain. Come, confess; what can I do to increase your enjoyment?”

“Nothing, Percy.”

“Art sure of that?”

“Quite.”

“What say you to becoming my wife?”

Cleanthe started; the blood flew to her fair cheek, and flinging her taper arms round his neck, she looked artlessly into his face: “Is it really so?”

“Positively, love.”

“Then I need wish for nothing more on earth save life and thee.”

On arriving at Malta, a bilious, liver-coloured, jaundiced-looking rascal, named Quarantine, stared them in the face ; and knowing that no cockney is half so good a pickpocket, they became frightened at his aspect, and merely delaying a sufficient time to take in provisions, they once more set sail for that isle of loveliness and freedom, chalky Albion—

Where the women are fair as the snow of their clime,
Where the sages make love, and the monkeys make rhyme,
Where the newspapers find a Crim. Con. for each day,
And beauties steal hearts every night at the play.
While bricklayer methodists gabble and squeak,
On the sins thus committed six times in the week :
Where each rascal 'scaped hanging for murder or arson,
Is sure to succeed as a methodist parson ;
'Tis the clime of John Bull, where the taxes oppress us,
And Boroughbridge knights would refuse to redress us,—
'Tis the land where old make an uproar,
And squeak when they're beat, as each dog and each pup roar.
'Tis the land which made Arthur a soldierly Duke,—
Can he smile in the face of the nation's rebuke ?
Or still teach the paupers who gave him his wealth,
That Union starvation is good for their health ?
Or forgetting his share in poor Badajos' plunder,
On Birmingham riots pour out all his thunder ?
O brave pottle-statesman who ruined thy party,
By post-prandial speaking a little too hearty ;
Forget all thy blunders, sage light of the halbert,
And take thy revenge on the Q—— and Prince ——.

On their arrival in England they were *not* married in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, but at their hotel, the name of which I would give you had I not forgotten it. I shall only say now, that marriage was far from diminishing their happiness ; and when I last had the pleasure of an interview, they informed me of their intention shortly to revisit the Morea, for the purpose of effecting a complete reconciliation with the prince, who being now arrived at more considerable power, would of course make it over to his son-in-law ; while the latter, by the determination of Prince Leopold not to be *Greeked* by the Tories, had a very fair opportunity of becoming the sovereign of the sunny isles that crown the Ægean deep.

“Should you,” said I, with a face of grave diplomatic stupidity, that Aberdeen could barely have surpassed, “‘realize this hypothesis,’ you will indubitably immerge the unkingly portion of your nomenclature in the profound depths of the Mediterranean sea ; when, by a slight alteration, Perseus of Greece would be a sufficiently royal and euphonical designation for his Hellenic Majesty.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Now fore and aft having abused them,
 And all for my fancy and jig ;
 Could I find any one that ill-used them,
 D—— me, but I'd tickle his wig.
 Jack never was known as a railer,
 'Twas fun every word that he spoke,
 And the sign of a true-hearted sailor
 Is to take and to give a good joke.—DIBDIN.

And I have loved thee, ocean, * *
 * * * *

For I was, as it were, a child of thee.

CHILDE HAROLD.

How many turns has life ! one immense labyrinth, through one of the paths of which I must beg the reader to come back with me.

After taking my leave of Letitia, I re-embarked for Portsmouth, and having landed at the Point, was proceeding to my hotel, when my arm was grasped by some stranger. It was a female : pretence and faded finery were in her garb, while sorrow, and the haggard lingering remains of beauty sat upon her cheek. At the moment of her accosting me, I had been pacing along, torn by every species of blue-devilism. No one could be, or should be, or had any right to be, half so miserable as myself. I had no sooner cast my eyes upon the poor Cyprian, than my discontent instantly vanished. Thank heaven ! this is a state into which I can never fall. “Stranger, I am almost starving !” was uttered in a low, soft voice that thrilled through me, while the snowy hand upon my arm might well, indeed, have shaken the saintship of an anchorite. I gave her a sovereign, and was about to move on, when the glare of a lamp fell on my face. The stranger uttered a shriek, and started ; then

passionately clasping my hand, exclaimed, "Cavendish, can it be you?"

Judge of my horror and surprise, when in this erring child of squalid poverty, I recognised Mrs. —, of Malta.

Captain — had turned out a most passionate, heartless creature, and after innumerable squabbles, he refused to marry, and then finally deserted her. She had been here three weeks, and was now utterly destitute; her only desire was to reach her friends, who lived on an estate in the neighbourhood. I had very little money in my pocket; but stepping into the nearest shop, I wrote a draft for fifty pounds on the back of a letter, and giving her that and a couple of pounds more, to support her until it could be sent up to town for acceptance, I took my leave, though not without some desire to ask her to sup with me; but the recollection of all her fondness and attention by my sick-bed came back, and excited, despite of me, those kindly feelings in my heart, which made me loth to trust myself.

No sooner did I awake the next morning than, drawing aside the curtain, I took D'Aquilar's packet from under my pillow, and broke it open. The contents were Letitia's miniature, and the letter from himself. Having worshipped the former, *more amantium*, (after the manner of lovers, ladies,) I proceeded to read the letter, and if you, reader, would like to look over my shoulder, behold it here.

"DEAREST MANVERS,

"Destiny has poured out the contents of her last phial, and, though I know not how to believe it, they make up the sum of self-destruction here and hereafter——peace, I hope. At any rate, it is to immortality that I must bow—but to my fellow-clods of clay—never.

"Long before you read this, my doom, of good or evil, will be fixed. Then why dwell on it any longer? In life you have known me your friend: nor in death will you find me less.

"Strangely, indeed, has our lot been mingled. As memory retraces the past, regret suggests, had not this step been taken, or that chance occurred, how different would have been the result! 'Curious fool, be still.' Man, throughout his whole existence, cannot find one action, however trifling, that does not, or might not, sway his most momentous era. Thus, had I been looking on the opposite side of

the street when Captain Humbug passed, I might not have gone to South America, nor become a homicide—a suicide. So, with the greatest of us, some thought or look—some moment lost or gained, might change the current of our lives—if life were one blind hazard : but it cannot be : man is by nature impelled to his utmost ; but whither that may tend it is not given him to know.

“ My actions have always been what I considered right. Behold, where am I ? *You* have not done more, and yet——. But I did not intend to have said any thing further about myself. I wish to mention one equally dear to us both—Letitia.

“ I have been greatly consoled to think that the generosity of your sacrifice for me will in some measure be repaid. Little did I imagine, when asking your assistance in securing Letitia’s hand, that I bound you down to forego your own happiness. I can only rejoice that this was not fated to take effect.

“ You will recollect, that in my letters to yourself, I spoke of Letitia’s love as kind, but sisterly and cold. Grieved as you may believe I was, it soon occurred to me that her affections were either set on another, or that she viewed her future husband merely as a friend.

“ Tormented by this idea, I had recourse to a lady, a mutual confidante, whom I urged to obtain the truth, and lay the proofs before me. With this agreement I set sail for South America. Very little time elapsed before I received ample evidence in Letitia’s hand-writing, that her heart had ever been more inclined to another than towards myself ; but that a sense of duty to her mother, and the fact of her affections never having been sought by him to whom they had wandered, induced her to fulfil an engagement she had not entered into herself. These letters, which our friend extorted from Letitia, I now enclose ; and from them you will gather, not only that her love is bestowed upon another, but that the possessor of such a treasure is yourself.

“ Being convinced of this, I naturally recalled to my mind in what manner you had always expressed yourself towards her ; when, one by one, some word, or look, or deed, came to remembrance, assuring me that by you her affection was not unreturned. Then what right have I to stand between them ? was my natural self inquiry. None !—and I had de-

terminated on writing and placing these things before you, when I was lent to the Vindictive and—and—but no matter—the sequel you already know.

“ I will not say that it was alone the desire to forward your happiness which prevented me from saving myself, for that were untrue to nature, and false in fact ; but it was the consideration of how blank would be the desert of life, when deprived of her with whom my every thought was so associated ;—how many years of suffering were in store, ere I could teach my soul forgetfulness, that determined me at once to close the scene. Its deepest pangs are past—my last breath is for your twin happiness—and let your thoughts of me be as for one at rest. Grief is a feeling barren of any good ; and as you loved me, never let a shadow of it be flung upon the memory of your ill-starred but devoted friend,

“ ERNEST D'AQUILAR.

“ Inclosed with Letitia's letters you will see her miniature ;—the most valuable gift in my possession. Accept it from me.”

Accompanying this sad *eclaircissement*, were the epistles alluded to, which gave my modest retiring self to understand what, *of course*, I had never glanced at, namely, that Letitia Carleton was, &c. &c. As, however, my beloved reader, I have not the vanity to suppose that they will either interest or amuse thee, I have omitted the same ; and as I laid them down after a perusal, I acquiesced in the truth of the remark, that there is no fiction so romantic, and few more sad, than life.

* But little more is now left, with which your autobiographer has to deal. D'Aquilar was beyond the reach of mortal punishment ; and the body having been submitted to a coroner's inquest, they pronounced, that “ anguish of mind had produced insanity in the deceased, during which he terminated his existence.” It then became my care to consign his remains to their parent mould, while a few figures on his marble slab proclaim, that he died in youth, and in the fullest promise of maturer years.

The remainder of the evidence being hushed up as soon as possible, the ship was paid off, and put into ordinary ; while three of the officers retired on half-pay for life, and were ordered never to apply again for employment.

Captain Humbug's ship, the Welladay, was soon paid off also, and he retired on full consequence and half-pay, to end his days in obscurity and the West of England—laughed at by his friends, henpecked by his wife, and esteemed for his warmth of heart by me. Having bought a house and pleasure-grounds, and sunk a large washing-tray before his windows, to swim a punt; cut down a splendid yew-tree, near the same, to plant a trumpery flag-post, which he surrounded with some government swivels;—I say, having committed all these enormities, and many more, the old fellow set sail for that further world—which Columbus did *not* discover,—rather suddenly one morning, having—it is gently whispered—been somewhat too severely cuffed by the *esthimable* Mrs. Humbug. So said rumour; but I could ne'er believe the tale, because she gave him a splendid monument, and put over him a tombstone so heavy, that the poor old admiral has never been able to get under weigh since.

D'Aquilar's faithful friend, the sentimental boatswain, was, at my solicitation, appointed to a first-rate, building at Plymouth. The name of the assistant-surgeon of the Victory I afterwards observed in the papers, as having retired from the service and purchased a large practice in the West End. To him D'Aquilar had left all his unentailed property. Methinks you found a handsome market “good apothecary.” “To myself, I said—And if a man did need ———”

With regard to my most respectable father, he flourished like a “green cedar”—though Portman-square is not the place where they grow to perfection—and continued daily to anticipate the death of his elder and childless brother, the Marquis of ———, and nightly to give his vote and speeches in the House of Corruption. I need not say, that the speeches breathed the purest spirit of patriotism—and sinecures; nor that, when horrible members opposite spoke of Reform, he *wished* it also; but *this* was not the moment;—besides many other assertions, bounteous in all save truth, and many internal and firm convictions, that if reform did take place at this moment—he would lose all his rotten boroughs. What were his arguments in conjunction with those who held the same opinions, I will not tell you

—because—I never heard they had any. They spoke of a revolution——(in their interest), and a subversion of——(bribery); had an over-abundant quotation of common sense and common place, but of common justice?—ahem! While their hearers, with truth, accused them of dealing in the commons.

Happening one morning at breakfast to inquire of my father where he had dined on the preceding evening, he replied, “At Prince Leopold’s.”

“Did you hear anything new?”

“Yes: by the merest accident I did! not only was it new, but I think rather monstrous—tell sadly against my party, if it were known. I hardly think it safe to communicate the circumstance to you: you are such a confoundedly hot young Whig. You really should, Manvers, take your father’s politics.”

“Oh doubtless, sir! perhaps you’d wish me to wear your old clothes? But let me have this story.”

“Well, then, be discreet in mentioning it. At the dinner table I happened to get next my old friend, Count ——, and in the course of the evening we chanced to be talking in one of the window recesses, in German, when the Duke of W——n and Sir Edward Codrington passed near us, in earnest conversation. Of course I did not move, and was taken for a second foreigner, who did not understand English. ‘Sir Edward Codrington,’ said the duke, ‘I am happy to inform you that I am making arrangements to give you a pension of eight hundred a-year for your services.’ ‘Indeed, your grace! then I cannot accept it.’ ‘Oh! but indeed you must; it comes from the King, and is the most handsome thing possible!’ ‘I cannot see, my lord duke, how the king can in this manner reward my services, after what has passed. I hope there is not a more loyal subject in his Majesty’s dominions than myself; but I must, in this instance, consult my own feelings. You will recollect, you have as yet given me no answer to the memorial which I sent in, requesting that the men might be remunerated for the clothes which they lost by the shot in the battle of Navarin; neither have you taken any steps towards giving us a grant for the action: and can your grace imagine that I will receive a pension, when my men are thus allowed to go

unrewarded, and the action has been so much misrepresented? Your grace has commanded an army, and I have commanded a fleet—a combined fleet; and your grace is very well aware how much the men look up to a commander-in-chief for protection, and the remembrance of their claims. No: if his Majesty wished to reward me for the action, let my officers and men, who shared in my danger, share my reward!’

“ ‘ You mistake, Sir Edward,’ replied the duke; ‘ the merit of the battle has never been denied: besides, the treaty at Alexandria is sufficient to establish your reputation. But, with regard to a parliamentary grant, the law is against you.’

“ ‘ Yes, your grace, I know it is, if you choose to make it so; but we have as much right to it as Lord Exmouth: the circumstances are the same.’

“ ‘ No; in that case war was declared.’

“ ‘ I know it. Lord Exmouth was instructed, if he could not obtain what he demanded, he was to declare war by firing on Algiers. He did so. But in my case the Turks first fired upon us, thus virtually declaring war; and because we were the defendants, instead of assailants, we are to lose our grant!’

“ ‘ Will you not accept the pension, then?’ inquired the duke, rather chagrined.

“ ‘ Most decidedly not, my lord duke;’ when they bowed and separated.”

“ Good heavens! My dear sir, do you actually mean to say that the whole of this took place? I can hardly believe such a thing.”

“ That may be very likely. I will not swear to every syllable, nor perhaps to every phrase; but of this I am most positive; I have given you nothing more than the sense of their conversation, and nearly all the wording of it.”*

“ Well, it indeed seems monstrous that a ministry could be found silly enough to attempt patching up their v——— by such corruption.”

A year having passed since the death of D’Aquilar, I could delay no longer,—but proposed, was accepted, and married. Having given Letitia her choice of whither we

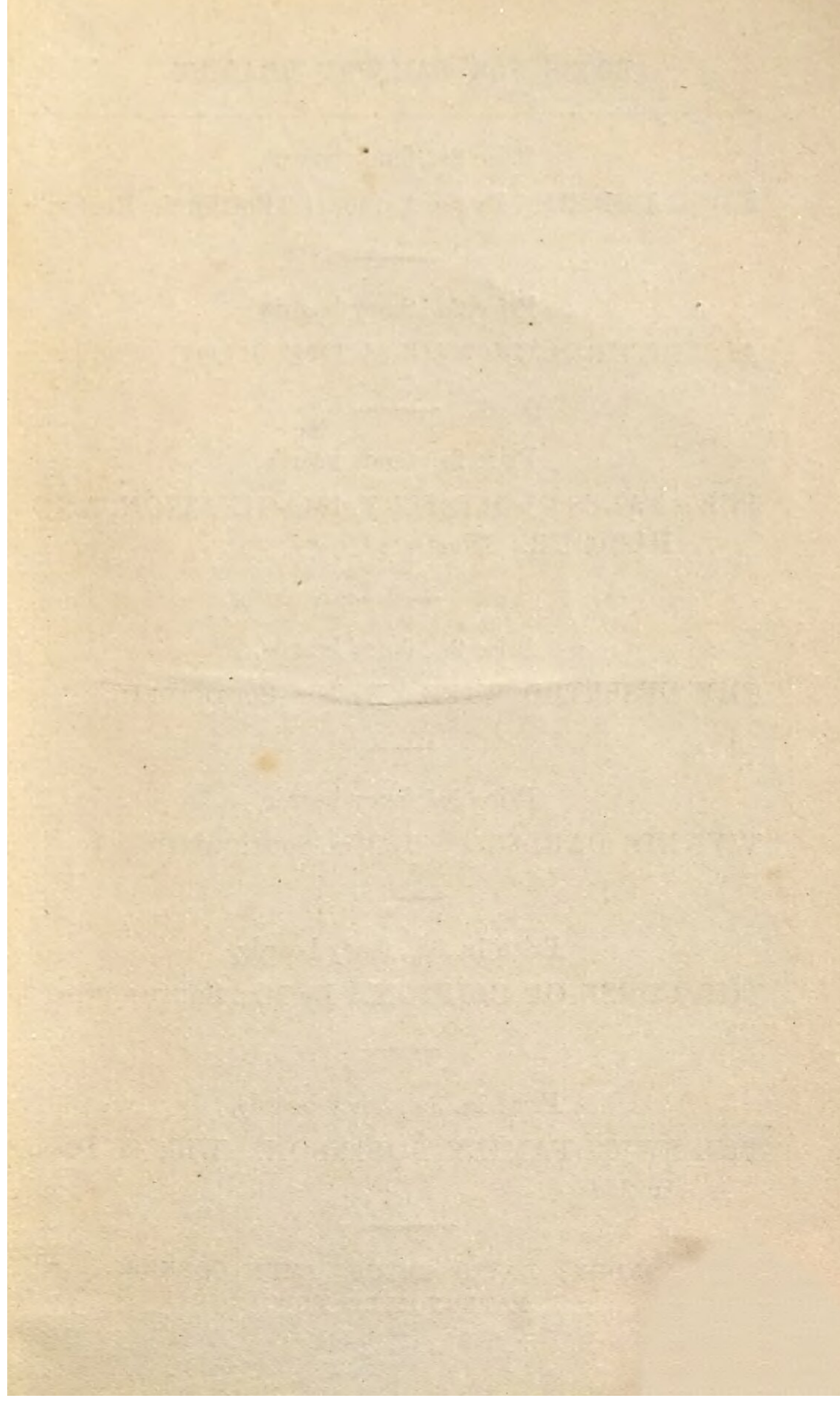
* A fact!!

should bend our wandering steps, she selected Constantinople, from which lovely spot we have returned, without helping to pull down a king, or joining in any mischief whatsoever—and considering that I once was a *midshipman*, this is saying a great deal.

As I am free to admit that mine is one of those souls which require all the “good” that either “confession” or any thing else can do them, I suppose I cannot do less than plead guilty to being one—

Whom every path in pleasure's flow'ry way,
By turns have lured, and all have led astray.

One good at least survives to me at the end of my career—the melancholy conviction that had I to repass the short term of my existence now flown, how much I could improve it! Errors seen however are already half corrected; so that should I ever be tempted to lift again the veil from private life, I trust there may be found less to censure, and more perchance to praise.



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